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THE STRANGER'S SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Seventh Marriage," "The Warning Voice," "Man and his Idol," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FRIENDS.

You are my friend! A noble tie that binds
The hearts of men together such as we:
The pure divinity of friendship! Not
Weak love consuming in itself its strength.

Anon.

"DROWNING make a man ill? Stuff! I've been drowned half a dozen times, and it never did me any harm."

"You've tumbled into the water as often, you mean, Cheney?"

"Tumbled, be hanged. I tell you I've been drowned. Gone to the bottom. Embedded in the mud. Fished out with uncomfortable drags. Been rubbed, and hot-flannelled, and extra-hot brandy-and-water'd, and brought round all right again."

"And felt no after consequences?"

"Consequences? No: walked home, dined, spent an hour in the drawing-room, rushed off to club, and home to snooze at four. Ill from drowning! Never heard of such a thing!"

"But Gabriel is ill."

"Yes; but not from sea-water. Take your oath of that."

The conversation of which this forms a fragment was carried on between the new arrivals at the Manor House in the large dressing-room to which they had retired to relieve themselves of the effects of their ride and to prepare for dinner.

They had been hurriedly introduced to Sir Noel Edgecombe, who looked extra clean, bright and shining, and made them feel singularly uncomfortable in their travel-stained condition: had learned, in a few words, the nature of the catastrophe which had given such an ominous significance to the meeting of Blanche

Selwyn and her intended husband; and the words we have set down formed Cheney Tofts' commentary on the news.

To those words his companion listened with a thoughtful face.

It was not usual for his countenance to wear that look while he listened to Tofts, whose light, playful, audacious style of rattling on, generally provoked him to smiles and laughter. No, the expression was unusual; it was serious, almost severe, and yet there seemed little in the words used to produce that effect. Suppose Gabriel Edgecombe was ill from some cause other than that of his having been submerged too long beneath the waves of the ocean—what then?

Aye, what? Cheney Tofts might have put that question to his companion had it occurred to him to do so; but it would have been to little effect. These men were bosom friends—up to a certain point. They understood each other's affairs—with a reservation. They shared confidences, fully and freely—except in one direction.

People called them Damon and Pythias, and it was understood that like those pattern friends of antiquity they had changed hearts. So they had, metaphorically speaking; but each had held back a little bit, a corner, and there were times when each became unpleasantly conscious of this. Secrets in friendship are a very "worm in the bud;" they act like:

"The little rift within the lover's love."

That by and by will make the music mute."

However, up to this time, the music had gone on with only an occasional discordant note.

Tofts and his friend were inseparable; and yet they were singularly unlike. Tofts was loud and boisterous; while Neville Onslow, as his friend was called, was of a gentlemanly unobtrusive demeanour. The one—brilliant, dashing and reckless—took society by storm, but generally failed to maintain the effect of his introduction to fresh circles; the other—without effort or display—quietly assumed his right position and kept it to the end. In the present instance, it was Onslow who came on Gabriel Edgecombe's invitation to the Manor House; and yet Gabriel had met Tofts

often, while Onslow had only been thrown into his company twice.

It was simply as a matter of courtesy that he had added "bring your friend."

So it often happened, and Onslow was always glad when that postscript "bring your friend" was added to an invitation, if only that Cheney's company amused him, and his light cheerful manner got over a world of that dreary formality which always attends the meeting of strangers.

On the present occasion he had been particularly glad of the arrangement for several reasons. He had even expressed his satisfaction in an entry in his diary, and this entry was so remarkable, especially in its bearing on subsequent events, that it may be well to quote it in this place.

It ran thus:

"July 24th.—To-morrow I start for the Manor House on Gabriel's invitation. At last! Heaven help me, what a weary, weary time has passed since I first said to myself, 'I will go there;' and since I first asked the question—'but how?' That it should be on Gabriel Edgecombe's invitation is the greatest triumph of all. I go. Still, still, throbbing brain and beating heart! I go—and what will happen? I know not, I care not. For my present satisfaction this thought suffices—I shall sleep in the old Manor House to-morrow! Fortunately, too, for my ease and peace of mind, Tofts is invited, and Tofts goes."

With this quotation, by way of clue to the feelings by which Neville Onslow's mind was agitated, let us resume the conversation in the dressing-room.

It was after a long pause, during which Cheney Tofts had been brushing his hair with his ivory-handled brushes so vigorously that his head was all of a red heat, and looked as if it was ready to burst into flame, that he turned to his companion, who stood musing before the glass on his dressing-table.

"I say, Neville," he cried out, in his quick way, "this won't do, you know. The second dinner bell's rung and you're not half dressed. Are you going to stand looking at your handsome face in that glass all night?"

It was a handsome face, and would have borne a

deal of looking at; but Onslow was not thinking about it, though he had stared hard at it for the last ten minutes.

"All right, old fellow," he replied, starting and colouring a little. "You remember our first meeting with our friend, Gabriel?"

"Of course—it was at little Puckle's ball, in the Rue something, Paris. You would go there."

"Right. I would go."

"You wanted to show your respect for little Puckle—little wretch!—I think you said."

"I did."

"And I didn't believe a word of it. I knew well enough you expected to meet the English girl you'd seen in that Rotten-row of theirs, the Bois de Boulogne, and I was right. She was there. She turned out to be the daughter of Sir Noel Edgecombe, whereupon you very cleverly got yourself introduced to her brother Gabriel, played upon his vanity, made yourself agreeable to him, and at last got him to offer to introduce you to his sister—"

"An offer which I declined. Right."

"Right, was it? Hang me, if I thought so. I never was more fairly floored in my life than when after taking all that trouble, and wasting all that time to get the introduction, you absolutely shuffled out of it."

"I did. But I did not part with the brother till I had paved the way for meeting him again, and securing this invitation."

"The brother!" cried Tofts, contemptuously. "You meet an angel, and only think of making yourself agreeable to—her brother!"

"I'm afraid you're right," said Onslow, with a smile on his lips, but the rest of his face grave to solemnity; "but it is of the brother that I want to speak at this moment. His present illness surprised you; but do you recollect that after our first introduction to him at Paris, he was seized with a sudden illness?"

"I do."

"It came on no one knew how."

"Exactly."

"No doctor was called in; no visitors were admitted."

"You are right."

"And when we called, on his own appointment, we found, to our surprise, that the family had left suddenly in the middle of the night for England. You haven't forgotten this?"

"Not likely. But, my dear fellow, why do you connect it with that grave face and solemn voice? People have been ill before; and though I see no reason why a man should keep his bed a week because he had been half-drowned, there may be a reason for it unknown to me."

"There may be. There is."

The ringing of the second dinner-bell on the lawn, under the window, interrupted the conversation at this point, the friends finished dressing, and soon descended to the drawing-room.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MANOR HOUSE SPECTRE.

"It nearer, nearer grew. Fear lending strength,
I sudden started, with uplifted hand,
To scare the hideous phantom from my sight."

Octavius.

FIVE persons were assembled in the drawing-room preparatory to going down to dinner, as the friends entered.

Lord Englestone sat near one of the windows conversing with Lady Edgecombe and the beautiful Flora, while Sir Noel stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece—though as it was the heart of summer, the grate was filled, not with fire, but with blooming plants—addressing Doctor Doriani in a low, confidential tone.

Though a stranger to all present, Neville Onslow at once recognized the hostess and advanced toward her.

As he did so, she looked up, and half rose, then with a start, shrank back, while a sound between a cry and an exclamation of astonishment escaped her lips.

Onslow must have been conscious of these signs of perturbation, but he did not appear to be. His self-possession was complete.

He seemed to see nothing, hear nothing unusual, and her ladyship so quickly, so adroitly availed herself of his apparent blindness, that in a moment she was quite herself, and was able to receive him in her usual placid and courteous manner.

"I regret for your sake," she said, "that Gabriel is not well enough to welcome you himself; but perhaps to-morrow—"

"So soon?"

He dashed the question out with an abruptness that sent the blood from her ladyship's cheek.

"I—I hope so," she said, "I trust so. He is much better," she added, by way of explanation.

"Then I may, perhaps, hope to claim the privilege of a friend, and to exchange a few words with him in his own room, to-day?" said the young man.

Lady Edgecombe hesitated.

"Perhaps so," she said, after an instant's pause, "but we must be guided by Doctor Doriani's advice. Sir Noel will introduce you."

She looked toward the fire-place as she spoke, and saw with satisfaction that the baronet was approaching, with the doctor in his wake.

"In the meantime, let me have the pleasure of presenting you to Lord Englestone, and to my darling—Flora, Mr. Onslow, and Mr.—I beg pardon?"

"Cheney Tofts," said that individual, speaking up boldly for himself, as was his wont. "His lordship and I are old friends—eh, my lord?"

My lord assented, but not with the best possible grace. Undue familiarity was always displeasing to him, as to most gentlemen of his school, and on that score alone he would have set down Tofts as a vulgar, impertinent fellow, only tolerable on the turf or at the billiard-table; but unfortunately, there was in addition that luckless remark—that foolish boast—about his daughter Blanche, which he had overheard from the window, and was not likely to forget.

Tofts effected a conquest with Blanche Selwyn, indeed!

The boast was ridiculous; but it was none the less calculated to irritate and annoy his lordship, and to make his reception of Tofts crashingly frigid.

Lady Edgecombe half-noticed this; but her mind was evidently occupied with other thoughts. Her eyes instinctively wandered toward Sir Noel, Neville Onslow, and Doriani, as they met and exchanged compliments in the usual manner.

The question in her mind clearly was, whether Sir Noel would experience the sensation she had expressed at sight of their young guest? Had he done so it would have confirmed some fear or suspicion to which she had yielded; but to her surprise, no feeling of any kind beyond that of pleasure ruffled his smooth face, and a sigh of relief escaped her as she noticed this.

In a few moments dinner was announced.

At the request of the hostess, Neville Onslow took Flora Edgecombe down to the dining-room. It was an honour, as there were so few ladies present; it was evidently intended as an honour, and pointedly accepted in that light by the object of it, who prepared to devote himself with the utmost assiduity to his charming companion.

In carrying out this intention he soon discovered how charming Flora Edgecombe was.

Her beauty had impressed him, as it impressed all, at first sight; but he was not prepared for the sparkling wit, the tender grace, and the sound sense which rendered conversation with her so fascinating.

At the outset they confined themselves to general topics, but a stray word led to matters of more absorbing interest.

"You have a charming place here," Neville remarked, in a casual way.

"I find it so," said Flora.

"Your brother spoke of it as having been in your family for centuries, I think?"

"Oh, yes: I cannot tell you when we came into possession. There were Edgecombes here in the days of the Henries."

"Indeed! And the line has remained unbroken?"

"Not the direct line. We— But you have heard all this from Gabriel, no doubt? The old place, as you say, is charming; but many think it dull. 'Tis haunted, of course."

"With memories?"

"Oh, no, with ghosts—positive ghosts, I assure you. The fact is undeniable."

"But you have not seen them?" asked Neville, with sudden earnestness of manner.

"I? No: not positively. I have not got beyond the rustling of garments, meaning of voices, creaking of stairs, and once—yes, once, I saw, or fancied I saw, the shadow of—"

"What? Tell me."

"Nay, that is precisely what I can't do. It was like the shadow of an outstretched hand, falling across the moonlight, but it might have been only that of a swinging branch."

"You do not believe in these spectral visitants, I see?" asked Neville.

Flora hesitated.

"I ought to do so," she said, "they have been well authenticated by the old servants of the house; but then, as you know, good servants are often lamentably ignorant, and ignorance revels in superstitions and in everything that is strange and wonderful."

The young man reflected a moment.

In doing so he turned his face from his fair companion, and it might have been noticed that his brow was covered with a dew, and that his features were working as if with pain.

"Pardon me," he said, as soon as he could recover himself, "but these things interest me greatly. I have devoted myself to the investigation of the whole theory of apparitions for years, and am always on the alert for information upon the subject. What form, may I ask, do the Manor House spectres assume?"

Did some recollection of the hapless brides of the Evil Edgecombes flit across Flora's mind and cause her to shudder? Was she recalling the forms in which they had been said to haunt the spot in which they had lived such hapless days and met such desperate ends? Or was it some deeper feeling, some emotion more closely connected with her own heart, that thus moved her?

Whatever it might have been which made her pause before speaking, she speedily recovered herself; but her voice was low and solemn as she replied:

"In by-gone times, as I have heard, the apparition took the form of a mailed warrior, with a clanking sword, but that you know was the mode of those days for ghostly visitants. Later—and here her voice sank to a whisper—"the sex of the spectral visitant changed, and a waiting woman in flowing tresses became familiar to all the occupants of the house. It is some years since this apparition was last seen; indeed, it has been entirely supplanted by the phantom of a man, tall and dark—"

"Of foreign aspect?"

"Yes. You know, then—you have heard something of this?"

The young man's face broke into a forced and ghastly smile.

"Oh, no," he said, "no; you said your spectre was dark, and I jumped to the conclusion that his life had been passed under warmer skies."

"I am not aware that this was the case," Flora replied, "indeed the apparition—if you will learn all about it—puzzled the wisest heads in these parts, as I have heard. It was hard to tell why it suddenly appeared, since no member of the family had died about that time; and I need hardly say that no crime could possibly have been committed here—and it is as victims of crime, I believe, that spirits are usually supposed to haunt the scenes of the violence from which they have suffered,—is it not so?"

"It is," said Onslow. "May I ask how long ago this latest apparition began to appear?"

"This of the dark man?"

"Yes."

"Well, as nearly as I remember, I should say—twenty years."

Onslow clapped his hand to his forehead.

The movement was sudden, quick and apparently in obedience to some irresistible impulse.

"Twenty years!" he ejaculated.

Flora Edgecombe looked at him in amazement and alarm.

"You are struck by some coincidence?" she asked.

"Perhaps you know something which will throw a light on this, the latest of the Manor House ghosts?"

With a painful effort at a smile, Neville replied:

"No," he said, "I was only struck by—the resemblance your story bears to one I recently listened to. But tell me—is this apparition still seen? Does the dark figure of him who cannot find rest still haunt the Manor House?"

"That is more than I can tell you," replied Flora. "I have heard nothing of it late; but that may be because I have forbidden those about me to indulge in idle tales of this sort in my presence. They are not only foolish in themselves, but the tendency is bad, particularly to those of nervous temperaments, who are compelled, as we are, to lead somewhat solitary lives."

"Twenty years!" murmured Neville to himself.

Some sharp, rattling, cross-table observation from Cheney Tofts interrupted the conversation at this point, and both Neville and Flora became blushing consciousness that they had been absorbing too much time to themselves, and that their private, almost whispered remarks, must have been noticed. However, there was no help for it, and the only remedy was to plunge at once into the general remarks of the table. These turned chiefly on the company expected at the Manor House, and the gay doings which the place would witness as soon as the invalids were able to take part in them. That, Doriani was of opinion, would be the case in a few days.

Soon after the ladies retired, and the gentlemen sat over their wine somewhat later than is the modern custom in town; but in a country house, as on board ship, a little extra indulgence in the pleasures of the table is permissible, and Sir Noel's wines were of a quality which would have tempted the most abstemious.

It was therefore late before the little party broke up.

The yellow light of a full moon was bathing the landscape without, and throwing ghostly shadows of the heavy windows across the room in which they sat. Every face had a strange, unnatural aspect. It was

as if those who rose from the table, though warmed and excited with wine, were but spectres of those who had sat down to it in the warm flush of the rosy sunset.

So Neville Onslow thought; and it was not a pleasant idea.

His eyes wandered from the aristocratic, but now leaden-faced of Lord Englestone, to the quaint visage of Dorian, and then to the smooth and rounded countenance of Sir Noel, and it was with a shudder that he contemplated the latter. It seemed livid, and apoplectic; but that was not all. The lineaments of it were identical with those of another face which haunted his memory, and which he seemed to be gazing upon.

"So I have seen it in dreams," he thought, "gazing up at me out of his unknown grave."

There was no time to pursue these thoughts. The sudden bringing in of the lights put them to flight by restoring each of the company present to his natural aspect. And this being accomplished, they separated. Dorian, who had become suddenly most friendly with Cheney Tofts, proposed that they should stroll through the park to his house, where Madame Dorian would gladly welcome them and give them a cup of coffee of her own making, and to this Tofts assented. Lord Englestone then challenged Neville to smoke a cigar with him, and this being arranged, Sir Noel proposed to retire, and join the ladies, as he had a distaste for smoke.

Left together in the dimly lighted dining-room, Lord Englestone and Neville Onslow smoked their cigars, and discoursed of many things.

Among others, be sure, of his lordship's daughter—his pride, his idol, his heart's darling, the sylph-like Blanche Selwyn.

"She alone," said the dotting father, "makes my happiness in life. It is for her that I live."

"And yet you are about to part with her?"

"True. But what can I do? It is my duty to support to the best of my power the ancient house to which I belong. Besides, she loves my friend's son, she adores Gabriel, and he in return is devoted to her."

"She loves him?" asked the young man, with peculiar earnestness.

"I say—she adores him."

"You are sure of this?"

"Certain. But why?"

"Because—"

He hesitated, passed the back of his left hand over his forehead, and resumed:

"Because these marriages on which parents set their hearts, are not always marriages of affection."

"True; but in this case the two things go happily together. The young people have known each other long—"

"And intimately?"

"Why, no, not intimately, since they have been often separated during long periods; but they have met often enough for them to know each other's hearts, and to have cherished in them a flame of mutual affection."

Neville rose.

"The night is beautiful," he said, abruptly, "shall we walk?"

"With pleasure," replied his lordship.

They had only to step from the windows which opened to the ground, out on to the lawn, and thence winding paths led them away through the undulating and unobtrusive park. There are few evenings on which the air of this country is sufficiently warm and dry to render late rambles like these pleasant; but this was one of them.

So Englestone and his young companion wandered on, enjoying the beauty of the hour and the scene, with a placidity of mind natural under the circumstances, and which induced reflection rather than the interchange of thought.

His lordship's mind was as usual, engrossed with the subject of his daughter, whose illness, or some other cause, had filled him with a vague sense of alarm on her account, amounting almost to a presentiment of evil.

As for Neville, he had mental occupation enough in reflecting on the one great subject which had occupied him for years—as the entry in his diary was sufficient to show; but, in addition, he found himself speculating on much that had happened that day—on what had passed between Cheney Tofts and himself on the question of illness succeeding drowning, on what he had gathered touching the spectres which haunted the Manor House, and on other questions of an equally absorbing nature.

It thus happened that they wandered a considerable distance from the house, and had reached the more thickly wooded portion of the park, when Lord Englestone suddenly nipped his companion by the arm, and at the same time uttered a cry of alarm.

Both stopped.

"See! see there!" cried his lordship, pointing with an outstretched finger straight before him.

"Where? What is it?" demanded Neville.

"That figure—there, between the trees—there, under the oak—in trailing white! You must see it, man!"

"No. I see nothing."

"Nothing white?"

"Only the silver shining stem of the ash. The shimmer of the moonlight on it is—"

"There!"

Englestone clutched at his companion's arm fiercely. The young man himself stopped at the same moment, and instinctively drew back.

"Impossible!" he gasped.

"But you see it, man, with your own eyes. There—again—again, and now 'tis gone!"

He was right. For a few seconds the eyes of both had rested on a figure, white as the moonlight and almost as dim, moving slowly through the trees, now distinct and palpable, now fading away into the gloom, and on the instant, as Englestone spoke, it had vanished.

"This some delusion," cried Neville Onslow, recovering the momentary spell of astonishment; "or some imposition," he added. "If Balfiol Edgecombe lives—"

While yet speaking, he darted forward, fleet as the antelope, making for the direction in which the apparition had been seen, and soon plunged into the gloom of the umbrageous foliage.

His companion gazed after him in amazement, and not without a creeping of the flesh, such as is apt to overcome the stoutest when they are brought face to face with the supernatural. Moreover, there was something in the young man's words, simple as they were, which troubled him.

"If Balfiol Edgecombe lives," he repeated to himself.

"Who is Balfiol Edgecombe?"

Before he had time to satisfy himself on this point by the aid of memory, Neville Onslow reappeared, as abruptly as he had vanished. His face was white, his eyes glowed with unnatural excitement, and a tremour agitated every limb.

"What have you discovered?" cried his lordship, eagerly.

Without replying to the question, the young man seized him by the arm.

"Let us return to the house instantly," he exclaimed.

And heedless of the winding paths by which they had come, he dashed across the greensward, heavy with the dews of night, and under the low, wet branches of trees, and trampled recklessly through the flower-beds, dragging his amazed companion after him, until the Manor House rose full in view before them.

Then he abruptly stopped.

"It is useless," he said, despondingly, "we shall only create alarm to no purpose."

With this, they walked slowly on.

CHAPTER IX.

JUANITA.

Glad to share gladness, pleasure to impart
With dancing spirits and a tender heart.
Lady of La Garaya.

He moved toward the leafy glade,
And as he went a solemn shade
Began the scene to fill.

MEANWHILE, Doctor Dorian and his new friend Cheney Tofts had taken their way, also through the park, in the direction of the doctor's house. Tempted by the gorgeous moonlight, they went the longest way round; but the longest was also the straightest way, and this was a consideration in regard to Tofts' return alone at a late hour.

The object of the evening walk was twofold. Dorian wished to show his friend the two objects of which he was most proud—his house, and his wife.

Both he believed to be unique, and both, therefore, he was always in a fever of anxiety to exhibit to strangers.

But before introducing the reader to either, it may be as well to add a word or two to what has been already said respecting Dorian himself.

For years that long-backed, round-shouldered, shambling figure of his had haunted the neighbourhood of the Manor House. For years those black, piercing, and, at times, awful eyes, glowing under the white eyebrows, had terrified into respect those who might otherwise have been tempted to treat the ungainly doctor with ridicule. In his absence, people laughed at Dorian, and spoke of his peculiarities familiarly enough, but in his presence, none dared treat him with levity or contempt.

There was a power in the man which all felt—which all were compelled to feel, whether they would or no; and acknowledging this, some admired him, many feared him, and the number of those who regarded him with vague suspicion, and so avoided him, was very large.

Ostensibly the doctor was a physician; but though

he had the right to practise, he exercised it most capriciously. Ordinary cases and ordinary people he declined to attend. It made no difference to him whether they were rich or poor—indeed, he would often decline a high fee from a lady of title, and devote himself to the cure of some labourer's wife, who, he well knew, would never pay him a farthing. But, in the one case, the patient was simply ailing of some disease which, as he was accustomed to say, any fool could cure, while the labourer's wife might perchance be the victim of a rare or special ailment, which he would regard with the eye of a connoisseur, as beyond all value.

They tell a story of M. Nelaton, the French surgeon, that he was recently called on to go to Russia to perform an operation there, and that, being reluctant to undertake the journey, he replied that his fee would be sixteen thousand pounds, for which amount a cheque was sent him by return.

In this instance Dorian would have declined altogether, unless the patient was suffering from some strange and abnormal affliction, in which case he would have hurried to investigate it, regardless of the fee which was to reward him for his exertions.

It need hardly be added that the doctor was a wealthy man.

On reaching the northern extremity of the park, Dorian and his friend found themselves on the brink of that arm of the Avon which, as we have said, formed a girdle about the estate. At the point at which they emerged from the trees, a boat was moored to a ring in the ground, and by the aid of this they crossed the water, and attached the boat to a ring on the opposite side.

"You now quit Sir Noel's estate," said the doctor, in explanation, "and enter mine."

Tofts looked up and found that he was at the foot of a grassy slope, dotted here and there with trees, bathed in the moonlight; and that at the summit of this slope, there was a strange, foreign-looking building, with a tower, and a steep roof, and galleries with black oaken balustrades, at each storey, terminating in steps by which access might be gained to them from the outside.

"Where in the name of fortune, doctor, did you get this queer place?" cried Tofts, in amazement.

"Get it?" replied Dorian, who expected the surprise it would occasion and watched for it; "why, I imported every log, and brick and timber of it."

"From what part of the world, pray?"

"From Spain."

"And what could have induced you to perpetrate such a trick as that?" cried Tofts.

"I will tell you. The explanation is very simple. The senorita—I allude to my wife—is of Spanish blood. She was born in this house. She loved it. When I knelt to her and offered her the passionate devotion of my young heart—'tis some years since—what was her answer? 'You are kind,' she said, 'and I appreciate your devotion, but I cannot leave the old home.' 'You shall not,' I replied. 'How! you will be content to remain here, in this hideous little village—she described the village perfectly; it was hideous—for the rest of your days?' 'No,' I answered, 'that is not necessary either.' She looked amazed: her large eyes—she had the largest eyes in Andalusia—opened as if they would never shut.

"Trust me," I said—"trust me and be mine!" She was pleased, puzzled, and consented—but on the one condition: she would not leave the old house. On that condition we parted, she going, according to previous arrangement, to visit an old aunt, rheumatic and pious, after the manner of Spanish aunts. On her return, at a month's end, the home of her childhood had vanished from the garden in which it stood. I had transported it to England, and placed it—where you now see it."

They were already at the door.

Beside it there was a dog-kennel, a model of the house itself, and from this a fierce mastiff suddenly sprang out with a growl to the length of his short chain, and tugging at it with flaming eyes, and a cavernous mouth, barked at them furiously.

With one brutal kick with his rough boot Dorian sent the poor brute howling back into the kennel.

Cheney Tofts—who was not very squeamish in most things—was just reflecting that he should like to have served the doctor in the same way, when the door burst open, and a woman, rushing out, jumped at Dorian and interlaced her fingers about his neck.

"The senorita."

Tofts was just-conscious of hearing the words, and of bowing in acknowledgment of the introduction; but all his attention was absorbed by the sight which met his view.

There, in the moonlight, was the quaint, stooping form of the doctor; and clinging to him, was a wonder of a little woman, more like one out of a picture than belonging to real life.

She had a face of the true Spanish style—the perfect oval only broken by the depth to which the hair came

down upon the forehead. As Tofts looked it seemed to him that the eyes, with the appurtenant brows and lashes, coal black in colour, occupied half the face. He could well believe Dorian when he said that those flashing, glowing, impressive orbs were the largest in Andalusia—or out of it. A straight nose, small and denoting sensitiveness, a ripe, red mouth, and an upturning chin—perfection in the gracefully curving outline of it—completed the charm of this bewitching face.

Nor was the figure of the strange doctor's wife wanting in any of the elements of fascination, except, perhaps, one, and that might be a mere question of taste. The lady was short, and though she made the most of her inches, hers was a figure to nestle lovingly about the man she had subdued by her fascinations, rather than to awe him by any display of dignity or command. The swelling bosom, the span-round waist, and the arched foot, were the points which in that moment most strikingly impressed the too susceptible Cheney Tofts.

"The senorita—my wife," he heard Dorian say, and then became conscious that he was staring wildly at the lady, utterly lost in admiration.

Before he had fairly roused himself and knew what he was doing and saying, they had all entered the house, and were together in a circular room, evidently the bottom of the tower visible outside the house, and the senorita was saying:

"The doctor's study."

Cheney Tofts looked round and started.

The room was circular, and it had this further peculiarity, that the walls were hung with black velvet, richly fringed, but so suggestive of being constructed of old palls that the voluble guest could not get the idea out of his head. In the centre of the room was an inlaid table, marble, covered with curious hieroglyphical devices in black and white, and about it were scattered several chairs. The lamp, a simple globe of ground glass, suspended by bronze chains from the ceiling, was quite in keeping with the rest of the room.

"You will give us some coffee, Juanita?" asked Dorian, as he helped his guest to a chair and took one himself.

"Oh, yes; with pleasure," she answered, and her voice reminded Tofts of what he had read of Madame Roland, the heroine of the French revolution. It was said of her that her habit of speaking Italian had given to her French a beauty hitherto unknown, and that she was listened to less even for what she said than for the magic charm of her delivery. So Cheney Tofts felt that he could listen to Madame Dorian half the night, even though she talked of nothing more romantic than coffee.

The refreshment served, Dorian brought out from behind one of the velvet curtains a cedar chest, inlaid with silver, which held every variety of cigar, and was, in itself, a perfect museum of curious pipes and varieties of oriental tobacco.

And the lady did not retire.

No: it did not seem to occur to the doctor that his guest could be other than charmed with her presence, and so, instead of suggesting such a thing as her disappearance, he motioned to her to bring a low seat to his feet, and then proceeded in the coolest manner to roll up a cigarette, which he presented to her, accompanied by a scented alumette with which to light it.

So they sat and smoked—the doctor, his wife, and their guest, and beguiled the time with conversation, which, if not very improving, was very merry, and passed the time delightfully.

To see Juanita smoke was alone sufficient entertainment for Tofts. At first he did not like the idea; he could not bear the thought of her bringing tobacco in contact with those rosy lips; but she did it so easily, with such a charming air, such a bewitching grace, and, above all, with such evident enjoyment, that before he had looked on for ten minutes he could not understand how it was that he could ever have really liked a woman who did not smoke.

"Do you see much company?" he asked, during a pause in the conversation, wondering how people generally liked a lady addicted to cigarettes.

A little sigh involuntarily escaped her lips as she answered.

"Very little," she said.

"Little at our own house," interposed the doctor, "but much at the Manor House. Guests are staying there perpetually."

"And you visit?" asked Tofts, addressing the lady.

"Oh, yes," she replied, in a tone which, apart from the interpretation of her speaking eyes, implied that but for that relief one might as well be buried alive.

"The Edgewoodes appear a charming family," he remarked.

"Oh, yes, but—"

Tofts saw the long yellow fingers of the doctor's hand clutch his wife's plump shoulder.

"Flora," said Dorian, "is one of the most delightful as well as beautiful of women."

His wife did not look up, did not appear to resent this compliment paid to another.

"I'm afraid," remarked the visitor, as they smoked, "that we shall make this place unpleasant for your patients."

"Patients!" laughed the doctor, "I'm not much troubled with them; and if I were, I should not receive them here."

"No?"

"No!" cried madame, springing to her feet, "unless the doctor wished to frighten them out of their wits—and their complaints at once. See!"

Before Dorian could restrain her she caught hold of the swinging tassel of what appeared to be a bull-rope and tugged at it. Instantly the black curtains of the room rolled up with a spring and disclosed a sight which made the blood of Cheney Tofts run cold.

The curtains had concealed Dorian's matchless collection of objects in comparative anatomy. At least a dozen skeletons, human and belonging to the larger types of ape and monkey, were revealed, and these arranged, not simply in the form usually adopted in museums, but according to the fancy of those who had prepared them. Some were standing erect, some sitting, with cups in their bony hands, some kneeling, others as if in the act of performing feats in gymnastics.

"Jove!" cried Tofts, half alarmed.

"My acrobats," said the doctor, calmly. "Observe them. The Bounding Brothers of Babylon in their celebrated feats of strength and agility—ground and lofty tumbling, summersaults, flip-flaps, and all the rest of it. See! The last added is the celebrated Boneless Man, who on closer inspection turns out to be all bone."

The doctor laughed; his wife laughed; Cheney Tofts felt a little uncomfortable—very uncomfortable, in truth. And even when the curtains were drawn again, he was not quite at his ease.

"I must be getting back," he said, abruptly. "Tis late."

"I will see you to the boat," said the doctor.

"Ar'n't you afraid to go through the park by yourself?" asked the lady.

"Not I!" cried Tofts, who really had little fear of anything mortal, with life in it. "And see, if I should be attacked, I shall be able to give an account of my assailant, I fancy."

With this he drew from his waist-belt a pair of very small but perfect and elegant pistols. The workmanship was superb. They were loaded.

"But why do you carry these?" madame asked.

"Chiefly, I believe, because it is contrary to law," was the careless fellow's reply.

Then he replaced the pistols, bade the senorita a gay good-night, and took his leave, his merry voice leaving an inspiring echo in the place as he went.

The beautiful Juanita stood at the door, leaving one hand against it, and resting her brow thereon, and watched them as they disappeared down toward the river's edge.

"Even with him," she murmured, "conceited, heartless as he is, I could have been happy. Even with him!"

She was repeating this to herself when the doctor's long, lank form reappeared, and man and wife entered the quaint old house together.

As for Cheney Tofts, he pursued his way through the park, with his head full of the old doctor and his Bounding Brothers, and his intoxicating little wife, and without any idea of danger.

Nor did anything occur to alarm him until he was almost within sight of the Manor House.

Then, at a turn in the road, he saw a figure, dim, ghostly, and clothed in long, trailing garments of white, rise apparently from the earth, and glide slowly through the misty moonlight of an open glade.

He noticed only that the figure was tall, and that the face, as it seemed to him, was dark.

For a second he stood spell-bound.

Then, matching one of the pistols from his belt, he pointed it at the spectre, and fired.

The bullet passed clean through the left arm.

A groan echoed through the still night.

Before it had well died away, Cheney Tofts was on the spot the spectre had occupied when he fired at it, but nothing was visible.

Absolutely nothing.

(To be continued.)

AN INGENIOUS PITMAN.—"At the present time, when so much is being said about the want of education and refinement among the mining population of Northumberland and Durham, it may be well to notice that I looked into the shop of a Newcastle bookseller a few days ago, and saw a very excellent

achromatic microscope standing on his counter. On inquiry, I found that it was entirely manufactured by a working collier of the name of Knight, who labours in one of the Northumberland mines. He turned his own eye pieces, made his own stand and stager, and what is more remarkable than all, he ground his own object glasses and eye pieces, and they are nearly free from chromatic and spherical aberration. The instrument would be a credit to any amateur maker, and is superior to those microscopes used by Lennetock during the time he made his great discoveries."

ROSALIE.

CHAPTER IV.
SELDEN GRAHAM.

A MILE or two east of the wagon-train's camp on the Pony Express Road, Selden Graham, the lover of Rosalie Ellington, was riding along near the spot where we first saw the mysterious Mr. Lorley. He was about twenty-three years of age, the only child of wealthy and most respectable parents, and a graduate of one of the best colleges in the land.

He was gentlemanly in his appearance and address, adding to a prepossessing exterior the graces of a refined gentleman.

Although a stranger in the vicinity, he had received such directions from Rosalie, and such aid from a chart of the Platte Plains, that he knew he was near his destination. For this reason he held on his way, urging his jaded horse onward, determined not to stop till he reached Mr. Ellington's, if he could avoid it.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Graham was ignorant of the perils of the overland route, or that he was foolishly defying them, that we find him journeying in this solitary fashion. The truth was, he had left the Missouri only a couple of days behind the team, in the expectation of soon overtaking it and adding himself to the party. A couple of days' sickness and several deviations from the route had prevented this consummation, although he had daily heard of the train, just ahead of him, as he proceeded from station to station, and had derived a sense of security from that fact.

It was natural, under all the circumstances of his situation, for him to have a great many bright anticipations, and he thus drew near the end of his long journey.

He had not seen Rosalie since her father removed to the Wilderness in a gloomy mood occasioned by the death of his wife and the loss of a large share of his property. But he knew from her letters that she was noble and intelligent, and with love's generous confidence, he was ready to believe, without the evidence of his eyes, that she was beautiful and charming.

And so he rode hopefully on.

"Strange how that train keeps receding before me!" he thought. "Those Mormons must think they are on the way to Kingdom come! This vicinity is getting too lonely to be pleasant!"

He had brought quite a large package of presents with him for his intended bride—dresses and jewellery, and shawls and laces, comprising goods to the value of a thousand pounds. The possession of this property added to his inquietude, as he marked the loneliness of his way.

The hills and ravines of Scott's Bluff seemed especially suited to the occupancy of robbers, and the traveller did not fail to comprehend that his position was a little unsafe, although neither Indians nor bandits had made any notable demonstrations in that quarter for several months.

As he endeavoured to quicken the snail-like pace of his steed, he heard a sharp, barking cry, at no great distance from him, up under one of the Scott Bluffs.

"There's a wolf, anyhow," he exclaimed. "This thing's getting decidedly unpleasant. I dare say Rosalie will say that I am a fool for coming out into the woods with such an inducement to throat-cutting as this package. It has been an elephant to me ever since I started. Perhaps there are Indians in these bushes! Robbers, too! Ha! another wolf! Get up, Jenny. It can't be more than a mile or two to Horse Creek; but—the nearer the falls, the swifter the current. I'm getting as nervous as a wild cat! Whoo!"

At this point of his journey and soliloquy, the horse stopped short in the road, snorting with affright. The cause was instantly apparent. Six or seven Indians had suddenly emerged from some bushes beside the route, and placed themselves directly in the traveller's path.

"Hallo!" he shouted. "Who are you? Out of the road, there!"

The Indians growled among themselves in their native tongue, which Graham thought contained less vowels than that used by the wolf. They had origi-

ally been lying in wait for the waggon-train, but had been deterred from attacking it by its numbers and strength. Hearing and seeing a solitary traveller approaching, just as they were getting into a quarrel over a difference of plans, they hailed the event as a timely diversion, and at once united hearts and hands in the new field of enterprise.

"Go on, Jenny," commanded Graham, as he drew a revolver. "Make way, there!"

The horse leaped and plunged, but did not advance a step. The savages at once closed around their intended prey, menacing him with knives and hatchets, to say nothing of a volley of jaw-breaking words and exclamations.

The fight instantly commenced, the brave young traveller promptly accepting the struggle as one of life and death.

As one of the Indians caught his horse by the bridle, the rider presented his revolver and shot him dead.

At an early stage of the conflict, the package of bridal presents fell to the ground and burst open, displaying to the assailants a profusion of coveted articles, and materially adding to their courage and determination.

The struggle ended in the capture of the young man, who was knocked senseless from his horse, but not till three of the Indians were lying dead, and a fourth so badly wounded that he was hardly worth the trouble of removal.

The first moments of victory were consumed by the savages in examining the prize which had fallen into their hands.

Hastily collecting the bridal presents, they rejoiced in their peculiar fashion, uttering interjections and exclamations, and quarrelling with one another about the division of the booty.

They were engaged so long and so completely in this characteristic performance that Graham, who had speedily recovered his senses, nearly succeeded in an effort to escape. Retaken, however, he was securely bound, the dead collected, and the whole party made their way to some canoes lying under the bank, and embarked for the opposite side of the river.

The horse belonging to Graham had fled a short distance and then commenced feeding on the coarse grass and bushes.

"Well, here's a pretty state of affairs," muttered the captive, while crossing the river.

"I suppose you don't understand English, you thieving vagabonds, but if you do, just tell me what is to be my fate when we reach the spot to which we are going."

The Indians did not understand this remark, but he saw from their stern faces and sullen demeanour that they meant no good. The death of so many of their companions was evidently taken to heart. Not a word was said by any of them as they landed and retired about half a mile inland towards Spoon Hill Creek, bearing their dead with them. But here, after depositing their captive and their fallen comrades on the ground, they proceeded to discuss what disposition should be made of them, both the dead and the living.

This discussion grew lengthy and vehement—a perfect torrent of guttural consonants being offered up at the compound shrine of cupidity and revenge. At last the whole question was settled. The booty was to be equally divided, the dead Indians were to be buried where they lay, and the prisoner was to be burnt at the stake—perhaps as a warning to the next traveller not to make such a desperate resistance.

These decisions were not gathered from anything that was said, nor even from the gestures with which each remark was accompanied, but from the most convincing of all arguments—action itself. While one of the savages commenced collecting wood for the fire, the others bound the prisoner to a stout young sapling, using green withies of such size and in such numbers that he knew he would be pretty thoroughly consumed before they lost their tension.

Clearly a crisis was at hand. Not thinking of anything better to do, Graham made a short speech to his captors, saying:

"If you want those trifles, my friends (confound your gibberish), you can take them with pleasure, I'll give you ten times as much (I wish I could have my freedom and a good sword-bayonet and musket about five minutes!) if you will only let me go. You must see that I am not to blame for the death of your friends (but only for not slaying the whole tribe of you!). Every man has a right to defend his own property (oh, that I had you just where you have me!). Now, let your kind hearts incline to the whispers of mercy, (good heavens! he's touching it off!) or my dying curse shall be upon you."

His speech had no perceptible effect either upon the hearts or hands of his hearers, for they busied themselves every moment in carrying out their programme. The bush was piled up high and close around him, and covered with a layer of solid wood—quite enough

to roast an ox. As his ejaculations had indicated, one of the savages was already engaged in an attempt to set fire to the combustible mass. The first time it caught it burned but a moment and then went out. How the prisoner hoped that some act of Providence would save him! Mentally he prayed for rain, like another Elijah, to quench their fire. His hopes and appeals were all unavailing, however. The flames soon caught in a spot where they obtained such food as they needed, and it was not long before they satisfied Graham that his last hour had come.

"This is horrible!" he ejaculated, contemplating the insidious foe with a fascinated stare. "Must that little flame, which I could thrash out with my hand or foot—must that cut me off in the prime of life?"

He struggled desperately with his bonds—even frantically—but did not make the slightest impression upon them.

"Oh, Rosalie," he moaned, as his thoughts reverted to the object of his love, "must I perish thus, almost within your sight and hearing, on the very night when I was expecting to be so warmly welcomed by you?"

He made another effort to free himself, resulting as before, and then—for a moment—sank into an apathetic despair.

The Indians, in the meantime, having got one job off their hands, commenced on that next in order—the burial of their dead. They readily sharpened some pieces of wood, so that they answered very well as spades, and commenced digging a grave in the light and yielding soil. Their united efforts speedily resulted in the excavation of a hole large enough to receive the bodies of their late companions, and the rude burial was soon accomplished.

Nothing then remained for consideration but their booty and their victim.

"There is only one fact to be adopted," declared Graham, speaking to himself rather than addressing the Indians, "and that is that I must die—die!"

He repeated the word in a manner which showed that his mind was fixed to face with death; but not a single sign of fear could have been detected in his demeanour. He had reached that true manhood and that true faith which form the very threshold of things eternal.

Yet, as well as his brave nature sustained him at that moment—as nobly as his fortitude met the trial—he would have been more or less than mortal not to feel, not to suffer. He could not help but cling to life—to sigh for his loved ones—to wish and pray for a different termination of his career than that with which he was now threatened.

"Poor Rosalie!" he sighed. "My poor mother!"

The flames, which had burned so slowly and flickeringly at first, had now become like a raging giant in his might. They leaped and crackled and glowed, extending from one side of the hill to the other, while black masses of smoke rolled up from it in quantities sufficient to have choked the victim at once, had it not been that the wind blew them away from him. Seeing that he was in a fair way to be consumed, the savages seated themselves near the blazing pyre, and commenced dividing the booty before his eyes, in the glare of its vivid light.

"My God! must I perish thus?" he cried, with the natural instinct of life, as sharp tongues of flame were thrust towards him, and hot breaths of smoke buffeted his face—and the roaring and hissing of the burning pile presented a terrible answer!

CHAPTER V.

AN OMINOUS ARRANGEMENT.

WE now return to the exciting scene taking place between Paula and Lorley in the lonely spot to which she had been enticed by his falsehoods. The manner in which he had seized her by the arm, and in which his eyes were fixed upon her, evinced only too plainly the terrible earnestness of his emotions.

"Not a word," he commanded, "not the least cry for help, or I'll find means to silence you!"

The awful emphasis with which he uttered the declaration had its effect upon Paula. She felt that any cry she could utter or any struggles that she could make would only drive him to extreme measures, rather than bring her relief, and she accordingly remained silent.

"I do not suppose anyone has heard you," he declared, after listening attentively a moment. "To be on the safe side, however, we'll go deeper into the woods. No more cries for aid—no more opposition!"

A shudder, and a silent appeal to heaven, and she made up her mind to obey him. Still holding her arm, and taking a tortuous course, he conducted her deeper into the solitudes of the Bluff.

"Fool that I am!" he finally ejaculated, checking his steps. "I know not what has come over me that I was so readily infatuated with you. Does any man know why he loves? Since the first hour of our

meeting I have been your slave—your worshipper. Stranger than all, the scorn and contempt with which you have received my love have only added fuel to the flames. I can only declare, and continue to repeat, I love you—I love you!"

Paula saw that he trembled with excitement, and that his whole aspect and manner attested the infatuation he had confessed. At the instant she was listening to these burning words, she realized the solitude of the place, the distance between her and the camp of the waggon-train, and her utter weakness, in comparison with his strength; and a fearful sense of anxiety and dread took possession of her heart.

"It is because I love you so madly that I have resorted to this violence," he continued, speaking rapidly. "I have been hovering around you continually during the past week, as a moth hovers about the fatal flame by which it is consumed. I feel that you were prejudiced against me when you rejected my suit, or that you failed to comprehend how much I love you. I want you to return my affection—to become my wife. I cannot live without you. Say that you will not utterly reject and despise the heart I offer you—say that I may hope to yet call you mine!"

In this stormy way he went on. It is but doing Paula justice to say that she understood him better than he understood himself, as unconscious as she was of the actual wickedness of his nature.

She mentally granted that he believed all the expressions of love and devotion he uttered, she realizing that he was momentarily carried away by that infatuation so common in the lower order of affections.

"I hardly know how to reply to your declarations," she rejoined, when he paused. "I am weary and sick. If you have any regard for me, even the simplest esteem and friendship, you will instantly conduct me back to the camp."

"I'll tell you what reply to make," he said, ignoring her suggestion. "Tell me that you will not hate and despise me—that you will not cut off every hope. Why should you be so cruel? I believe I can be worthy of your love. Become my wife, and I will devote all my life to your happiness. I am rich, bear an unsullied name (as many as have been the insinuations against me in the waggon-train), and I will satisfy you that you can trust your happiness in my hands with safety."

He threw himself at her feet. She had received his statements with due allowance, but, at the same time, did not suspect that they had degenerated into sheer falsehood.

"You say that you love me," she said, beginning to recover her spirits; "but what are your words worth? Since you do not render me the common civility due a lady, what faith can I put in your professions? You have enticed me here by cruel falsehoods, and are intending to restrain me from my liberty—acting a part than which nothing can be more base or inhuman. What folly to talk of love to a woman thus insulted!"

Mr. Lorley winced at these cutting remarks, but hastened to reply:

"This violence is explained by the desperation to which I was driven by the rejection of my suit. Once give me the hope of winning your smiles, and no sacrifice would be too great for me to make."

There was some foundation for this assurance, and Paula realized the fact, determining to press it into her service.

"In that case," she replied, "we may arrive at a better understanding. I do not like to be so far from my friends, nor can I hear or answer you intelligently in such a lonely spot, where my mind is kept in a continual flutter. Take me back towards the camp, and I will endeavour to arrive at a friendly understanding with you. I give you my promise not to call for aid, or to give you any trouble."

Mr. Lorley was much pleased with these assurances, and replied, offering his arm:

"I will do so with pleasure."

Paula took his arm, and they both retraced their steps slowly towards the camp.

"Now, then," said Paula, "let me talk to you in a rational manner, appealing to your reason and honour, and not to a blind emotion. You profess to love me, and ask me to marry you, and yet you act towards me the part of an enemy, doing violence to my feelings, trampling on my rights, and acting the part of a ruffian and villain. Nay, do not be offended—I must talk to you plainly. The cause of your conduct is, merely, that I have rejected your suit."

"Well?" exclaimed the listener, in a fever of impatience to know what was coming.

"Well, under these circumstances, what is the best thing for us to do? If you are ready to make concessions, I am. I knew nothing concerning your character, and had seen you but little, and heard much gossiping about you, and I therefore rejected your offer of marriage, with the supposition that that would

be the end of the matter. As the affair now stands, in the light of your present words and actions, I am willing to make a proposition to you. If you really love me, as you say you do, I am certainly willing to give you an opportunity of proving the fact. Your first step will be to conduct me back to the camp. I will then give you three months in which to place your suit fairly on its merits before me. I will say nothing about this interview, and no one shall know that I have seen you, or that you have treated me in this ungentlemanly fashion. Furthermore, if you choose to return to the waggon-train, I will not do or say anything to render that return unpleasant. I will treat you well when I meet you, and pay due attention to any kindness you may show me."

Mr. Lorley stopped short, and gazed long and earnestly upon Paula.

"Do you make this proposal in good faith, understanding how my love betrayed me into this act, and forgiving me for it?"

"I do. If you were to go on in this way, you might crush me, but you never could win me. On the other hand, if you go to work in an honest and upright way, and convince me that you are worthy, and that you really love me, you will find in me a true friend."

Another long pause succeeded these remarks, and then Mr. Lorley said:

"It shall be as you wish—I will take you back to the camp."

Paula had all she could do to maintain her self-control under the joy caused by this declaration.

"Only," Mr. Lorley added, "I wish to see just about what my prospects are in this question of a marriage. If you can give me the assurance that you do not love another, I will deem my chance good; and I hope you will pardon me for submitting a question on that point."

The features of Paula were momentarily convulsed, as she thought of Edward Champney, and the quick eyes of her villainous admirer did not fail to notice the fact.

"Perhaps I cannot answer that question as directly as you could wish," she rejoined, "but I will say this much—that if you show yourself worthy of a true woman's love, there is no positive reason to prevent me from marrying you."

Again Mr. Lorley mused, as if hesitating to keep his agreement, and then he offered his arm to Paula.

"Yes, you shall go back," he said. "You pledge yourself by everything holy that you will not utter or convey to any person the least idea or knowledge of this interview, if I will let you go back to the camp?"

"I do so pledge myself in the sight of heaven!"

"And you also give me three months in which to prosecute my suit, under the usual principles of good breeding and politeness?"

"Yes."

"Enough! You shall go back. Come."

They walked on a few minutes in thoughtful silence, and then emerged into the open space between the woods and the river, in the midst of which lay the camp of the waggon-train, with its camp-fires and various signs of life.

"Here you are," said Mr. Lorley, as he turned and strode into the bushes through which they had come. "Good night."

The adieu was returned with considerable emotion—for Paula was inexpressibly happy at her restoration to freedom—and then she proceeded towards the camp. She had not gone far when she heard Mr. Lorley calling her, and as she halted he stepped out of the woods.

"One word more," he said. "I have not eaten a mouthful in two days. I have been almost insane since you rejected my suit, and have not provided properly for my wants."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Paula, all her sympathy aroused at once. "I will bring you some food with much pleasure if you are unwilling to return to the camp."

"Oh, if you would only do so!" he ejaculated. "It would be such a kindness and a blessing! There has been so much said against me in the camp, that I do not care to return to-night, and hence—"

"Oh, make no excuses; I will serve you with pleasure."

"Then come to this place—to this big tree here—in an hour or thereafter, as I shall encamp here over night."

"Very well—I will come."

"Thanks—thanks. Adieu until then."

The villain watched Paula until she had disappeared in the camp, and then he said:

"That last thought will be useful, in case I should change my mind, and be desirous of retaining her in my keeping. Meanwhile, as I've nothing else to do, I'll watch everything that takes place in the camp. She acted very much to me as if she had a nearer and dearer sentiment in her soul than any she feels for

me. Perhaps she has a lover in the camp? At any rate, there can be no harm in a little watchfulness, and I'll accordingly keep an eye upon her."

CHAPTER VI.

GRAHAM AND CHAMPNEY.

At the very moment Selden Graham resigned himself to his threatened doom—a horrible death at the stake—a young man bounded out of the woods near him, crossed the intervening space, and dashed aside with feet and hands the flaming materials accumulated around him. For a moment there was a shower of glowing brands, dense clouds of smoke, hasty movements on the part of the rescuer, yells from the savages, and exclamations of joyous relief from Graham.

"Courage!" cried the rescuer, in a clear and commanding voice. "You have nothing to fear!"

Before the surprised Indians could comprehend the sudden operations in their midst, their intended victim sprang from the ruins of the burning pile—a free man.

"Thank heaven for this mercy!" he exclaimed, with all the warmth such a sudden transition of facts and feelings was calculated to produce. "Another moment, and I should have been dead."

There was no time to say more, or even to shake his preserver by the hand.

The savages had recovered from their stupor of astonishment, and were ready to dispute the liberty Graham had so unexpectedly obtained. Seeing that a single person was all that had come to balk their plans, they sprang toward him with the most fiendish cries.

"It seems that we must fight for our cause," observed the new comer. "So be it."

As calmly as if he had been shooting for diversion, he drew a revolver from his bosom, and shot the foremost of his assailants through the head.

"Ditto to another," he cried, seeing that there were but two remaining, "and you can go home to tea. There!"

A second savage bit the dust at this instant, and his companion commenced an unceremonious flight.

"I congratulate you," said the gallant rescuer, offering his hand to Graham; "we are masters of the field."

"And I thank you," responded Graham, "with all the gratitude of a man brought from death to life. Allow me to ask the name of my brave preserver?"

"Champney—Edward Champney, at your service!"

Graham repeated the name with a start of joyful surprise.

"And yours?" asked Champney.

"Is Selden Graham."

"What! Is it possible? Can it be that I have met you so strangely?" said Champney. "Well, well, what will Rosalie say when she hears of this singular meeting?"

The young men exchanged expressions of pleasant surprise and good-will.

"I see," observed Graham, "that we are not exactly strangers to each other. I have often seen your name in a certain correspondence, and perceive that you are not entirely unfamiliar with mine. How pleasant! how fortunate!"

They conversed several moments upon the situation of affairs, each giving all desirable and necessary explanations to the other. Champney informed Graham that he had just been paying Rosalie a visit, and had been on his way home when his attention was attracted to the unusual spectacle of a man burning at the stake.

"The rascals!" exclaimed Graham, glancing at the dead Indians, and rubbing his smarting wrists and arms. "Where do you live?"

"About a mile through the woods, to the northward, on Spoon Hill Creek." And he pointed out the direction. "There is not a settler within ten or fifteen miles save Mr. Ellington, and another scene or two like this will make me fear for our safety."

Champney further informed Graham that Rosalie had received his last welcome letter, and was anxiously expecting him at her home on Horse Creek.

"Well, then," responded Graham, "the only thing for me to do is to take my way to her presence—if the Indians will permit. I suppose you know where we are, what course to take to get to the river road, and everything else necessary to our movements. For my part, I confess that the mode of my conveyance here has completely turned my head."

"No matter. I will attend you to Mr. Ellington's."

"Capital! How far may it be?"

"Between two and three miles. But what have we here?"

And he glanced at the goods the savages had been engaged in dividing.

"My bridal presents," replied Graham. "They have ridden me nearly to death ever since I left the Missouri, and had not a little to do, I suspect, with my late perils. Still, after all I have gone through, they must not be left to this ignoble fate."

The goods were collected, Graham making a running inventory of them; and he was much pleased to find that none of them were missing or particularly damaged.

"All right," said Champney. "I suppose you are anxious to see Rosalie, and we will proceed to her residence immediately."

Making two packages of the bridal presents, the two young men had no difficulty in carrying them. Acting as guide, Champney led the way towards the Platte river, through a lonely and almost pathless growth of timber, where their progress was necessarily slow and unpleasant. On reaching the bank, the canoe of Champney was found safe, and they lost no time in embarking, entering the Horse Creek, and ascending to Mr. Ellington's cabin.

All was still in the vicinity as Graham and his preserver landed on the bank of the creek. Rosalie had retired for the night, and her father was still lying in the cellar, bound and helpless, as Mr. Lorley had left him. Advancing up the path leading from the water, Champney knocked repeatedly at the door of the cabin.

"Get up, neighbour Ellington," he finally exclaimed. "I have good news for you. Here is Mr. Graham. Open—wake up!"

The door was suddenly opened, and Rosalie presented herself in the entrance.

"Rosalie," said Champney, "don't be surprised at your good fortune; but—here is Mr. Graham."

We need not dwell upon the meeting of the lovers further than to say that it was most affectionate and joyous. Rosalie lighted some knots in the fire place, and prepared her betrothed quite a dainty repast, all the while entertaining both him and Champney. In the midst of this happiness, at a moment when the absence of Mr. Ellington had begun to weigh upon the happy girl's spirits, the groans of the prisoner came up from under the floor.

"Good heavens! what is that?" exclaimed Graham.

They all listened in astonishment, while the notes of distress were repeated, and then they heard Mr. Ellington calling for help.

"Here I am, down here in the cellar," came up to their hearing, in faint tones. "Help! help!"

Rosalie darted forward and raised the trap, when the truth burst in all its force upon their senses. Not an instant was lost in rescuing Mr. Ellington, Champney springing down into the vault and cutting his bonds, while Graham held a light.

On taking the old man out of the place, he was so wild and bumbled that it was some time before he could tell his story; but at last, as the cheerful fire drove the chill from his limbs, he was enabled to detail the circumstances under which he had been imprisoned.

"A bold and singular outrage," was Champney's commentary on the narration. "What can it mean?"

His own personal pains and emotions duly considered, Mr. Ellington was ready to entertain his guests in his whole-souled style. His delight at seeing Graham was unbounded, for Rosalie had kept him duly informed of every stage of her relations to her lover, and the old man was prepared to receive him as his son. The pleasant interview lasted half an hour after Mr. Ellington's rescue, and then Champney arose and said:

"Well, it's getting late, and I must go. Good-night Rosalie—good-night, Mr. Graham."

Cordially bidding them all adieu, and accepting their united invitations to come over in the morning to see them, he took his departure, proceeding to his boat and dropping down the creek. He had reached the vicinity of the junction, when his attention was attracted to the camp of the waggon-train by the lights and voices therein, and he rested on his oars, soliloquizing:

"I thought I saw an unusual stir here as we went up the creek. It must be that a waggon-train has arrived and encamped. Ah!—and he started at the thought—" this may be the very party with which Paula was coming West!"

He remained silent a moment, with a sorrowful air, and then, with a few strokes of the oar, propelled his boat to the shore. His manner became more and more abstracted, until he was so sad and thoughtful that he moved like one in a trance.

"What if Paula should be here?" he demanded, with a deep sigh. "Dickson wrote me that she was certainly going, and she would have had just about time enough to reach here. Oh, can it be that this same moonlight is falling upon her? that this same gentle breeze is kissing her cheeks?"

Springing from his boat, and securing it to one of the trees lining the bank, he paced up and down the

shore, in an agony of thought which can be appreciated only by those who have at some time allowed a misunderstanding or a hasty word to separate them from a loved one. He went far enough in the direction of the camp to see the movements of a number of persons who were strolling about in the moonlight. Suddenly, as he was walking along, thinking upon the advice Rosalie had given him—to make up his difference with Paula—he beheld a man gliding away just ahead of him whom he took to be Mr. Ellington. He naturally quickened his steps.

"Can it be that the old man has come here so soon?" he muttered. Then, raising his voice, he shouted, "Hold on, there, Mr. Ellington?"

The man, instead of complying, quickened his steps into a smart run, and disappeared in the woods bordering the camp.

"Surely that is not Mr. Ellington," thought Champney. "He moves too rapidly for that. His movements don't agree with his appearance!"

He continued to walk on, his thoughts returning to their former channel. It was easy for him to inquire whether Paula was in the train or not, and why should he not do so? Did he not still love her with all the strength and fervour of his nature? Could he ever be happy without her? Was her heart still faithful to the vows which had existed between them at the time of their hasty disagreement? As these thoughts crowded upon him, he threw himself upon the ground, in the shadow of the trees among which he found himself, and endeavoured to see his way out of the unrest and darkness which beset him.

Suddenly a form was presented to his vision—the form of Paula. The night, the distance, her changed form and mien, all could not deceive his faithful gaze. He knew her at a glance. She was walking slowly towards that side of the camp, and soon entered into the shadow of the very trees under which he had paused. She had the air of being unrestful and unhappy.

"Oh, what is life without love?" she murmured, in almost wailing tones, which Champney distinctly overheard. "O—what am I, dear Edward, without you?"

She threw herself on the ground with a despairing gesture, and Champney could see and hear that she was weeping. He had heard his name uttered with that feeling invocation, and he would have been more or less than man not to have thrilled, under the circumstances, with a wild delight. Unable to restrain the impulse that raised him, or the warm words of greeting that sprang to his lips, he started to his feet, and bounded towards her, exclaiming: "My darling, my life! Oh, my Paula!"

(To be continued.)

The vote of £9,500 has been passed for the lions for the Nelson monument. In reply, Mr. Cowper said Sir E. C. Landseer was very fastidious, but we should, "perhaps," have all the lions by next year. If he is truly critical, he will represent the lions as very advanced in life indeed, considering the time they have been ordered, since which time they have naturally been growing more or less—perhaps less is the real rate in the public mind.

At St. George's, Upper Austria, a pedler, accompanied by a girl of nine years of age, recently asked for a bed at a farm house. The farmer was dazzled by the money and valuable goods the pedler had with him, and agreed with his wife to murder him. When the pedler was asleep, the farmer dealt him several terrible blows over the head with the wood-chopper, which at once produced death. The farmer and his wife proceeded to drag the body out of the house; and as they feared they might be betrayed by the little girl, they resolved to heat the oven and put her in it. The child, however, had observed the whole occurrence with rare presence of mind, and while the assassins were trying to destroy the traces of their awful deed, escaped through a window into the high road, where she related the whole affair to a patrol. The latter hurried at once to the spot, and the farmer couple were surprised at the moment they were heating the oven to commit the second crime. The two monsters could not deny their guilt, and were carried off to prison.

THE RAT AND THE OYSTER.—A rat who lived in a field, and was possessed of very few brains, one day deserted his hole and set out to view the world. He had not travelled far from his narrow habitation before he exclaimed, "How large and spacious is the earth! There are the Appennines, and here is the Caucasus." The smallest molehill seemed a mountain in his eyes. After some days, our traveller arrived at a place where the sea had washed numerous oysters ashore. At first he imagined they must be vessels at sea. "Ah!" said he, "my father was a poor fisherman—he had never travelled all his life, but for me, I have passed the deserts, and have already

seen the maritime empire." All the oysters except one were closed, which remained open to gaze at the sun, and taste the reviving balm of the dewy zephyr. This one was exceedingly white and plump, and of matchless flavour. "What do I perceive?" said the rat. "Surely this must be fit to eat, and if I am not mistaken in its appearance, I shall fare nobly to-day." Master rat greedily approached the shell, and stretching out his neck to take it, found himself caught in a trap, for the oyster, suddenly closing, held him fast. This fable bears more than one moral. It shows that those who are unacquainted with the world are astonished at every trifle; and we also learn by it that he who strives illegally to possess himself of the goods of others, often, like the rat, gets caught in a snare. What can be more true than that the biter is frequently the first to be bitten?

CONTENTMENT BETTER THAN WEALTH.

"It is vain to urge me, brother Robert. Out into the world I must go. The impulse is on me. I should die of inaction here."

"You need not be inactive. There is work to do. I shall never be idle."

"And such work! Delving in and grovelling close to the very ground. And for what? Oh no, Robert. My ambition soars beyond your 'quiet cottage in the sheltered vale.' My appetite craves something more than simple herbs and water from the brook. I have set my heart on attaining wealth; and where there is a will, there is always a way."

"Contentment is better than wealth."

"A proverb for drones."

"No, William; it is a proverb for the wise."

"Be it for the wise or simple, as commonly understood, it is no proverb for me. As a poor plodder along the way of life, it were impossible for me to know content. So urge me no farther, Robert. I am going out into the world a wealth-seeker, and not until wealth is gained do I purpose to return."

"What of Ellen, Robert?"

The young man turned quickly towards his brother, visibly disturbed, and fixed his eyes upon him with an earnest expression.

"I love her as my life," he said, with a strong emphasis on his words.

"Do you love wealth more than life, William?"

"Robert!"

"If you love Ellen as your life, and leave her for the sake of getting riches, then you must love money more than life."

"Don't talk to me after this fashion. I cannot bear it. I love Ellen tenderly and truly. I am going forth as well for her sake as my own. In all the good fortune that comes as the meed of effort, she will be a sharer."

"You will see her before you leave us?"

"No. I will neither pain her nor myself by a parting interview. Send her this letter and this ring."

A few hours later and the brothers stood with tightly grasped hands, gazing into each other's face.

"Farewell, Robert."

"Farewell, William. Think of the old homestead as still your home. Though it is mine, in the division of our patrimony, let your heart come back to it as yours. Think of it as home; and, should fortune cheat you with the apples of Sodom, return to it again. Its doors will ever be open, and its hearth-fire bright for you as of old. Farewell."

And they turned from each other, one going out into the restless world, an eager seeker for his wealth and honours, the other to linger amongst the pleasant places dear to him by every association of childhood, there to fill up the measure of his days—not idly, for he was no drone in the social hive.

On the evening of that day two maidens sat alone, each in the sanctuary of her own chamber. There was a warm glow on the cheeks of one, and a glad light in her eyes. Pale was the other's face, and wet her drooping lashes. And she that sorrowed held an open letter in her hand. It was full of tender words; but the writer loved wealth more than the maiden, and had gone forth to seek the mistress of his soul. He would "come back;" but when? Ah, what a veil of uncertainty was upon the future! Poor stricken heart!

The other maiden—she of the glowing cheeks and dancing eyes—held also a letter in her hand. It was from the brother of the wealth-seeker; and it was also full of loving words, and it said that on the morrow he would come to bear her as a bride to his pleasant home. Happy maiden!

Ten years have passed. And what of the wealth-seeker? Has he won the glittering prize? What of the pale-faced maiden he left in tears? Has he returned to her? Does she share now his wealth

and honour? Not since the day he went forth from the home of his childhood has a word of intelligence from the wanderer been received; and, to those he left behind him, he is now as one who has passed the final bourne. Yet he still dwells among the living.

In a far away, sunny clime, stands a stately mansion. We will not linger to describe the elegant exterior, to hold up before the reader's imagination a picture of rural beauty, exquisitely heightened by art, but enter its spacious hall, and pass up to one of its most luxurious chambers. How hushed and solemn the pervading atmosphere! The inmates, few in number, are grouped around one on whose white forehead Time's trembling finger has written the word "Death." Over her bends a manly form. There—his face is towards you. Ah! you recognize the wanderer—the wealth-seeker. What does he here? What to him is the dying one? His wife! And has he then forgotten the maiden whose dark lashes lay wet on her pale cheeks for many hours after she read his parting words? He has not forgotten, but been false to her. Eagerly sought he the prize to contend for which he went forth. Years came and departed, yet still hope mocked him with ever-fading illusions. To-day he stood with his hand just ready to seize the object of his wishes, to-morrow a shadow mocked him. At last, in an evil hour, he bowed down his manhood prostrate even to the dust in mammoth worship, and took to himself a bride, rich in gold, attractions, but poorer as a woman than even the beggar at her father's gate. What a thorn in his side she proved! A thorn ever sharp and ever piercing. The closer he attempted to draw her to his bosom, the deeper went the points into his own, until, in the anguish of his soul, again and again he flung her passionately from him.

Five years of such a life! Oh, what is there of earthly good to compensate such misery? But, in this last desperate throw, did the worldling gain the wealth, station, and honour he coveted? He had wedded the only child of a man whose treasure might be counted by hundreds of thousands; but, in doing so, he had failed to secure the father's approval or confidence. The stern old man regarded him as a mercenary interloper, and ever treated him as such. For five years, therefore, he fretted and chafed in the narrow prison whose gilded bars his own hands had forged. How often, during that time, had his heart wandered back to the dear old home and the beloved ones with whom he had passed his early years! And ah! how many times came between him and the almost hated countenance of his wife, the gentle, loving face of that one to whom he had been false. How often her soft blue eyes rested on his own! How often he started and looked up suddenly, as if her sweet voice came floating on the air.

And so the years moved on; the chain galling more deeply, and a bitter sense of humiliation as well as bondage robbing him of all pleasure in life.

Thus it is with him when, after ten years, we find him waiting, in the chamber of death, for the stroke that is to break the fetters that so long have bound him. It has fallen. He is free again. In dying, the sufferer made no sign. Suddenly she plunged into the dark profound, so impenetrable to mortal eyes, and as the turbid waves closed sullenly over her, he who had called her wife turned from the couch on which her frail body remained, with an inward, "Thank God! I am a man again!"

One more bitter drug yet remained for his cup. Not a week had gone by, ere the father of his dead wife spoke to him these cutting words:

"You were nothing to me while my daughter lived—you are less than nothing now. It was my wealth, not my child that you loved. She has passed away. What affection would have given to her, dislike will never bestow on you. Henceforth we are strangers."

When the next sun went down on that stately mansion, which the wealth-seeker had coveted, he was a wanderer again—poor, humiliated, broken in spirit.

How bitter had been the mockery of his early hopes! How terrible the punishment he had suffered!

One more eager almost fierce struggle with alluring fortune, in which the worldling came near steeping his soul in crime, and then fruitless ambition died in his bosom.

"My brother said well," he murmured, as a ray of light fell suddenly on the darkness of his spirit; "Contentment is better than wealth." Dear brother! Dear old home! Sweet Ellen! Ah, why did I leave you? Too late! too late! A cup full of wine of life, was at my lips; but I turned my head away, asking for a more fiery and exciting draught. How vividly comes before me now that parting scene! I am looking into my brother's face. I feel the tight grasp of his hand. His voice is in my ear. Dear brother! And his parting words, I hear them now, even more earnestly than when they were first spoken.

'Should fortune cheat you with the apples of Sodom, return to your home again. Its doors will ever be open, and its hearth-fires bright for you as of old.' Ah, do the fires still burn? How many years have passed since I went forth! And Ellen? But I dare not think of her. It is too late—too late! Even if she be living and unchanged in her affections, I can never lay this false heart at her feet. Her look of love would smite me with a whip of scorpions."

The step of time had fallen so lightly on the flowery path of those to whom contentment was a higher boon than wealth, that few footmarks were visible. Yet there had been changes in the old homestead.

As the smiling years went by, each, as it looked in at the cottage window, saw the home circle widening, or new beauty crowning the angel brows of happy children. No thorn in his side had Robert's gentle wife proved.

As time passed on, closer and closer was she drawn to his bosom; yet never a point had pierced him. Their home was a type of Paradise.

It was near the close of a summer day. The evening meal is spread, and they are about gathering around a table, when a stranger enters. His words are vague and brief, his manner singular, his air slightly mysterious. Furtive, yet eager glances go from face to face.

"Are these all your children?" he asks, surprise and admiration mingling in his tones.

"All ours. And, thank God! the little flock is yet unbroken."

The stranger averts his face. He is disturbed by emotions he cannot conceal.

"Contentment is better than wealth," he murmurs. "Oh, that I had earlier comprehended this truth!"

The words were chiefly meant for others, but the utterance has been too distinct. They have reached the ears of Robert, who instantly recognizes in the stranger his long wandering, long mourned brother.

"William!"

The stranger is on his feet. A morient or two the brothers stand gazing at each other, then tenderly embrace.

"William!"

How the stranger starts and trembles! He had not seen, in the quiet maiden, moving among and ministering to the children so unobtrusively, the one he had parted from years before—the one to whom he had been so false. But her voice has startled his ears with the familiar tones of yesterday.

"Ellen!"

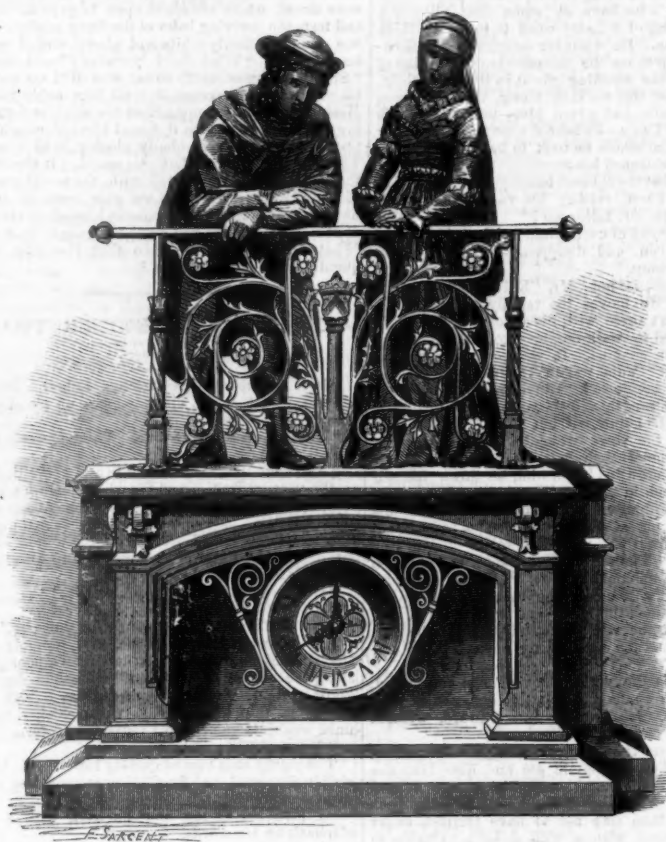
Here is an instant oblivion of all the intervening years. He has leaped back over the gloomy gulf, and stands now as he stood ere ambition and lust for gold lured him away from the side of his first and only love. It is well both for him and the faithful maiden that he can so forget the past as to take her in his arms and clasp her almost wildly to his heart. But for this, conscious shame would have betrayed his deeply repented perfidy.

And here we leave them, reader. "Contentment is better than wealth." So the worldling proved, after a bitter experience, which may you be spared! It is far better to realize the truth perceptively, and thence make it a rule of action, than to prove its verity in a life of sharp agony. But how few are able to rise into such a realization!

T. S. A.

MONT BAKER, California, has been for some time in a state of active eruption, and its formerly sharp point has been flattened down to ten or fifteen hundred feet.

SWEDISH LADIES.—What I like in the Swedish ladies is this, that although they never neglect the duties of the house (and I always fancy that the women in Sweden, of all classes, have much more to do than the men), you will never catch a real Swedish lady unprepared to receive you—she is always so neat and clean, dressed in a becoming style, and ever with a glad smile to welcome the stranger. Her gown is most probably home made, but it fits her as if turned out by a first-rate milliner. Her whole dress is plain, and with little ornament. Her hair (and they often have magnificent heads of hair) is either smoothed neatly over her forehead or gathered up behind the head. But the neatest head-dress of all is, I think, a coloured handkerchief thrown carelessly over the head and tied under the chin; this is the usual head-dress with the peasant women, but not half so much used by the ladies as it would be if they only knew how well it became them. I am scarcely judge enough to say what style of beauty is most prevalent among the Swedish women. You see as many dark women as fair, large as well as small, and some remarkably handsome faces. And many a proud titled English "star" would find it hard to hold her own when brought side by side with the fresh healthy beauty of the north.—*Ten Years in Sweden.*



[BRONZE CLOCK, IN THE BELGIAN COURT.]

THE DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

[Sixth Notice.]

Our first illustration this week represents a very choice work of art in the Belgian Court. It is a bronze clock from Antwerp, and exhibits two figures—a male and a female—dressed in the quaint costume of the fourteenth century—who are apparently lovers indulging in a *tête-à-tête*, whilst leaning over a railing, and wholly oblivious of the flight of time, as indicated on the face of the dial beneath them.

Our second illustration represents one of the most interesting of the rooms devoted to the display of modern works of art.

It is a beautiful apartment, well suited to its purpose. The light is all that could be desired, and at night the whole gallery can be illuminated by gas. The works here exhibited are exclusively foreign. A considerable number of the more important have been lent by continental authorities, the King of Saxony and the Spanish Government being the chief contributors. The wall to the left, for about one-half its length, is covered with really splendid pictures from Dresden and Munich. A few French works appear amongst them, but as a general rule the nationality of this portion of the exhibition has been preserved. Towards the lower end of the gallery, Italian, and especially Roman works, some of great artistic excellence, cover the wall. Spain is gloriously represented by a number of works which show that her school of painting, so celebrated of old, is still a living fact. Indeed the National Museum of Madrid has forwarded some of the most striking works in the whole collection. Adjoining the southern pictures are contributions from Norway, a country whose artists are comparatively unknown in England. Nothing can be finer in landscape painting than some of the productions from Scandinavia.

Morten Müller, in his "Norwegian Alps," presents a work which would rank high in any British collection, nor is his namesake, N. Müller, behindhand in his noble scene of a waterfall. Amongst the contributions from Spain is one by Ferran, representing Philip the Third of France on his death-bed blessing his children. In richness of colouring, correctness

of drawing and sentiment, we have seldom seen anything finer. "The Funeral of St. Cecilia," by Madrozo, also from the National Museum, Madrid, is almost an exhibition in itself. One of the most interesting, if not the most valuable, of the paintings sent by the King of Saxony, represents Frederick Barbarossa making peace between the German princes and the Papal authorities. Perhaps the grandest interior in the whole collection represents the ancient Hall of the Cortes of the kingdom of Valencia. It is by Gonzalo, who, had he never painted another picture, must take high rank among the artists of modern Europe. A very considerable portion of the works in this department are for sale, but at the time of our writing the catalogue is extremely incomplete. A glass case shown in the front of our illustration contains an exquisitely carved casket in bog oak, the work of J. Johnson, of Dublin. It bears the annexed inscription:

"Presented to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, in company with the bridal gift of Irish lace from the ladies of Ireland, by the gentlemen connected with the committee."

The casket is richly mounted in silver, and decorated with gems.

Without going regularly through the several sections in the order in which they are set down in the catalogue, we may state that in the section of Civil Engineering and Architectural and Building Contrivances, which is in the North Transept, there are some neat architectural designs for public and private buildings by W. Clayton, Waterloo Road, and models and plans of blocks of improved cottages for the working classes by the Central Cottage Improvement Company; the firm of Siemens, Brothers, Great George Street, Westminster, have a show case containing a series of interesting articles and constructions connected with magnetic telegraphs and with railways. Amongst them are an improved telegraph recording instrument, a railway alarm, electrical testing instruments, specimens of resistance coils, galvanometers, tubular telegraph posts and insulators, submarine cables.

The department next in order is that of naval architecture; part of the contents being in the corridor which is the approach to the Carriage Court, and the rest in the vicinity. Messrs. Walpole, Webb, and Bewley, North-wall, the eminent and enterprising



[PICTURE GALLERY, IN THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION.]

shipbuilders, exhibit a large and beautiful model of the "Anna Liffey," a new river steamer constructed by the firm for the Dublin and Kingstown Steam Packet Company.

Mr. Scallan, Ringsend, shows some neat models of trawlers and yachts. C. Clifford, East India Avenue, Leadenhall-street, London, exhibits a working model of a patented system of unlashings and lowering ships' boats, said to be adopted by the Admiralty for its safety and despatch; and H. Lumley, Leadenhall-street, has for inspection several models of the Lumley rudder for steering ships, which is alleged by the inventor to be a great improvement on the old rudders. G. and J. Oliver, Wapping, London, exhibit models of buoys, masthead lanterns, Fitzroy's warning night signals, lamps and lenses, patent fog horns, and many other articles of a nautical character. The section, though small, possesses much interest for those connected with the seafaring profession, and some of the exhibits are regarded with much curiosity by the general visitors.

The next section is one of very great interest indeed—namely, engineering, ordnance, armour, and accoutrements, and is located at the end of the North Transept. The attention of the visitors is first challenged by a pair of huge Armstrong guns, sternly positioned at either side of the approach to the Carriage Court, their muzzles pointing down the nave, as if ready to make a clean sweep through it. The "story of the guns" has been often written; and in Number 108 we gave an illustration of the deadly missiles which these have been constructed to project.

A SCIENTIFIC Frenchman has taken out a patent for raising a ship in the air and manœuvring it there. Our Admiralty must look to this, and be ready with its British aerial fleet; and a new air must be composed for England, designating the rulership of that element, the same as "Britannia rules the waves"—except, of course, when they make themselves unpleasant to the autumnal traveller, which causes him to have considerable doubts about the truth of the ditty.

For some time past a man, named John McCann, has been pursuing a hazardous occupation in the Black Country. It has been his practice to ascend tall chimneys from the outside, after attaching ropes and chains to the summits by means of a kite. A stack at the ironworks of Messrs. Williams, at Wednesbury Oak, required repairing, and McCann was employed to do the work. The method which it has been usual for him to adopt, has acquired for him the sobriquet of "Steeple Jack." Commencing on Saturday he had

affixed his apparatus by Sunday. After a visit to a public-house, he ascended on that day, and danced a hornpipe, and went through other antics, on the top of the chimney. At half-past eight he descended, and again repaired to the public-house. After staying there an hour, he re-ascended the chimney, unobserved, it is said, and was soon afterwards seen lying asleep across the apex of the stack. In another hour he was seen to roll from his perilous bed, and was picked up in a mutilated condition on the floor of the works, having broken through the roof and some rafters. He was conveyed to the South Staffordshire Hospital, where he died the following day.

THE BEE AS A PHYSICIAN.—In Marktstelt, Lower Franconia, Bavaria, in the autumn of 1864, a bee is declared to have become an M.D.! Its owner, who was deaf, was stung by it in the eye-lid, near the temple. He applied earth and water to the wound without effect, but at last fell sound asleep. When he awoke the church clock struck. He listened with surprise and counted the strokes. All right! the clock struck, and the bee-sting had given him back his hearing, which he had lost two years previously from the effects of a severe cold.

THE FIRST VIEW OF JERUSALEM.

THERE is not, I venture to affirm, in all Palestine, nor, if historical associations be taken into account, in the whole world, such a view as that seen from Neby Samwil.

This is not because of its height (2,650 feet)—though it is the highest point in Palestine, Hebron excepted—but from its position in relation to surrounding objects. This makes it a sort of centre, commanding such views of the most illustrious spots on earth as no other place affords.

It was from this summit—so at least it is said—that Richard Cour de Lion first beheld Jerusalem, and exclaimed, as he covered his face, "Ah! Lord God, I pray that I may never see Thy Holy City, if so be that I may not rescue it from the hands of Thine enemies."

From hence, also, the great mediæval poet, Judah Halevi, is supposed to have first beheld the sacred city, and to have had those glowing memories and passionate sorrows awakened which he has embodied in a poem yet famous among his people, and which pours forth a wailing lament that finds an echo in the heart of all the outcast children of Israel.

The summit was reached in solemn silence. There was no need of a guide to tell us what to look at first. Every face was turned toward Jerusalem. The

eye and heart caught it at once, as they would a parent's bier in the empty chamber of death. The round hill dotted with trees, the dome beneath, the few minarets near it—there were Olivet and Jerusalem!

No words were spoken, no exclamations heard; nor are any explanations needed to enable the reader to understand our feelings when seeing, for the first time, the city of the Great King.

After Jerusalem, the first object that arrested me was the range of the hills of Moab. There are many places in Palestine that when first seen are to us as old friends. Previous reading and illustrations have made them familiar. But though I was in some degree prepared to recognize the range of Moab as a remarkable feature in the landscape, and as telling on the scenery of "the land," yet somehow the reality far surpassed my expectation.

These mountains reared themselves like a straight, unbroken wall, not one peak or point breaking the even line along the eastern sky from north to south. They were not higher above the level of the sea than the place on which we stood; yet they seemed to form a gigantic barrier between us and the almost unknown country beyond, and their effect on the character of the landscape was decided. They were a frame or setting to it, giving it a dignity, elevation, strength, and majesty, without which it would have been flat, tame, and comparatively uninteresting. No doubt we saw the range in the most advantageous circumstances.

It was towards evening. The setting sun fell upon it, and upon the wild eastern shores of the Dead Sea at its base, the sea itself being hidden in its deep hollow grave. The light was reflected from every scarp and precipice, with such a flush of purple, mingled with delicate hues of amethyst and ruby, as produced a glory not exaggerated in Holman Hunt's picture of "The Scape Goat." The atmosphere, too, was so transparent, that we distinctly saw beyond the Dead Sea what appeared to us a white building, situated on a point in a straight line, over or near Jerusalem. Was this Kerak? There are no other human habitations in that direction.

The next thing that impressed me standing here was the smallness of the land. We saw across it. On one side was the great sea, on which sails were visible; on the other the range of Moab, which is beyond the eastern boundary of Palestine. To the south we saw within a few miles of Hebron; while to the north we discovered the steep promontory of Carmel plunging its beak into the sea.

It is difficult to conceive that the Palestine of the

Patriarchs—that is, the country from the inhabited "South" to the great plain of Esdraelon, which like a green strait, sweeps past Carmel to the steeps, above the Jordan, and separates the old historical land of Canaan from Galilee—does not extend further than the distance between Glasgow and Perth, and could be traversed by an express train in two or three hours. But so it is. The whole land, even from Dan to Beersheba, is not larger than Wales.

ALL ALONE.

By R. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
Author of "The Hidden Hand," "Self-Made," &c., &c.

CHAPTER CXLV.

Merciful heaven! what must be,
I see as plain as you; yet still the heart
Within my bosom beats with other feelings.

Gordon.

At the end of the fruitless search for the deaf mute, Mr. Stukely came in and said:

"He is not anywhere on the premises; but I will take the note, and the doctor's gig and horse, and will go myself and fetch the assistant and the instruments."

And without waiting to find his gloves, and picking up the first hat that came to hand, Mr. Stukely rushed out, jumped into the gig, and started the doctor's sober Rosinante at a pace that nearly astonished his senses out of him.

Nelly returned to the chamber of impending death, and reported to "the surgeon in charge."

And two hours of intense anxiety passed. And then the doctor's gig was heard rattling at a furious pace up to the door.

And in a few seconds Mr. Stukely jumped up the stairs half a dozen steps at a time, and landed in the room with his inconstant question:

"Will she live?"

"I do not know," answered the doctor. "Have you brought my assistant?"

"Yes."

"Send him up."

"Te—tell me what you are going to do, doctor?"

"I am going to perform an operation called trepanning. If it succeeds, she will recover her consciousness, and she may live. If it fails, she will die."

"But—but if there is a risk, why perform it at all?" stammered Mr. Stukely.

"Because if I do not, she will certainly die, and in a state of unconsciousness, also. This operation will afford her the only possible chance of life. The skull is fractured—"

"Oh!" groaned Mr. Stukely.

"And a portion of it presses upon the brain. If it is lifted it will certainly restore her to consciousness. And it may save her life. If it is not lifted, as I said before, she must surely die in a few hours, and in a state of unconsciousness."

"Go on, doctor! Go on, and do it, then! I will say no more! Oh, lor! Oh, dear! Extraordinary!"

"I must add, that whether this lady's life is saved or not, it is very necessary to the ends of justice that her consciousness should be restored."

"All right! do as you think best! Oh, lor! oh, dear! Extraordinary!" said Mr. Stukely, as he left the room.

At the door he again stared on finding the man on guard.

"You here yet? Well, now, that's what I call sticking to a fellow in his trouble! Give us your hand again, old boy!"

And the "old boy" gave his hand again as gruffly as before, and when the ceremony was over growled as deeply as before about feeling like a "mean hypocrite."

Presently the doctor's assistant, young Mr. Hare, with a case of instruments in his hand, came upstairs and entered the room.

And another hour of intense anxiety followed. At the end of this time the doctor, leaving his assistant watching over the patient, came out.

Beck, still on guard at the door, laid hold of him, stopped him, and questioned him.

"Doctor, excuse me; but I wish to ask you of the condition of your patient."

"And doctors are not accustomed, sir, to express their opinions lightly to any curious gentleman that may stop to inquire," gravely replied Meadows.

"You will excuse me, and give me a satisfactory answer, when I state to you my reasons for making the inquiry."

"Be quick, then, for I am in a hurry."

"I will. I came down to this place this afternoon, sir, armed with a warrant for the arrest of this lady who is your patient."

The doctor started back and gazed in astonishment at the speaker, who calmly continued:

"This warrant is based upon charges of the very gravest nature, not necessary to specify here. The lady has been a fugitive from justice for several years, and she has only lately ventured to return to the country. We have tracked her down here, and have come to arrest her. Her unfortunate son knows nothing of our errand. We have forbore, as long as possible, to wound his feelings. Now, what I wish to ask you is, whether this lady can be arrested in her present state?"

"Most assuredly not! To attempt to move her in her present condition would cause her instant death."

"Then, doctor, how long is she likely to lie in this state?"

"As it is an official question, I will answer it professionally. She may die within an hour from this moment, or she may linger for several days and die at the end of that time."

"You consider her speedy death inevitable."

"As far as more human foresight and medical science and experience instruct me, I do."

"Then if you will give me a certificate to that effect, I will go. And that poor, simple, young man need never know the purpose of my visit here."

"I will give you my certificate with pleasure. But I advise you not to leave the neighbourhood just yet."

"Why, if you please, sir?"

"Because you may find work to do here still. You belong to the detective police force, I suppose."

"Yes, sir."

"Then it may concern you to know that this lady's death is not a case of accident, but of—assassination."

"Assassination!" re-echoed the policeman. And it was now his turn to be thunderstruck.

"Yes; but say nothing of this at present to the family. Stay where you are; I will give you all the information I possess, and also certain clues that will lead you to new discoveries. Therefore remain where you are."

"I will observe your directions in all things, sir," said the policeman.

And the doctor went downstairs into the old drawing-room, where he found Mr. Stukely pacing distractedly up and down.

"Will she live?" reiterated Mr. Stukely—the old question.

"While there is life there is hope," replied the doctor, using the formula in such cases made and provided.

"Oh, that means there is scarcely any hope at all!" said Mrs. Llewellyn's son.

"The operation was successful, in so far as it restored her to consciousness. She is now sleeping. When she wakes I shall be able to give a more decided opinion. I have left Hare with her."

"Oh, are you not going to stay yourself?"

"No, I cannot. I have a case that I must see to-night. But I will be here early in the morning."

"Doctor, I am a poor, weak, sinful man; but withal I am a God-fearing one. And now I ask you, as a Christian who appreciates the worth of an immortal soul—is it not advisable that I should have a minister of the Gospel in the house, ready to attend my mother when she awakes?"

"Yes."

"You will pass Mr. Morley's house on your way home. Late as it is, I must beg you to try to see him; and if you really think there is any serious danger of—of anything happening to-night, ask him to come out at once and take a bed with us."

"I will, certainly," said Doctor Meadows.

And with a bow he went away.

Mr. Stukely went upstairs to the door of the sick room.

There he found Beck still stationed.

"Oh, look here, now, my dear fellow! Really do you know you are making a martyr of yourself! Don't do it. I don't think there is the least chance of your being at all useful to us in this awful crisis. And then you have had nothing to eat. Go down, now, and Nelly—I mean Mrs. Stukely, and I thank goodness she isn't here to give me one of her reminders—will eat some supper before you, and show you where you are to sleep, for of course you will not think of leaving us at this hour of the night," said Mr. Stukely, kindly.

"No, thank you, I shall remain, with your permission," said Beck, and with a short nod he availed himself of Mr. Stukely's invitation, and went below stairs to find supper.

Mr. Stukely slipped into the sick room, and stole on tip-toe up to the bed.

Nelly was seated watching on one side of it, and the young medical student on the other.

The patient was sleeping calmly.

Mr. Stukely bent over and gazed upon the pallid face and bandaged head until the tears began to roll down his cheeks. Evil as this woman might have

been, she was his mother, and she loved him after her own fashion; and he knew not the extent of her wickedness. And of all the human race, he was, perhaps, the only one in the world who loved her.

He turned weeping away from her, and beckoned young Hare to follow him to a distant window.

"Will she live?" inquired Mr. Stukely, for perhaps the hundred and fiftieth time.

"While there is life there is—"

"That is what you all say! I wish to know what the chances are. Where is she hurt?"

"In the head and in the chest. But excuse me, I must return to the bedside of my patient. I must watch for the slightest change in her condition."

"Thank you! Oh, thank you for your attention! I am not a rich man; but if by any extra-care you can save her life, I will give you all the money I have in the world," said Mr. Stukely, earnestly.

"I am obliged to you, sir; but I will do my best without that. Besides, I am not a practitioner, and so I cannot even take a fee," said the young man, as he moved off towards his patient.

Mr. Stukely went downstairs, and spent the night walking about the house.

Nelly and Mr. Hare watched by the patient all the night through.

And not until the next morning did the Reverend Mr. Morley arrive. With him came Doctor Meadows.

Both gentlemen were very anxious to learn the condition of the patient, and were pleased to hear that she had passed a quiet night.

"I should have come last evening, but I was from home when the doctor came, having been called to perform the funeral services of a parishioner living at a distance, and at whose house I passed the night. I was on my way home this morning when I met Doctor Meadows coming here, and at his instance I turned my horse's head to accompany him," explained Mr. Morley.

At this moment Nelly ran lightly down the stairs to the hall, where the gentlemen stood hanging up their hats.

"Oh, doctor, I am so glad that you have come!—so glad! And you, too, Mr. Morley! how providential that you should be here!" exclaimed Nelly, breathlessly. And yet her looks and manner expressed anything else than joy and gladness; they were full of fear and horror.

"How is our patient?" inquired Doctor Meadows.

"She is awake and conscious, and she seems to suffer horribly; and as much from the mind as the body, I fear," said the young woman.

"Mr. Morley, if you will be so good as to wait in the parlour, while I go up and examine my patient, I will soon inform you whether she is in a proper condition to receive your visit," said Doctor Meadows.

The clergyman bowed slightly, and followed Mr. Stukely into the best parlour; while Doctor Meadows followed Nelly upstairs into the sick room.

The room was half darkened, yet even in that semi-obscurity two burning black eyes seemed to shine forth with a phosphoric light from the ghastly face upon the pillow, as the doctor approached the bed.

"Shall I die?" hissed a voice from those pallid lips.

"While there is life—"

"Rubbish! I did not ask you for your formula. I want the truth!"

The voice in which she spoke these words was strange and unnatural. It was a hissing whisper, enunciated with difficulty, and yet distinctly audible even at a great distance. And the look with which she accompanied these words was so searching, so imperative, so compelling, that the doctor was forced to answer:

"The issues of life and death are in the hands of Divine Providence."

"I understand what that means. How much time have I?"

"That I cannot tell you. You may live for days; you may even recover. Keep up your spirits; you are a lady of strong will; to will is often to live," said the doctor.

The hissing voice replied.

"What! with this?—and with this?" And she feebly struck her head, and tore at her breast. "You know better. Both are mortal!"

And she writhed on her bed, and an expression of horror convulsed her face.

The near approach of death in most cases softens the hardest criminal, bends the most stubborn will, and brings the most incurable moral maniac to reason.

The doctor poured out a composing draught, raised her head, and placed it to her lips, saying:

"Try to be composed; much depends upon quickness."

"Doctor," said the dying woman, as soon as her head rested again upon the pillow, "you are a man of

strong mind, and not likely to be bound by traditions or enslaved by dogmas. What say you—do you believe in a future state of existence?"

"As firmly as I believe in this present one," gravely replied the doctor.

Silence—an awful silence—fell between them for a few minutes, and then she spoke:

"You will not tell me whether I shall live or die; or, if I am to die, how long I have to live. But this I will tell you—that it is absolutely necessary I should see a justice of the peace before I die."

He did not reply immediately; when he did, it was to say:

"The Reverend Mr. Morley is in the commission of the peace. He is downstairs. Will you see him?"

"Yes, I will. But first give me something to strengthen and quiet me, if only for a few moments."

The doctor complied with her request, and then he went downstairs to seek the clergyman.

"How is your patient?" inquired Mr. Morley.

"She is dying, and she needs now only a physician of the soul. She is suffering mental torture, from some hidden cause. She is a woman with nerves of steel and heart of adamant, so she does not prate of her remorse; yet I can see that she is suffering agony from that source. Go to her; she wishes to see you."

Mr. Morley immediately arose, and hurried up into the chamber of death.

The came burning, black, phosphorescent eyes shining through the obscurity of the room as from some strange, unnatural, lurid light of their own, drew him towards the bed.

"You are the Reverend Mr. Morley?" said the dying woman, in the same hissing whisper.

"I am; and I am very sorry to see you suffering so much," said the old man, gently.

"Oh, I remember your voice now. You are the minister who dined with us on the first day of my arrival here?"

"Yes."

"Are you a magistrate also?"

"I am, for the lack of a better one."

Silence fell between them for a few moments, and then she inquired:

"Are we alone?"

"No. Mr. Hare and Mrs. Stukely are in the room."

"Send them out. Our interview must be a private one."

Mr. Morley got up to do so; but the hissing whisper had reached Nelly's ears, and she did not wait for the parson.

Touching Mr. Hare on the shoulder to call his attention, she said:

"Come—come downstairs and get some breakfast, while Mr. Morley remains with our patient."

And the young medical student, worn out with watching, and hungry as his class are prone to be, gladly followed his hostess from the room.

Mr. Morley closed the door behind them, and thus shut them out from the knowledge of what passed within.

The particulars of that interview did not transpire for some time.

One, two, three hours passed, and still the clergyman remained shut up in the room with the dying woman.

At the end of that time a bell rang, and Nelly ran upstairs to answer it.

She opened the door suddenly and went in.

The patient was lying with her eyes fixed wildly on the face of the minister. Mr. Morley had just risen from a little table that stood by the bedside with writing materials upon it. He held in his hand a thick folded manuscript, which he carefully deposited in the breast pocket of his coat. Then he took from the table a long folded paper, which he retained as he turned to take leave of his penitent.

"Remember!" said the dying woman, "that is not to be delivered until I am laid in the earth."

"I will remember," replied the minister, very solemnly; "and in the meantime think you of your immortal soul—in the Redeemer's boundless love and the Father's infinite mercy. Pray for yourself; and I also will continue to pray for you." So saying, the minister bowed to Nelly, left the patient in her charge, and passed from the room.

In the hall below he met the detective Beck.

"Your prisoner is dying. Your responsibility, as far as she is concerned, is over. But take this warrant—read it if you like—and place it in the hands of one of our county constables; and though you cannot take an official part in making the arrest, I ask as a favour that you will give our officers the benefit of your great skill and experience in tracking the criminal."

"I will cheerfully give all the assistance in my power while I remain in the neighbourhood, where I shall be obliged to stay until the fate of this unfortu-

nate woman is certainly decided," said Beck, as he took the warrant and opened it for the purpose of reading it.

"And one warning in your ear. It is not necessary, and by no means desirable, that this unhappy family should know anything about the matter at the present stage of affairs. They have now, perhaps, as much trouble as they can well bear. It will be time enough to enlighten them when the criminal is taken," said the minister.

"I understand you, sir; and I agree with you fully," replied Beck.

While they spoke, loud cries from Nelly startled the whole household.

Mr. Morley and Beck, followed by every one in the house, ran upstairs and into the sick room to see what the matter could be.

They found Nelly up on the bed, supporting in her arms the form of Mrs. Llewellyn, who was in her last death-throes. Her wounds had commenced bleeding inwardly, and she was suffocating in the hæmorrhage.

As they hurried to the bedside, Nelly laid her burden gently back upon the pillow, whispering:

"She is gone; may heaven have mercy on her!"

CHAPTER CXLVI.

LILY MAY'S LETTER.

Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience. . . .
But here where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life—

Shakespeare.

On the morning of Lily May's flight, Lily Gay slept later than usual. The reason was obvious. She had watched with her distressed sister until long after midnight, and she made up for that unusual vigilance by sleeping longer in the morning.

When at length she awoke, it was with a confused and troubled recollection of the events of the previous day, in which sympathy with Lily May and indignation against her assailant were equally balanced.

She missed her companion from her side, but as she saw at once by the broad daylight, which made its way even through the closed Venetian shutters and the dropped lace curtains, how late it was, she felt no misgiving at the absence of Lily May. She merely supposed that her sister had awakened and arisen at her usual hour.

"Poor child! I do not think she slept much during the night. I wish, though, she had waked me when she got up," said Lily Gay to herself, as she got out of bed and began to dress herself.

She was very impatient to join Lily May, so she made very quick work with her sponge-bath and her hair-brading.

Then she slipped on her blue gingham wrapper and ran downstairs.

Owen sat reading the morning paper by one of the front windows.

The breakfast-table stood ready in the middle of the room.

The hands of the clock on the mantelpiece pointed to half-past nine.

As Lily Gay entered, Owen looked up from his paper.

"Oh, Owen," she said, with a compunctious glance at the clock, "I have kept you waiting so late. I am very sorry."

"It does not matter, dear; but as you are down, we will have breakfast at once," he replied.

Lily Gay rang the bell, and directed Nancy to bring in the coffee; and then she turned to Owen with another look of regret, saying:

"But to keep you so late from your business, Owen! I wish—"

"Say no more about it, Lily Gay! It is really of very little consequence. As I never was late in my life before, I can very well afford to be so, for once in a way, this morning."

"I don't know. At any rate, I don't like to think that it was through my remissness that you are late for the first time. I was going to say that I wish you had had me called."

"No—I would not have done so except upon a much greater emergency than existed. I knew that you and Lily May must have passed a disturbed night, for I heard you talking at a late hour. And I wished you to take your full rest this morning."

"That was like your kindness, Owen. But I was the only sluggard. Lily May was up and dressed at her usual hour, you know. And as you would not have me called, I wish you hadn't waited for me, but had taken your breakfast without me."

"Ah! little sister, you know my weakness! I would fast for hours rather than miss the pleasure of breakfasting with you and Lily May!" smiled the good brother.

"Well, you had Lily May! Why did you not take your breakfast together, instead of waiting so long for me, to the mortification of your appetites and the neglect of your business?"

"But I hadn't! If she is up, she is not down, for I haven't seen or heard anything of her this morning!"

"Not seen or heard of her this morning? Oh! then I suppose she came down the back way, and went into the garden to gather flowers for the breakfast-table! She will be here in a moment," said Lily Gay, going to the table and beginning to occupy herself with setting the dishes in a more symmetrical order than Nancy had placed them.

"How were her spirits? Was she more cheerful when alone with you than she was when down here?" inquired Owen, anxiously.

"She was more composed, for she sat down and wrote some chapters of her story; and you know she would not have done that if her mind had not been quiet, especially as it was not a work of necessity, that she was obliged to do, but one of pure amusement. She wrote until after midnight; and it was my expostulations with her, urging her to leave off and come to bed, that you heard. But you know how it is with Lily May. When she is 'in the vein,' as she calls it, she will write half the night."

"I must break her of that bad habit," said Owen, smiling.

At this moment Nancy entered, with the coffee-pot in one hand and a plate of muffins in the other, both of which she set upon the table, saying:

"Well! It is my hopes, as for the future, whoever unlocks the front door after I lock it at night, will 'tither lock it again themselves, or if they're too lazy to do it, will call me!"

"Why, Nancy, what do you mean with your talk of locking and unlocking? What has happened? Who has vexed you?" inquired Owen.

"All on you has, with your don't-careish doings!"

"But how? In what respect?"

"You know, well enough! 'Spoke I like to get up some morning with my brains blown out, and find the house robbed and all on you dead in your beds, with nothing left to live on?"

"That would be a stupendous, an incomprehensible horror indeed!" said Owen, laughing.

"Well, you may jeer and laugh, but it is just what will happen one of these days, and then you'll laugh on the other side of your mouth, I reckon!"

"But what has put it into your good, thick head to predict such an awful calamity, Nancy?" inquired Owen.

"You know, well enough!"

"Indeed, I do not!"

"Who left the front door unlocked?"

"No one did. I was the last to retire; and before going to my room, I made my usual round of inspection to see that all was fast, and I remember perfectly well that the front door was both locked and bolted."

"It was, was it? Well, all I know is as I was the first one up this morning, and when I came down, the first thing I see was the front door unlocked and unbolted! And I was so took aback, as I said to myself, 'Well, some morning every one of us will get up with our brains out and the house gutted!'"

"What a horrible consummation! But, Nancy, really I do not understand about the door. I am quite certain I left it fastened. Did you examine to see if everything was safe?"

"Yes; fortunately everything was safe; nobody was kilt and nothing was stolen—no thanks to whoever left the door open last night!"

"Oh, Nancy dear, never mind the door now! As everything is safe, we need not talk any more about it, only we must be more careful another time. Now go call Lily May in to breakfast," said Lily Gay.

Nancy started to go upstairs.

"Oh, she is not there! she is in the garden, Nancy," said Lily Gay.

"She's—which?" inquired the woman, hesitating, and holding by the ballustrades.

"She's in the garden."

"In the garden? No she ain't nuther. There ain't nobody passed out'n this house into the garden this morning, I knows. The back door ain't even been opened. I can see it from here with the bars up still—Garden!"

"Oh, Nancy, now I know how the front door came open. Lily May passed out of it, and around by the side gate into the garden. That is how it was. Now, go and call her, that is a good soul, and tell her we are waiting breakfast," said Lily Gay.

With a grunt of disapprobation, Nancy started on this errand. But she had scarcely gone, when the

door bell rang sharply, and Owen jumped up to answer the summons.

"Who is it, Owen? Oh, I know? Certainly it is Lily May, come round to re-enter by the same way she went out, and finds herself locked out by Nancy's blundering caution. My dear, we have been waiting for you!" said Lily Gay, without even looking up, so certain she felt of being right in her conjecture.

Not Lily May's gentle tones, however, answered her, but a cheerful manly voice spoke which called the rich blood into Lily Gay's cheeks. And William Spicer, junior, now grown to be a handsome young man, and a promising under-graduate of the Medical College, stood before her.

"Oh, Willie, I am so glad to see you. When did you arrive?" she inquired, rising, flushed, but happy to receive him.

"Just this moment, I may say. I came straight from the station here—that is to say, as straight as the relative position of the two points would admit of," said William Spicer, smiling.

"Then you have not breakfasted?" said Owen.

"Breakfasted! Now, Wynne, you know very well that I understand dietetics too well to trust my health to the tender mercies of railway station caterers! Breakfasted? No! And I see that you have not either, although it is nearly ten o'clock! Pray, are you contracting lazy city habits?"

"Not exactly. Our lateless this morning is quite accidental," said Owen.

"Nancy, another cup and saucer here! Oh! I forgot—she has gone after Lily May. I will go and fetch them myself," said Lily Gay, rising from the table, and running into the kitchen.

"How is our friend Lily May?" inquired William Spicer.

"She is quite well! She has gone into the garden, I believe, to gather the usual morning bouquet, with which she delights to deck the breakfast-table. You are here for the winter?"

"Yes. This is the last course of lectures I shall be called upon to attend. I hope to graduate with some honour in the spring!"

"Success to you! The medical profession, in the vast benefits it confers upon society, is second to none and equalled by but one."

While the young men thus conversed, they were interrupted by the entrance of Lily Gay with a fresh cup and saucer and plate, and by Nancy, with the exclamation:

"I told you so! She ain't in the garden! Lor! Why, if that ain't Master William! How do you do, sir? And how did you leave all the old folks?"

"Very well, I thank you, Nancy! How are you?" returned the young man, cordially, extending his hand to the faithful old woman.

"Middling, Master William—just middling, and no more!"

"Nancy, did you say Lily May was not in the garden?" inquired Lily Gay.

"No! I told you so before! I knowed she wasn't. I went to look there for her, and now I have proved it."

"Then she must be in some of the rooms upstairs! Go and look for her, Nancy, and tell her we are at breakfast. And Owen, dear, don't wait any longer; sit down. Willie must want his breakfast. And Lily May will be here by the time I pour out the coffee. Willie, it is coffee mind you, not a mixture of burnt rye, chicory and dandelion! We buy it in the grain and roast and grind it ourselves. Sit down," said Lily Gay, cheerfully, as her white hands fluttered among the tea cups and saucers, tinkling silver tea spoons, and dropping sugar and pouring cream to enrich the exhilarating morning beverage.

She had served the coffee to each one, and they were quaffing it with great relish when Nancy re-entered the room, saying:

"She ain't up stairs nowhere—nowhere at all."

"Well, now that is very odd! Did you look in all the rooms, Nancy?" inquired Lily Gay.

"In every single one, and even in the clothes closets."

"Let me look! Excuse me, Willie! Excuse me, Owen! I will be back in one moment," said Lily Gay, starting away from the table and running up the stairs.

"Nancy," said Owen, uneasily, "have you not seen her this morning?"

"Not a single sign of her! She ain't been downstairs since I've been up."

The offices of hospitality claimed Owen's attention. He helped the traveller to a hot muffin, a rasher of bacon, a boiled egg, the castors, &c., and then turned his face towards the door, listening and waiting for the return of his sister.

William Spicer, junior, noticed this manner of his friend, and inquired:

"I hope there is no reason to be uneasy?"

"Oh, no," answered Owen, smiling; "only it is unusual for Lily May to be so late."

While he spoke, Lily Gay entered the room in excitement, exclaiming:

"Owen, she is not anywhere in the house! She has certainly gone out, because her school-bonnet and mantle and satchel have gone too!"

"How strange! But don't be frightened; she may have gone out on some little errand of her own, and been detained longer than she expected to be," said Owen.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Lily Gay, brightening up; "I know now just where she has gone! She has gone to the school to get the books that we left behind! And that is the reason why she went so early and took her satchel!"

"How?"

"Oh, you see, she went early so as to get there before the pupils assembled and the school commenced. And she took the satchel to bring the books in."

"I should be sorry if I thought she had gone to the school—the place where she received so great—" began Owen, but recollecting that Willie Spicer was present, and was ignorant of what had happened on the previous day, he suddenly stopped, and then resumed, in another manner: "I rather think that she has gone out to post a letter, or to make some little purchase for which she feels pressed. I really wish she would return."

This last sentence revealed that undertone of an anxiety that the young man felt without comprehending, and tried to conquer without succeeding.

Meanwhile Willie Spicer made an excellent breakfast.

"Tell me, Willie," said Lily Gay, "how is your father, and how does he bear his solitude when you are away?"

"Oh, he is all right, but to speak the plain truth he does not bear his solitude very well. I told him that I should graduate in the spring, and after that should return no more to the old village. What on earth should an enterprising young man do there?"

"Nothing whatever; and yet I feel a very deep sympathy for your good father in his lonely old age," said Owen.

"He shall not be lonely," spoke Lily Gay. "He shall never be lonely. I will keep my word with him. And when you leave him finally to settle in London, Willie, I will go down and be his daughter, and keep his house. I will do it because he was so good to my poor mother, and because I love him!"

The young student turned and smiled upon the impulsive girl, saying:

"But there are others to be considered in this matter, fair lady. How, for one, will my friend Wynne like to part with his sister to an old man, so many miles away?"

"Oh! I was never Owen's favourite sister. He will do very well without me, or I am much mistaken."

"What do you say, Wynne?"

"I say that the proposition is a matter for future consideration. If the old man were quite alone down there and my sister wished to go and fill a daughter's place in his desolate home, I should not prevent her from doing so."

"Wynne, you do come out sometimes with surprising things! But I am happy to tell you both that the sacrifice—for it really would be a sacrifice—will not be needed. My father has made a fortune which will enable him to retire from business. He will sell out, and take a house in London."

"I am really very glad to hear that. And you will reside with him?"

"Of course."

"And when does he intend to make this change?"

"Next spring, when I graduate."

Lily Gay looked from one to the other of the speakers, as if unable to believe the evidence of her own senses, and then she suddenly clapped her hands with joy, exclaiming:

"Oh! that is better than anything I could have hoped for. Mr. Spicer coming to live in London! Why, I should almost as soon have expected to see the old church transport itself to the city! And he is really coming to live among us? Oh! Owen, how delightful that will be. And to go and spend days with him, as we used to do in the old times! And to have him come and spend days with us! It is almost too good to be true!"

Thus gaily chatting, Lily Gay arose from the table, and the others followed her example.

Summoned by the hand-bell, Nancy came in to clear the table.

"Set the coffee-pot on the stove to keep it hot for Lily May! she cannot be long in coming home now," said the young lady, as she left the table and went to her work-stand.

"Spicer, if you will excuse me for ten minutes, I shall then be at your service. I have a note to write," said Owen, seating himself before that little parlour writing-desk, which, as I said, was used in common by himself and the two young girls.

"Oh, never mind me, I will look over the morning papers," replied the young student, taking up the "Times" and throwing himself into an easy chair to read.

And there was silence in the room for a few minutes, at the end of which an exclamation from Owen startled his two companions.

"What is the matter, Owen?" inquired Lily Gay, dropping her needlework.

"What is it, Wynne?" questioned William Spicer, throwing down his paper.

And both at same time looked up at Owen, who had risen to his feet, and was now standing, staring at, rather than reading, an open letter, which he held in one hand while he pressed his brow with the other hand. He did not answer, but continued to stare along the lines of the letter, devouring its contents.

Lily Gay sprang to his side, and holding on to his shoulder, looked over the letter with him, and then throwing up her hands, shrieked:

"Oh! she has gone! she has gone! She has left us! Oh, what will become of her!"

"Hush! hush, my sister! let me read the letter to the close. It may give us some clue by which we may follow her and bring her home!" said Owen, laying his hand, which shook like that of a palsied old man, on her head.

The cries of Lily Gay and the silent agitation of Owen revealed to William Spicer that some startling discovery had been made.

He hesitated for a moment whether to encroach upon this domestic trouble, and then his friendship overcame his scruples and he went to the side of Owen and Lily Gay, who were both poring over the letter, and he asked:

"Owen my dear fellow, is it anything in which I can possibly help you?"

"Yes, yes—presently, presently; but now let me finish the letter! It may afford me some guide to action," replied the young man without once removing his eyes from the lines that he was eagerly reading.

Young Spicer stood waiting patiently while Owen turned page after page of the long letter, that he and his sister were perusing. At length it was finished. And Owen folded it up and put it in his bosom. And Lily Gay wrung her hands and wept.

"Oh, Owen, where did you get the letter?" she inquired amid her sobs.

"It was the first thing that met my eyes when I opened the writing desk where she left it!" replied Owen.

"For heaven's sake, who's gone, and what's the matter?" questioned Nancy, who re-entered the room a minute before.

"Oh Nancy, Lily May has gone!" sobbed Lily Gay.

"What!—runned away?" inquired Nancy staring in consternation.

"Yes, yes, yes!" wept Lily Gay.

"Well, what next? Why, I didn't know as the child had a sweetheart in the world! Runned away! Well, my goodness! Who is the young villain?"

"Silence, woman!" exclaimed Owen, in a voice that made Nancy start. "How dare you? Lily May has gone alone, quite alone!"

"Oh, Nancy," sobbed Lily Gay, "she went away because of what she heard yesterday!"

"Poor, poor child! poor, dear baby! where has she gone?" inquired Nancy, in a tone of the deepest feeling.

"We don't know! We have not the least idea," wept Lily Gay.

"Now then, Wynne! how can I serve you in this affair, which, by the way, I do not well understand?" pressed William Spicer.

"Oh!" exclaimed Owen, with a burst of irrepressible emotion, "it is briefly this. My gentle darling never knew until yesterday that she was not our sister—the daughter of our parents! Yesterday the truth was rudely told her by a coarse and heartless schoolfellow. It was told her with the addition of every calumny that malice could invent, and every insult that scorn could inspire. Poor—poor Lily May! She was completely overwhelmed and prostrated by the blow! We did what we could to raise and soothe her. We thought we had succeeded, but she has left us, and here is her letter of adieu. Oh! I have no time to tell you all its contents! It is an outpouring of love, sorrow, and self-sacrifice, that could only emanate from a heart as tender, and as pure, and an experience as limited as hers. She imagines that her presence here would be a reproach to us, and so she has gone away, preferring to cast herself alone upon the wide world rather than throw a shadow of reproach upon us! There! I can talk no more! We must act!"

"I am here to help you. Let the lectures and everything else go to the deuce! I am yours, body and soul, until she shall be found and brought home!" said young Spicer.

"First, then, we must ascertain as near as possible the time at which she left the house, and the dress she wore. Lily Gay, when did you see her last?" inquired Owen.

"It was after twelve o'clock when she came to bed. And I was wakened for a long time after that. I heard the clock strike two before I went fast to sleep, with my arms around Lily May's neck, for something seemed to whisper me that she was in some sort of danger, and I went to sleep holding her fast. When I woke up at nine o'clock this morning, she was gone."

"She probably left here, then, very early this morning."

"Have you any idea what dress she wore?" inquired Owen.

"Oh, yes, her grey merino dress, and black silk mantle, and white straw bonnet, trimmed with white ribbon. But oh, Owen, why are you so particular in asking about her dress? Oh, surely, you are not going to pillory poor Lily May in an advertisement, with 'Left her home,' and 'had on when she went away,' and all that? Just as if she was a runaway apprentice," said Lily Gay, uneasily.

"My sister," replied Owen, very gravely, "be sure that I shall conduct this search with every delicacy to our darling consistent with her safety. But her safety must be the first consideration, everything must yield to that. We must find her if possible this morning. I shudder—my blood runs cold at the thought of what may be her fate, if we should not recover her before night. Spicer, we have no time to lose. We must begin our search at once."

"I am ready," said William Spicer.

"Oh," exclaimed Lily Gay, "how shall I ever be able to stay at home and be still, with all the suspense and anxiety I must suffer?"

"You are not to stay home, dear. You must take Nancy with you and go upon a round of calls among all our acquaintances, and inquire of them all. It is just possible that our darling may have taken refuge among some of them," said Owen.

"Oh, I am glad to have something to do! I do think I should lose my breath and suffocate if I had to stay at home and be still," exclaimed Lily Gay, starting up with the intention of preparing herself for the journey.

"Stay one moment," said Owen; "we will all meet here at the house to compare notes at five o'clock. Do you hear?"

"Yes, I hear; but what a long time to wait. It is now only eleven, and it will be several hours before five o'clock."

"It will take all that time to do what we intend to do," said Owen.

"Nancy, never mind washing up the breakfast service. Get yourself ready to attend me immediately," said Lily Gay, as she hurried to prepare herself.

(To be continued.)

LANGUAGE.

LITTLE do the toiling millions of this busy world ruminate over the progress and development of our vehicle of thought, as it grew from stage to stage, conquered principle after principle, overcame obstacles, and surmounted difficulties. In this fleeting age, when steam winces 'neath the engineer's hand, and the electric spark is confined or expanded at pleasure, we stay not to reflect, we pause not to turn over the results of philological research, but, caught in the contagion of novelty and advancement, we float half-indifferently, half-unconsciously, towards the maelstrom of present absorption. Could the dust of the Cadmean skeleton consolidate again and wander Ariel-like over the vast nations of the earth, beholding the pinched cities and temples of wisdom which bestrew Christendom, what a change would it witness! what an incongruity of tongues proceeding from an equal medley of races! Yes, and its gradual augmentation is of greater significance than its own development. It is the world's record for all time, in which is preserved, with more than mortal care, all that has made men famous and nations exalted.

Language cannot well be defined, nor yet can any other science; for with the necessary amplification the science proper is explained away, or becomes merged in a family of kindred sciences. Enough for us to know that language is the handle of our existence, the tangible translation of our thought, and the palpable paraphrase of our feelings and desires. It is rich or poor, even as its employer is learned or illiterate, and the fact of its being sometimes inadequate is not the fault of the agent, but the actor. And more than this, it is man's distinctive feature. It forms the line of demarcation between him and the brute. It is an imperial lever which has elevated man to the verge of divinity. Idle would it be to explore dusty records and propound new theories concerning

its origin. Whether we inherit it in a direct line from our Maker, who, according to some, communicated it literally to our first parents, or whether it sprang, after Lord Monboddo's fashion, from a couple of monkeys, it matters not; sufficient for us to know that it has come and is in being, and that it has struggled, yielded and conquered through primal dynasties and dark centuries to our own bright Christian day, when the fires of superstition blaze only where language is yet in its most ragged form.

What a void would our life be without it! what a nonentity our existence! What a wonderful disposition in the providence of God to impart such an instrument of reciprocity, of power, and of influence! How it has been employed for liberty and glory, for tyranny and shame! How valiantly by its aid Cicero shone on the Roman forum, as Demosthenes had done long before him in Athens; and though we may not have another such an Athenian or a Roman to thrill the world of the nineteenth century, yet the agency is still with us to embolden to conflict, to impassion multitudes, to disclaim ignobly, or to advise calmly.

What potency there is in language! How it has controlled and commanded heroic deeds, benevolent acts and kindly services! How in ill-timed passion—and passion is all ill-timed—soothing words settle the troubled elements and fall calm as a snow-flake, yet more effective than vindictive violence. And even as the placid maiden overcomes the sturdy warrior, so the silken cord of affection, tied with the inspired language of the soul, binds firmer than the manacles of the tyrant, knits hearts to be absolved only by the sunrise of immortality, when the sad benediction of a toiling world gives pain to those whom fate has decreed to wander anew the pathways of action and of care.

Language in the abstract is of universal application and benefit. The Indian's disfigured breast rises with fire and emotion if stigmatized in his own monotonous jargon, and the Chinaman's monosyllabic vernacular forms the vehicle of his tender words of love, of sarcastic humour, or of poisonous hate.

And yet this catholic quality, this familiarity of language, has rather anomalously rendered it a comparative stranger. In our every-day, humdrum life, in our outgoing and incoming, we use it, but still its origin and nature are foreign to us. Deluged with domestic cares, environed with financial hawks, or struggling through the surges of political disputation, we find a panacea in words, a solace, a self-constituted balm for those evil darts which load and gnaw the soul and shatter the brain. And how we value, or ought to value, a kind word, for it generally proceeds from a face radiant with genial warmth, and from a heart whose index is the face. And why should we fear a knitted brow and pent-up lips, with a deep, ridged, furrowed chin, which envenoms the air with scorpion slang? for we know it is the Evil One who speaks, and not the mortal.

Let us take the wings of time and fly over centuries back to the usurping, tyrannizing feudal times, when Alfred translated and Layman chronicled, and Chaucer made verses under the shade of monastic walls, and we find the philosophy of language at a low ebb. It had then long lost what it once gloriously boasted of, and had not yet found its legitimate channel of progress. The rudeness with which the universe kept its diary in those days was in a measure attributable to the superstitious awe inspired by oppressive, designing beings who wished to hold, and even did hold, the intellectual strings of the earth, and monopolized those higher functions of man's estate for which every man by nature holds the right and title.

What a marked difference between the impassioned debate that reverberated through the porticoes of ancient halls and the echoes of our senate chambers! The one acknowledged as a cardinal canon that might was right, and that passion was the autocrat of the mind; the other, having shaken off the incubus of religious superstition, having unveiled the mystic gods, and placed man in that sphere of mental progress and physical subjection which is meet for him, extends the commercial hand of friendship to all nations, seeks not to oppress but to conciliate, and looks with a broader, brighter, holier view on men and their actions. And how blessed are we—albeit what murmurers—that we are spared what Milton premised and Dryden witnessed—the liberation of the press. Had there been a press to embalm the lofty flights of rhetoric of old, to guard them in persecutions, to promulgate them in peace, and perpetuate their sublimity, how we could link ourselves with those theatres of action, and in imagination clothe ourselves in the fusty garments of thirty centuries ago, and behold the sandalled feet and the flowing robe and the uncut beard of Eastern lands—lands that are inspired with ethereal associations, that boast of glistening mosques, and sacred

graves, and ruined temples; of revered porches whose rude hieroglyphics point to an era long before Cæsar led the Roman squadron to the shores of Britany.

And with what gratitude ought we to see in language a medium preserved through all famines, banishments and wars, and refined in that preservation—a medium wherewith we school the tender infant to the full-grown man—a medium that produces the trickling tear or nerves to furrowed sternness—a medium that can burst the flood-gates of woe or inspire to mortal combat; yea, that medium which makes us strong as lions and helpless as babes?

We all know the importance of our infantile lisplings at our mother's knee, and with what anxious portents they were heard, when each new word was a triumph, and when the face of our sire, radiant with smiles, showed his delight at our success. And oft we remember with regret our school pilgrimage, when our aspiring minds were weighed down with participles and declensions; and then a seeming relief came, and we were launched on the great uncertain sea of life, and there we found how insignificant a part we were of the whole.

And in all this transition, how unconsciously did our language grow with us. We neither learned nor essayed to learn it systematically, but it strangely, carelessly accumulated, now shooting from us like sparks from a fire, and anon like an Australian boomerang rebounding to its projector.

Let us, then, possessors of this mighty engine of weal and woe, of love and hatred, use it aright, neither abusing it to gratify sordid passion, nor perverting it for petty spleen, nor yet fill our coffers with ill-gotten gain; but rather let it adorn as well as describe, so that we may bequeath to posterity a purer and nobler literature than was bequeathed to us—a literature in which the record of our lives may not be unworthy of the closest scrutiny of a future generation.

ROME.

THE Roman Catholic Church to be built on the site of Burford's Panorama, Leicester Square, is to be called Notre Dame de France. It is not to be presumed that it will quite rival the architectural beauty of its Parisian namesake, but, notwithstanding, it will be of interest to Frenchmen, whose especial church it is to be, and it was therefore wise to place it in Leicester Square.

HADASSAH.

CHAPTER VIII.

When we have hoped, sought, striven, lost our aim, Then the truth fronts us, beaming out of darkness, Like a white brow through its overshadowing hair.

Bailey's "Fetus."

WHILE these events had been transpiring, the enemies of the accused had not been idle. On the night when Madeline visited the gaol, her father sat in his counting-house absorbed in a reverie, which, if one might judge from his countenance, was by no means a pleasant one. An approaching footstep and loud rap aroused him from his musings, and he called out rather sharply:

"Who's there?"

"A person who has important business with you, sir," was the reply, and the banker hastened to admit him.

"I believe," he said, in a low voice, "I have the pleasure of addressing Leopold Verne."

"Yes; what would you wish me to? Pray, make haste, for my time is precious."

"Well, I am the author of the letter which charged your late clerk with the crime of murder."

The banker grasped his hand, and exclaimed:

"Had I dreamed of this, I should not have received you so coolly. I have been looking for you every day since the letter was received, for it is absolutely necessary you should be present at the trial. On your evidence chiefly his fate hangs. Sit down, sit down, and tell me all you know about Churchill. I wish to give him a fair trial."

"I assure you, sir, it has cost me a keen pang to testify against Gerald. We were friends in our boyhood, and while the Englishman who adopted him was staying at Gottingen, and I at the University, we renewed our acquaintance. Six months ago, when I came to London to attend medical lectures, the prospect of his society reconciled me to a separation from home and friends. But I saw, ere long, that he was not the Gerald of old. He was moody and abstracted, and when I rallied him about it he told me he was madly in love with Madeline Verne. Then he went on to tell me how presumptuous, how hopeless his love was; as her father, who could count his fortune by millions, could never stoop to an alliance with him, a foundling of the sea. Afterward,

at each meeting, I saw that he grew more and more restless and preoccupied, and if I rallied him he would respond in so bitter a strain that I finally ceased to speak of his mad passion. One night I met him in Hyde Park, and his wild eyes, compressed lips, and strange mien startled me."

"In heaven's name, I asked, 'what has happened?' 'Curses on that Victor de Vaudreuil!' he cried, 'he shall never, never, marry Madeline Verne! I will wrest her from him! Poison—poison can be conveyed in flowers, you know!' And with a savage laugh, he darted off."

"I felt my blood chill, but I hoped it was only a mad freak, and tried to banish the disagreeable impression his words and manner had produced. When I heard the next day of the strange events at your house, sir, I could not reconcile the crime which I feared he had committed, with his flying to you and endeavouring to restore the poor girl to life, and his devotion while she lay ill. For a week I did not meet him, and then late in the afternoon, as I emerged from the vestibule of the Medical College, I perceived him. He seemed ten years older, and when he clutched my arm it was with a vice-like grasp. He parted the confessed that, driven to desperation by De Vaudreuil's apparently successful wooing, he had attempted to murder Madeline, by sending a bouquet of rare and beautiful, but poisonous, flowers, and when he thought they had proved fatal, flew to her home, and played a desperate game, in order to divert your suspicions."

"The villain! I remember it all!" exclaimed Leopold Verne; "how he deluded me—how grateful I was to the lad! But go on—I must hear the whole story."

"It appears," resumed the stranger, "that your grief stung him with remorse, and while he lingered beneath your roof, every look and tone and word which expressed gratitude from you or Madeline was a torture. When he left you, he made a vow never to harm her more; in my presence he renewed it, and I begged him by all he held sacred to keep it inviolate. But on May-day he dogged De Vaudreuil's steps wherever he went, and marked his attentions to Madeline, and once more revenge seemed sweet. Then he fired the house, and when he supposed your doom and hers sealed, strode to the scene of the conflagration. At first, when he saw Madeline at the window, he felt piqued and disappointed; but the thought flashed through his brain that if he rescued Madeline the second time, and you also, it would make a hero of him, and you would give him your daughter's hand as a reward."

"No, no, I did not think of such a thing; I have, I acknowledge, more ambitious projects for Madeline, but I offered to buy him a commission—unsuspecting old fool that I was—"

The banker broke off suddenly, and stalked to and fro in a paroxysm of rage.

"The delusion is not to be wondered at, after all," he muttered; "the lad has a fair exterior—ready wit, and a smooth tongue."

"Aye, that he has, and by these he has inspired me with a friendship which one man does not often feel for another. He implored me not to betray him, and had it not been for the thought that I was doing you a great injustice, I should have kept his secret. It will be no light task for me to stand up and testify, when the friend of my youth and manhood is arraigned for such a crime."

"I appreciate your feelings, sir—it will be hard; but in this case there must be no shrinking—the jury must have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

Some farther conversation ensued, and the witness took his departure, leaving a card, on which "Hermann Rudenstein" was traced in a bold, manly hand. When he had gained the street, he walked on with rapid strides, till by a circuitous route he reached the Seven Dials. Entering the Red Parlour of the inn to which we have several times alluded, he found De Vaudreuil and Conrad Schaffer seated at the table. The new comer closed and locked the door, a necessary precaution, and broke into a laugh which rang long and loud through the room.

"*Mon Dieu!* you've had good luck, then?" cried De Vaudreuil.

"Yes, yes. I left the old banker ready to curse the day when he took Churchill into his banking-house; I had my story well learned, and I told it as glibly as a play-actor. By Jove, I don't know but what I might make money on the stage if I could affect my audience as I did Leopold Verne!"

"Of course, you pretended that you and the clerk had been fast friends, and it wrung your heart to find yourself his accuser."

"Yes: according to my representation, we were a second Damon and Pythias. I was half inclined to shed a few tears at his guilt, and recommend him to the old man's mercy, but concluded I'd reserve something for future meetings."

"Bravo! bravo!" exclaimed De Vaudreuil and Schaffer; "we must call Boniface and have a bottle of wine on that!"

"Ay—ay! Now I'll act my real self again;" and he flung aside a wig, a false beard, and a pair of spectacles, revealing the florid face, bold blue eyes, and fair hair of Berthold Gascoigne. Regarding the disguise with an amused air, he said, gaily:

"Well, I did look quite like the respectable, scholarly, medical student I professed to be, when I stood in the great banking house; here, however, at Seven Dials, I can plot and drink and swear with the most reckless of our crew. Bring on your wine—I tell you 'tis thirsty work spinning such a yarn as I did to old Verne."

The bell tinkled and Kitt made his appearance in answer to the summons.

"The landlord wants me to tell you as how he's busy," said the lad. "And so are all the waiters, but p'raps I could serve you."

"Halloo! there's Kitt!" cried Gascoigne. "Come here, boy!"

The lad glided in and stood among the desperadoes with his wonted vacant look.

"What's your name?" inquired De Vaudreuil.

"I told you once."

"But it has been so long since I've seen you, I've quite forgotten."

"Chris—to—pher Co—lum—bus Sykes."

"Ha! ha! You are named after an illustrious man. But you're a genius, and who knows but you may make the world ring yet? By my faith, your father and mother must be proud of you!"

The boy's cheek flushed, his chest heaved, and great tears gathered in his eyes, and dried in the strange fire which shot up from their depths.

"My mother is dead, sir, they tell me she was murdered," he said solemnly. "As for my father, I've never known what it was to have him care for me. I've had a hard life of it; sometimes the work's has been my home, sometimes I've crawled into an attic or cellar at night, sometimes I've slept on the graves in country church-yards, and earned a crust making hay in the summer-time. But through it all I've kept one thing clear in what men call my poor witless brain."

"And that?" queried Gascoigne.

"That's my father. He's somewhere in the world, and when I comes across him he'll have a big score to settle with his outcast boy."

For an instant the speaker seemed really transformed by his strong indignation, and the two gazed at him in surprise.

De Vaudreuil moved uneasily in his chair, and a sudden flash crimsoned his face.

Did memories of a fair woman whose blood had reddened Lofton Moor, and children whose lives had been worse than beggared by his cruelty haunt him then? It may be; for it was not without a strong effort he shook off the impression which the young vagrant's words had made.

"*Pardieu!*" he cried. "You're a lad of spirit, Kitt. I like your courage."

"You'd better adopt him," suggested Conrad Schaffer.

"Adopt him?" And a smile curled his lip. "What a figure he'd cut in my grand mansion. I wonder how he'd tread the soft carpets, sit on the velvet cushioned chairs, and dine off real silver and Sevres?"

"Pray don't discuss the subject more till we have something to moisten our lips. Run back to the landlord, Chris—to—pher Co—lum—bus, and bring us a bottle of sherry."

Kitt hastened to do Gascoigne's bidding, and as usual De Vaudreuil tossed him a coin when he reappeared with the wine and drinking glasses.

"Thank'ee, thank'ee, sir," ejaculated the boy, as he again left the room; but when he found himself in the street, he flung the money down with strange violence.

"Ay, Kitt has seen his big house," he muttered. "He knows nooks and corners where he can hide in the hall, and in the great parlours he's watched and listened when nobody expected he was by."

And there was an eerie sound in the lad's laugh as he sped away to the coach-office, where Madeline had bade him remain during her absence.

At an early hour the next morning the banker's daughter glided in like a sorrowing angel. Kitt had perched himself on a high seat, with a flute which had been lent him for a few moments, and was so absorbed in his new occupation that he did not at first perceive Madeline.

What wild, fantastic harmonies filled the dingy little office. The music never grew jubilant, never soared glad and gay like the skylark's song; but it moaned, it shrieked, it howled, it sank into sighs as plaintive as those of the dying—all the mystery and misery of the boy's life wailed out in that weird melody.

Madeline stood spell-bound till the owner of the instrument claimed it, and she saw the look of pain

which settled on the boy's face. Then she advanced to the place where he sat, and said:

"Good morning, Kitt; I have been both astonished and delighted at your playing. Would you like a flute of your own?"

"Like it? Oh, yes! I would rather have a flute than a bag of gold. I should not mind being cold and hungry and foot-sore, if I had one!"

"Come with me and you shall have a flute, child!"

The boy leaped from his seat and followed Madeline till they reached a music shop. The purchase was soon made, and as the girl handed the coveted instrument to Kitt, tears of joy gushed into his eyes, and he exclaimed:

"Thank'ee, thank'ee; if I'd walked a thousand miles to serve ye I should be paid now."

"Poor lad," rejoined Madeline, "your life has been desolate enough; 'tis sweet to give you such pleasure; but this is not all. You must take something more." And she thrust several broad gold guineas into his palm.

Kitt declared he wished no reward save what she had given him; but Madeline urged him to accept it, and with evident reluctance he consented. After appointing a meeting in Lindall Row they parted; and, still clad in Mrs. Harris's weeds, Madeline bent her steps to the office of a rising young barrister.

She kept bravely on till she reached the building, but at the foot of the staircase her strength and courage wavered, and she stood irresolute. Suddenly she heard the bell of grim, old Newgate clang, and the sound conjured up before her the dim, dank cell where Gerald Churchill was immured.

At thought of his wrongs, his sufferings, she grew strong again, and with a quick step ascended the stairs. Gliding along the corridor, she finally perceived the name of Richard Chaucey, and came to a pause. The door was ajar, and a figure advanced a few paces and said:

"Good morning, madam. Walk in, walk in."

"Can I see you alone?" rejoined Madeline; "my business is strictly private."

"Oh, yes."

And turning to some gentlemen with whom he had been conversing, the barrister bowed them out and inquired Madeline's errand.

"I suppose," began the girl, in a hoarse unnatural tone, "you are already familiar with the case of one Gerald Churchill?"

"Yes, yes, I know something of it. He was arrested for two attempts to murder the daughter of Leopold Verne, the great Swiss banker."

"But, sir, that charge is utterly groundless. I have been acquainted with Mr. Churchill for three years, and had good opportunities of judging of his character, and I believe him to be the soul of honour. He is innocent, sir—I am as sure of it as that God lives. But he has enemies, and they will leave no means untried to convict him. I am deeply interested in his case, and have come hither hoping to secure you as his counsel."

Mr. Chaucey did not speak, and supposing his silence might arise from doubts of his remuneration, Madeline continued:

"Perhaps you think him so poor, so friendless, that you cannot undertake his case; but you shall be liberally paid sir—paid in advance too!"

And she drew forth a handful of bank-notes, adding:

"Miss Verne herself visited him in prison, and authorized me to obtain his counsel; since Churchill, with manly pride, has refused to accept an attorney secured by her father's gold, she has decided to appropriate a legacy which she holds in her own right to that purpose."

"Whew," ejaculated the barrister, "couldn't do it, madam, couldn't stand as his counsel, at any rate; I'm a young man, and my profession is my fortune. Leopold Verne has two or three times done me the honour to seek my advice, and I couldn't afford to lose the prospect of his patronage! Good morning—good morning; I should be a fool to meddle with an affair like this."

"Good morning," replied Madeline, "I see you are not the person you have been represented, to-day's interview has proved that Richard Chaucey is by no means the man to defend Gerald Churchill."

An angry flush mounted to the barrister's brow, but, awed by the stateliness of Madeline's manner, he kept silence till she had left the room, and then cursed her for the insult she had flung out at him like an arrow.

"Well," said the girl, mentally. "My first attempt has been a failure, but I will not despond—I will try again, and again, if need be!"

With this resolve she went from office to office, endeavouring to engage a counsel for her lover, but in vain. All to whom she applied refused to undertake the case, and whether like Chaucey, they confessed it or not, she felt sure that the fear of losing Leopold Verne and his set barred their hearts against her.

The clock of St. Paul's struck twelve as she sank wearily down on the steps and muttered:

"Gold, gold, it has been the curse of my life—it has stood between me and Gerald—it has transformed men into stone! What shall I do—where shall I go next? Oh, God, guide me, for I know not which way to turn."

The words had scarcely passed her lips when a pair of searching but kindly eyes looked into her own—and a tall gaunt form bent over her, and a voice which seemed to infuse new strength into her exhausted frame, said:

"You've been cast into a fiery furnace, but I trust, like the old prophet, you will come forth unscathed—with not even the smell of flame upon your garments."

Madeline was too much astonished to reply, as he continued:

"A friend has been raised up for you in your hour of need. Hark ye—I was on my way to Richard Churchill's office this morning, to put a case into his hands to which I could not attend myself, when at the head of the stairs, I heard a woman's tones, and unintentionally became a listener. Your errand, your repulse by the port young barrister, and your response when he declared he should be a fool to act as Churchill's counsel, all interested me, and I resolved that I would not lose sight of you. I waited followed you as you went from place to place, but in vain, and I resolved to aid you to the utmost of my ability; Robert Thornton volunteers his services as Gerald Churchill's counsel!"

The girl started, and tears of joy gushed into her eyes.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "your fame has often reached me, and Miss Verne said when I set out on my mission, that of all the lawyers in London, she would prefer you, but she feared you would think one thousand pounds a meagre fee."

"Fee," exclaimed Thornton, "I will have none! Keep your money—if you know aught of me, you are aware that I never engage in an unjust cause, and care not so much for the leaves and fishes as to see the right triumphant! I try to be, madam, what it is hard to find in any land, an honest lawyer."

Madeline caught his hand, and pressed it to her lips; her heart beat fast as she murmured:

"Then you think him innocent—you, with your knowledge of human nature, your experience in such cases!"

"Indeed I do, or I should not be here, madam."

"I had heard much in your praise," said the girl, "but the half was not told me; you are far more noble and generous than I had thought! How can I thank you?"

"Don't talk of that," responded her new friend; "I must have an interview with you immediately in some less conspicuous place. Will you go with me to my chambers in the Temple?"

"Certainly," and Madeline rose, took his proffered arm, and moved away. When they reached Robert Thornton's office, the lady said:

"Now, sir, it is necessary that we should understand each other. For reasons which must be apparent to you, if, as I suppose, you are in the least degree familiar with the rumours that are afloat, I have put on widow's weeds and concealed my own hair beneath a grey wig, but I am in reality Madeline Verne."

"Ay, ay! I suspected it, though I think nobody else has in your dismal round. Long practice has made me keen-sighted, and 'tis hard to deceive old Richard Thornton. But to business, to business. Sit down, and tell me all the particulars of the case which you have committed to me."

Madeline obeyed; Gerald's impending doom rendered her indescribably eloquent, and when she had concluded her story, Thornton exclaimed:

"I see, I see—your father's clerk has fallen a victim to De Vaudreuil's jealous rage. Heavens! 'tis as clear as that you sun hangs in the sky; and be assured I'll do my best to convince the world of his innocence, and ferret out his hitherto unknown enemy! There, our interview is ended, but I may wish to consult with you again."

"I am staying at No. 5, Lindall Row; Gerald made himself a home in the dilapidated old house for years, and therefore it is dear to me. Besides, the landlady is a firm friend to us both, and should you not find me, you may entrust any message to her."

The great barrister noted down the street and number in his memorandum book, uttered a few encouraging words, and courteously escorted her to the door.

Madeline gave him a grateful glance and bent her steps to Lindall Row, invoking blessings on him who had so unexpectedly befriended her, while Robert Thornton applied himself to the farther investigation of Gerald Churchill's case.

CHAPTER IX.

Pity thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?

Willis.

A WEEK had dragged by since Madeline's visit to the gaol, and she was still in London. Leopold Verne had been startled by a message from Rockmount, which declared that she was missing, and he at once associated her absence with his clerk's arrest and imprisonment. Could it be she had so far forgotten him and her own self-respect as to fly from her home and endeavour to obtain another meeting with Churchill. The thought was madness, and the exasperated father ordered his carriage, and drove to the gaol.

"Has Gerald Churchill had visitors since his arrest?" he fiercely demanded, as he met the turnkey in the ward-room.

"Why, yes."

"And who, pray?"

"De Vaudreuil has been here."

"Aye, I know that—his fool enough to sympathise with him; but has a lady visitor craved admittance to the cell—a young lady, I mean?"

"No, sir; one Mrs. Harris has paid him daily visits, but no other person has entered No. 20."

"No other person—are you sure?"

The gaoler reflected a moment, ere he replied:

"Well, now I think upon it, a strange lady came with Mrs. Harris one night, but it must have been only to keep her company on her long walk, for she did not go into the cell at all."

"By my faith!" cried the old man, "this looks mysterious. I believe you've been imposed upon! Harris! Harris!—let me see—Dame Harris was his landlady, and there's some plotting among them, I'll be sworn!"

He stalked from the ward-room without even an adieu, and, springing into the carriage, ordered the coachman to drive to Lindall Row. They had proceeded but a little distance, however, when he espied Victor de Vaudreuil.

"Ho, there!" he exclaimed. "I have important news for you, De Vaudreuil. Stop, John."

The equipage came to a stand and the gallant Frenchman had just taken his seat within, when the blood horses began to rear and plunge, the chariot was overturned, and Leopold Verne and De Vaudreuil flung senseless upon the pavement.

The terrified servants had De Vaudreuil borne to his own residence, and the banker to the hotel where he had lodgings. Skillful surgeons were summoned and the displaced bones set; but for days both were obliged to keep their rooms.

Thus Madeline came and went on her errands of mercy unmolested, while her father and Victor de Vaudreuil cursed the accident which at that time of all others kept them idle.

It was not till the day previous to Gerald Churchill's trial, that they found themselves able to go forth from the chambers which had seemed like a prison, and then there was so much which imperatively demanded attention, that no time was left to search for the missing Madeline till nightfall.

Just as the shadows of eventide were drifting over the sky they stopped at No. 5, Lindall Row. Savagely they rapped, but there was no answer to their summons, the old house was vacant, and on inquiry among the neighbours nothing could be elicited.

At length they dashed from the quiet neighbourhood, but resolved to find the girl if she were in London, and if possible prevent her from appearing at the trial.

Ah! they did not dream that, warned by Kitt the idiot boy, Madeline and Mrs. Harris had fled several hours previous, nor that the humble inhabitants of the vicinage had felt such a strong regard for Gerald Churchill as to render them willing to maintain silence without the gold which the banker's daughter had offered as a bribe.

Meanwhile Madeline Verne was on the alert to save her lover; brave, vigilant, persevering, she exerted herself to the utmost in his behalf.

"Is there anything more I can do for him," she asked, as she and Mrs. Harris stood side by side in the hiding place to which they had retreated.

"There is the Chief Justice," replied her companion, "they say he is a hard man—what if you should go to him and try to soften his heart? It would be no light task, and perhaps you are not equal to it."

"You forget that I am a woman," said Madeline, "a loving, trusting woman; but I should be unworthy the name if I should shrink from this step. I have met the Lord Chief Justice in happier days, and he may listen to me when he would be deaf to another. Where, where is Kitt? I wish you would find him and tell him to call a hackney-coach from the next stand—there's no time to be lost when there is so much at stake."

"You may be sure neither Kitt nor I shall be back-

ward about helping you, and may God speed you dear, dear Madeline, as you go forth on your errand of love."

The widow left the room; Kitt was summoned and the necessary preparations made. An hour later a hackney-coach drew up in front of an imposing mansion within the charming precincts of the West End. On gaining admittance to the Chief Justice's presence, the words which had risen to Madeline's lips died away unuttered, and he said:

"My time is precious, if you have anything to say, speak on."

"I have come, my lord, to plead with you on behalf of one who will be arraigned before you to-morrow. Gerald Churchill is an innocent man. Nothing can be more false, more cruel than his accusation, and—and you have influence with the jury—you are to pronounce the sentence, should the testimony be perverted to suit the purposes of his foes, and the jurors find him guilty—"

She paused, shuddering at the thought, and then went on:

"Oh, my lord, he is the victim of a base conspiracy. Stung by jealous rage, Victor de Vaudreuil has, as I sincerely believe, bribed somebody to write that anonymous letter. Oh, remember this when his doom hangs trembling in your hands—remember, and be merciful!"

A smile—a cold, stern smile—flickered over her host's face as he rejoined:

"Ah, madam, as the Chief Justice of England, I must do my duty, however hard it may be. I must be just before I am generous. I cannot even hear you speak upon the subject."

"For Gerald Churchill's sake, my lord, I will lay aside all disguises," said the girl. "I am Madeline Verne; I love the prisoner with a love which is stronger than death. I would die for him, if I could thus spare him this sorrow, this shame. I have visited him in his cell, I am as sure of his innocence as I am that I am here pleading for his life. He murder me, and then attempt to throw off the effects of the poison and rescue me from the flames! The idea is preposterous! Think, too, how unsullied his character has hitherto been—how much confidence my father has placed in him, and what regret he felt on learning he had enlisted and was to leave us for India. Why, my faith in him is so unshaken that I would marry him in his cell to-night if he would permit what he is so generous as to deem a sacrifice."

"My dear Miss Verne," replied his lordship, "I shall hear the evidence as dispassionately as I can, but I cannot even permit you to utter another word in reference to a matter which is not yet officially before me."

"My lord," exclaimed Madeline, "have you a heart of stone? If not, you would not address such language to me. Do as you will on the morrow, and may God reward you according to your works! Remember, should you leave the court to-morrow with the stain of blood upon your soul, not all the waters of the ocean, not all the rain of the sweet heavens, could wash it out; it will burn deeper and deeper as years drag on!"

In grim silence the Lord Chief Justice opened the door for her, and the footman conducted her through the hall; the next moment she was in the street.

The night had grown dark with storm-clouds, and restless with unquiet winds, and there was something in the stern aspect of the sky, and the moan of the breeze, as it came sweeping up from the turbid Thames, which accorded well with Madeline's mood. During her interview with the Lord Chief Justice, Kitt had been crouching in the carriage, and as she with difficulty resumed her seat, he asked:

"Well, what luck?"

"My errand has been in vain, child, we have nothing to hope from the Lord Chief Justice."

Her voice sank into a whisper, and the lad questioned her no more, but he clasped her hand in silent sympathy, and they drove onward.

While Madeline Verne had been pleading in behalf of her lover, a thrilling scene was being enacted at the home of Hugh Duncan. Summer had spangled the vines which wreathed the brown stone pilasters with bloom, flushed the roses, dashed the laburnum with gold, and lent a richer green to the mossy turf of the fountain in the little back garden, but it had brought no balm, no peace, to the proud, passionate heart of Lenore.

Could you have seen her as she stood by the granite basin on that June night, you would have perceived a sad change in her since the time when she had madly staked her all upon one throw and lost. The healthful glow had left her cheek, and only a feverish plague-spot burned there, her eyes flamed beneath their drooping lids, her lips were compressed, as if she were fearful of betraying some wild secret, and her hair, instead of being braided with flowers and jewels, fell in dark, tangled masses about her face, and swept almost to her feet; standing near her might be seen



[HADASSAH ACCUSING LENORE OF BEING A MURDERESS.]

old Prue, the woman who had proved her evil genius. With her gorgeous robe, the gay kerchief folded over her breast, the string of great gold beads encircling her dusky neck, her filagree earrings, each of which held a blood red stone in its twinkling pendants, and the turban that wreathed the swart brow like a fiery mist, she formed a most striking picture.

There was, too, a magnetic power in the weird dark eyes, and gazing at her then, one would not have wondered at the ascendancy she had gained over her young mistress.

They had been absent from town several days, and the old crone had sedulously kept from Lenore what she had learned just before they left—the fact of Gerald Churchill's arrest. If she could keep her in ignorance till the trial was ended, his doom sealed, and their guilty secret safe, she felt that she could manage affairs in future to suit her own purposes. But so keen had Lenore's remorse of late been, that the ayah had good reason to fear she would betray herself should she be made acquainted with Churchill's impending fate. Still, her anxiety to learn how matters were progressing outweighed her caution, and she drew Lenore into the house and told her she had better lie down and try to rest, as she was much fatigued by her long journey. Lenore obeyed, but the angel of slumber stood aloof, and at length she started from her bed and walked to the bow window; the back garden, with its sun-dial, its blossoming shrubs, and its soft shadows, looked cool and quiet, and folding an Indian shawl over her white dressing-gown, she rushed out.

"Oh!" she cried, as she stooped and laved her burning brow with the waters, "if I could only rest once more—"

"Girl!" rejoined a voice full of solemn music, "you are a Murderess! You will never, never, know repose again till you confess your guilt!" And Mad Hadassah emerged from the deep shade cast by a clump of luxuriant lilac bushes, and stood before Lenore Duncan, a stern accuser.

The girl sank upon the greensward, and hid her pale convulsed face, lighted up into strange brilliancy by a pair of wild eyes that seemed starting from their sockets.

"Do not attempt to deny it!" continued Hadassah. "You sent the poisoned flowers! you fired Leopold Verne's mansion, that Madeline might perish in the flames!"

Lenore did not speak, but covered there in her shame, her sorrow, her despair—a creature to be pitied as well as abhorred.

"Had it not been for me," resumed the Jewess,

"she would have fallen a victim to your fiendish plot."

"Who are you?" faltered Lenore, slightly raising her head to cast a scared glance at her accuser. "Whence—whence came you? Did you rise from the cold, cold grave to upbraid me? Are you Madeline's dead mother?"

"Ah—ah!" exclaimed Hadassah; "this question proves that you thought your schemes too deeply laid to be discovered by a human being. No, no—I am no phantom, girl! Circumstances have made me a vagrant; but the people of my despised race almost invariably bid me welcome. Tired, faint, and sick at heart, I crouched on the steps leading into an old back shop, when the door opened and he entered with an ayah. Before they perceived me, I had overheard them speaking of poisonous flowers; but when the goldsmith saw me, he shook his clenched hand in my face, and bade me begone. I obeyed; but my suspicions were aroused, and I resolved to watch him. There had been much to prey upon me that day, and when I reached the place I call home, a fever was parching my very life, and I was obliged to remain idle; but I could not rest many hours, so I stole from my bed, and flew with supernatural strength which had been lent me to old Mordecai's. I prowled round the shop till I became aware that he had supplied you and the negress with a bouquet whose perfume would be fatal, and then darted to Gerald Churchill's lodgings to tell him of Madeline's danger. It was not difficult to gain access to his room, and as he was absent I left a note, which I hastily traced by moonlight, in the wild hope that he might return in season to save her. I had not traversed the length of Lindall Row, when I fell upon the pavement in a death-like swoon, and was carried by the patrol to the watch-house. It was not till the next morning that I could summon strength to tell him where I dwelt; but then I was borne home again."

She paused, well nigh exhausted; but soon resumed:

"The succeeding month is a blank; but an errand of my own once more nerved me with new energy. While dogging the steps of another, I found myself, on the evening of the first of May, lurking in the immediate vicinage of Leopold Verne's splendid residence. Concealed behind the huge urns which flank the steps, I saw you and old Prue when you fired the building, and hastened with almost the speed of wings to Churchill. We met in the hall of the house where he lodged, and I told him that the banker's house was even then, in flames. He dashed off to Madeline's rescue; and the shock I received from a

second attempt to murder Madeline, and the meeting on Blackfriars Bridge with one who has beggared my life, brought on a relapse of brain fever; and thus your secret has not been betrayed, and Gerald Churchill—an innocent man—has been arrested for your crime!"

"Gerald Churchill arrested!" cried the girl. "What do you mean, woman?"

And she sprang from the ground and confronted Hadassah, trembling in every limb, and her dusky eyes dilating with wonder.

"Lenore, do you pretend that you have had no knowledge of Churchill's arrest?"

"As God hears me, I have never before heard of it. We have been out of town, and if Prue knew it, she has carefully kept it from me. Oh! that ayah has been my evil genius. Think of me as you will. I should not have thought of murder had it not been for her vile whispers. She tempted me and I fell! If she understood the mysteries of witchcraft, she could scarcely have swayed me more. I see it all now. She drove me to desperation; she made me the wretched, despairing thing I am to-night!"

"Poor girl!" said Hadassah, parting the waves of her shining hair with her long, bony fingers. "You should have resisted the tempter; but, nevertheless, I pity you. Listen, while I tell you more about the snare which has been woven for the banker's clerk."

And she proceeded to relate what our readers already know of the cruel letter, and the arguments with which its charges had been substantiated.

"To-morrow," she continued, "the trial is to begin. I have dragged myself from the couch where I have tossed so restlessly, to seek an interview with you. What say you? Will you allow him to meet a murderer's doom? Will you seal your lips when your confession could lift the shadow from his life, and soften the sting of remorse in your own soul?"

At that hour Lenore Duncan forgot her hate, her revenge. All the old, fierce love came surging back upon her, as she sobbed:

"No, no. I will save him, though I lose my own life."

"Promise me this."

"By the blessed Madonna, I swear it!"

"Then come with me. I dare not leave you with old Prue, lest she should shake your resolve."

The girl hesitated an instant; but now her better impulses prevailed. She hurried into her chamber, made a hasty toilet, and ere Prue re-entered the house, was gliding away with Mad Hadassah.

(To be continued.)



[FEARNOUGHT TRIUMPHANT.]

THE MAID OF MONA.

By LEON LEWIS.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MRS. WYNNE AND MONA GETTING ACQUAINTED.

Home is the resort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty; where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

Thomson's "Seasons."

THE loud and continuous ringing of Mona's bell not only speedily brought a servant to her assistance, but aroused Mr. and Mrs. Wynne and Noel, all of whom hastened to her chamber.

"What is it, Mona?" cried the captain, in some alarm. "Are you ill?"

Mona pointed towards the window, unable to command her voice sufficiently to speak.

Noel stared at the open window, unable to comprehend the maiden's movement, and then crossed the floor and looked out.

He was just in time to see the smuggler-chief staggering away from the spot where he had fallen.

"Has somebody been trying to get into the house, Mona?" he asked. "Have you seen a robber?"

"I don't know," said the maiden, repressing her agitation. "I was looking out of the window, and saw something strange on the tree. I thought it was some animal, but as I looked it seemed to try to conceal itself from my gaze, and I thought that looked suspicious. I threw a book at it and it fell off—"

"Proving itself a man?" interrupted Noel. "This must be seen to. What could the man want at your chamber window? Perhaps the fellow was Fearnought himself. I thought, from the glimpse I just caught of him, that he looked like Fearnought."

Mother," he added, "please stay with Mona while I follow this intruder—"

"No, no, Noel," cried his mother, clinging to him. "Do not go, my son. He may have confederates hanging about watching to kill you!"

"But I am armed, mother—"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Wynne, "Noel and I will search for the fellow. Arouse the servants and send them to assist us. Have no fears! Noel, give me one of your pistols!"

Captain Wynne did so, and the gentlemen hurried from the house in pursuit of the smuggler-chief.

Mrs. Wynne lost no time in arousing the servants and despatching them to the aid of their master, and she then questioned Mona, in the hope of hearing something to elucidate the singular occurrence.

Captain Wynne, on leaving the house, led the way in the direction taken by the fugitive, and found himself on the shore of the little inlet.

He had arrived just in time to see the sloop move out of the bay!

"The fellow has gone, father!" he said, as Mr. Wynne came up. "There's no use in attempting to follow him to-night. I will go aboard of my vessel in the morning and give chase to him."

"Then you have no doubt that the fellow who alarmed Mona is Fearnought himself?"

"None whatever. He probably followed us in the little boat of which I spoke last evening, and intended to abduct Mona. Thank heaven, his designs have been frustrated!"

They watched the departing sloop for a few minutes, and then returning to the mansion, examined the turf under the tree on which the villain had concealed himself.

The broken branches that lay scattered on the ground and the indentation made by the heavy body of Fearnought showed conclusively the height from which he had fallen.

Mr. Wynne picked up the volume that had served such good purpose, saying:

"The dear, noble girl! I should think that this last repulse from her would cure the smuggler's love! What spirit she has!"

Noel smiled proudly as he listened to this praise of his betrothed.

They entered the mansion, dismissed the servants to their chambers, and then returned to Mona's apartment.

The maiden still looked pale, but she greeted them with a smile.

"Well," said Mr. Wynne, "the fellow got off before we could come up with him. He went in the little vessel that brought home our children, and of course we could not overtake him, having nothing but a little row-boat to follow in. But, if I may judge from the looks of the ground under Mona's window, he will not care to return again after his late unfavourable reception. I think, Mona, I may congratulate you on having got rid of your troublesome admirer altogether!"

"He must realize that this vicinity is full of danger for him," said Captain Wynne, advancing and closing the windows securely, "and will find it more conducive to his safety to go elsewhere. I am quite of opinion that Wynne House will see no more of him!"

Mona was greatly reassured by these remarks.

"As you are now quite safe," remarked Mr. Wynne, "I think we had better leave you to your

slumbers. Don't permit your late excitement to keep you awake!"

Mrs. Wynne declared her intention of remaining with Mona for the remainder of the night, and the gentlemen withdrew to their respective chambers.

"I am not afraid to sleep alone, dear Mrs.—dear mother!" said Mona, when they found themselves alone. "I feel perfectly safe now!"

Mrs. Wynne smiled and looked admiringly at the graceful form in its pretty and becoming dress, and at the sweet, earnest face framed in a mass of flowing hair.

The lady turned down the light, laid aside the dressing-gown she had thrown over her night attire, and crept into the bed, opening her arms to Mona.

The maiden felt a sweet embarrassment as she crept into them, but her heart swelled with joy and pride as Mrs. Wynne drew her head upon her breast in a fond, motherly way, and in that position they soon fell asleep.

They awakened at an early hour and descended to the breakfast-room, where Mr. Wynne and Noel awaited them.

Mona was greeted by her lover with a fond pressure of the hand, and by Mr. Wynne with playful badinage.

The repast was enlivened by pleasant conversation, each endeavouring to forget that Noel was so soon to leave them, and thinking rather of the promise of his speedy return.

Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, with thoughtful delicacy, withdrew after breakfast, leaving the lovers to their parting interview.

"Before I return to you, darling," said Noel, folding the maiden to his breast, "I hope not only to have captured Fearnought, but to have heard from Maxley's lips the secret of your parentage! I shall come home by the Isle of Man with a view to seeing him. I shall spare neither promises nor bribes to induce him to confess the truth!"

Mona whispered her grateful thanks.

"Be careful of yourself and be watchful!" enjoined Noel. "I don't like to leave you, Mona, but it is my duty to go. I shall soon return, I hope, never to be parted from you again."

He took a tender leave of her, and then joined his parents, bidding them a cheerful adieu. The parting was cut short by the groom, who brought to the door a splendid horse for Captain Wynne and a steed for himself, Noel preferring to ride over to Southport, a heavy surf preventing his rowing.

The next moment he was gone. Mona looked through the lace-curtained windows

after him, but her eyes filled with tears, and she sank into a chair, overcome with grief at her lover's departure.

"Come, come, Mona!" said Mrs. Wynne, with a smile. "Noel committed you to my keeping, and I can't have you spoiling your eyes in that manner. Come with me. I have something to show you!"

She drew the maiden's arm within her own, and led her upstairs to her own dressing-room—a pretty apartment, well meriting the name of boudoir. Here she ensconced herself in an easy chair, saying:

"As Noel will return so soon to us to claim his bride, Mona, he must find her ready. I have a great love of pretty things, and as we live so far from town I get a store of them at once to make up at my leisure. We go to London every year, and on those annual visits I do a twelvemonth's shopping. Let me show you my treasures and select from them your bridal outfit!"

Mona blushed and smiled, but remained silent. Indeed, she did not know what to say. Mrs. Wynne seemed to take it as a matter of course that the care of her son's bride's trousseau devolved upon her, and Mona could do nothing but acquiesce.

The lady produced a bunch of keys and unlocked a closet-door at one side of the apartment, and produced several packages done up neatly in soft thin paper.

"Here is the beginning of your new wardrobe," she said, with a smile, as she untied the parcels. "How do you like this, dear?"

As she spoke, she unfolded a piece of blue silk, and laid it on the girl's lap.

Mona was delighted with it.

Mrs. Wynne next shook out a dress of white silk, with lace over-dress and Brussels veil, all in the same package, and said, with a smile:

"I bought these on purpose for you, dear Mona, by Noel's request. They were to be your wedding-gift from me. Do you like them?"

Mona looked at the soft rich lace, with its exquisite tracery of leaves and flowers, with true appreciation. Although she had but a faint idea of the cost of the delicate fabric, she saw that months of weary labour were represented by it, and that the truest taste had been employed in its design.

Mrs. Wynne pointed out its beauties and excellences to her, and then folded it up again, and took out an embroidered Indian muslin.

"White is so becoming to you, dear," she said, laying it against the girl's cheek. "This Indian dress must be made up first, so that Noel can see you in it when he returns. With a blue sash, it will be exquisite!"

Mona's tears forgot to flow as she examined the pretty gowns shown her, and listened to Mrs. Wynne's cheerful talk, and she finally became quite absorbed in her feminine occupation.

The lady, encouraged by her interest, exhibited not only several additional dresses for Mona, but also some of heavier fabric for herself, and finally unwound whole pieces of lawn of the finest and most even linen, saying that they should be immediately made up for Mona.

"And as I have two Indian shawls," she said, in a glow of motherly feeling, "I shall give you one, Mona. Do you know the value of a real Indian shawl, dear?"

"I never saw any," replied the girl.

Mrs. Wynne smiled, and produced hers.

With a little gentle tutelage, Mona was made to see the value of the costly articles, and Mrs. Wynne offered her her choice between them.

"I would rather you should choose for me," said the maiden, hesitatingly. "Indeed, I don't like to take either. They are much too grand for me."

"They are too grand for a young girl," said Mrs. Wynne. "They would be quite out of place on a young unmarried lady, but would be very appropriate for Mrs. Noel Wynne! Besides, such shawls as these last centuries. But as you don't like to choose, allow me to do so for you!"

She selected the brightest of the two, and laid it on a chair with the rest of Mona's new possessions.

"Your jewellery will be supplied by your husband," she soon said, smiling. "But there are many other little things which belong to my province, and to which I shall attend. The first thing, however, to be done is dressmaking, since, as soon as your presence here is known, our neighbours will call upon you."

She rang for her maid, and that person answered the summons.

Mrs. Wynne immediately set her at work upon the Indian muslin, and despatched a servant for a dress-maker, who lived in the neighbourhood, to assist her.

Leaving the two busily engaged, Mrs. Wynne conducted Mona back to the drawing-room, where Mr. Wynne was engaged with a newspaper.

The day passed busily and pleasantly, the maiden spending a couple of hours in storing her new pos-

sessions in a closet in her own dressing-room, and the remainder of the time with Noel's parents, who became more and more charmed with her.

The next day the Indian muslin was completed and Mona was arrayed in it. The low corsage and the short sleeves were a matter of immense surprise to her. Mrs. Wynne took pride in assisting at her toilet, and tied a wide blue sash around the slender waist, and laid over the snowy, dimpled shoulders a small lace bertha.

"Isn't she charming?" whispered Mrs. Wynne, as she displayed the young girl to her husband. I like to plan her toilets—she is so beautiful! I wish Noel could see her now!"

Mr. Wynne smiled indulgently, as he was wont to do upon his lovely, enthusiastic wife, but he gave also an appreciating look at his prospective daughter-in-law.

"You need but one additional ornament, Mona," said Mrs. Wynne. "You should have some blue flowers among your curls. Run into the conservatory and collect some. I'll fasten them in for you."

Mona glanced at the glass partition that divided the wilderness of sweets from the drawing-room and said:

"I had rather run out into the garden and gather a few of the common blue flowers that grow in the flower-beds. I love the free blossoms that are not shut up in glass cages!"

Mrs. Wynne laughed, replying:

"Then take my sun-hat, Mona, and gather some free flowers. You will find the hat hanging up in the corridor."

Mona kissed her friend impulsively, glanced merrily at Mr. Wynne, then donned the hat and ran out into the large garden.

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN CONCEALMENT.

I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee. *Shakespeare.*

FEARNOUGHT, on hearing the sound of Mona's bell had hastened to his boat as fast as his bodily and mental condition would permit, and struck out for the sloop. His mind was in a chaos, its only definable emotion being rage. By the time he had reached the sloop, however, the exercise of rowing had induced something of his usual calmness. He swept along-side the little craft just as his watchful confederate peered over its side.

"Is that you, captain?" asked Breed, in a shrill whisper. "Pass up the girl."

"Confound the girl!" retorted the smuggler, savagely, as he climbed to the deck. "Up with the anchor! Don't stand there, you fool! The whole household is aroused and after me!"

Setting adrift the boat in which he had come off to the sloop, Fearnought hastened to set the sail, and the next moment the breeze filled it, and they swept out towards the sea.

At that instant Captain Wynne and his father appeared on the shore and looked after them.

"Ay, look!" cried the smuggler-chief, shaking his clenched fist at his baffled pursuers, while his face grew black with demoniac passions. "Rejoice now, while ye may! It will soon be my turn!"

His voice died away in a kind of howl. Breed was appalled at his commander's display of passion, and, though he longed to ask its meaning, preserved a wise silence.

"Where shall I go now, captain?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Up the coast," was the reply. By morning the coast-guard along these shores will be on the look-out for us. We must get beyond their reach. You know where Hawkins's cottage is?"

"Yes, cap'n. It's to the north of the Ribble River, and in a little inlet."

"You're right, Breed. We've landed goods there more than once. We've paid the old man and his son handsome sums, too. We must go there and stop awhile, till the pursuit is blown over."

"Then you've given up the girl?" ventured Breed. "Given her up—no! A thousand times no! If I hated her as madly as I love her, I'd carry her off. I'll break that Wynne's heart and her spirit, as sure as I'm a living man! I don't know yet what plan I shall adopt to secure the girl, but I'll think of one during the night!"

Breed longed to ask further particulars of the smuggler of his late adventure, and finally said:

"If I may make so bold as to ask, cap'n, did you run against that Wynne?"

Fearnought's face darkened, as he replied: "No. I was defeated by the girl herself—but she shall pay for it!"

Noting his confederate's curiosity, and wishing to keep on good terms with him, the smuggler related his

late misadventures, concluding by uttering terrible anathemas against Mona and his rival, Captain Wynne.

"And she pushed you off the tree?" exclaimed Breed. "That girl's got grit. She'd make a splendid smuggler's bride! How she'd queen it at the retreat! How she'd reign over the crew!"

"She needs taming first!" said Fearnought, grimly. "I'm willing she should have spirit, but she must recognize me as master! Stand by me and I'll soon show you my policy."

"Of course I'll stand by you!" asserted Breed.

"That is—provided—"

"I understand you, my man. Your reward shall be doubled. Your risks will be very slight—very slight indeed. I don't intend to risk my neck by any means. And now let me think!"

He went to the side of the sloop, leaning over the water, and soon became absorbed in thought.

Many dark plans were evolved in his guilty soul, as was evident by the fiftful gleaming of his lascivious eyes, but at length his whole face lighted up, and he said, advancing towards his confederate:

"I have it, Breed. I have an excellent plan for taking the girl captive. You shall know it in good time, for I need your co-operation. In the meantime, say nothing of my intentions to Hawkins or his son. Be on your guard. If I succeed, and you aid me, I'll make your fortune for you!"

Breed was much gratified at this promise, and assented to all that his master required.

In the course of two or three hours, the sloop had passed the mouth of the Ribble and approached a narrow inlet, into which it made its way.

This inlet was bordered by a sandy waste, upon which stood a single cabin, which looked dark and desolate in the wan starlight. A fishing-sloop lay at anchor in the inlet, and a row-boat was visible on the beach.

Breed dropped the anchor, when they had come quite near to the shore, and Fearnought, putting his hands to his mouth gave utterance to a wild, strange cry, which appeared to be a signal.

He was obliged to repeat it several times before it was answered.

At length the cabin door opened and two men stood on its threshold.

They appeared somewhat surprised at the appearance of the sloop, but without waiting to ask questions, sprang into the row-boat and pulled for the strange craft.

"It's you, Hawkins, and your son?" asked Fearnought, leaning over to look at them. "We've no boat to go ashore in, so we'll jump into yours."

He did so, being followed by Breed, who, it seemed, had a slight acquaintance with the Hawkinses.

"Anything up, cap'n?" asked the elder Hawkins.

"That is, anything worse than our late bad luck?"

"Nothing, my friend, except that I am pursued by a revenue vessel," responded the smuggler. "I threw them off the scent, and hastened hither."

By this time, the boat had grounded on the beach and the party sprang out and went up to the cabin.

The younger Hawkins lighted a candle from the smouldering embers in the fire-place, and the room thus dimly lighted was revealed to the new comers.

The floor was bare and had a trap-door in the centre; the walls were of rough boards, and ornamented by prints of famous horses; two small curtained windows admitted light when desired; a couple of beds occupied two corners; and the rest of the furniture comprised only three or four rush-bottomed chairs.

The aspect of the owners of this dwelling was not a whit more prepossessing than the chief apartment.

The elder Hawkins was a grey-haired, beetle-browed man, with habitually compressed lips, and small, stealthy-looking eyes.

His son resembled him in every characteristic, except that his hair was of a dingy black and his movements had more energy in them.

"Where's your wife, Hawkins?" asked Fearnought, his eyes roving about the room.

She's gone a visiting, and to dispose of some of that last lot of things you let me have," returned Hawkins. "Albert and I are all alone, but we expect her home to-morrow."

"It's all right!" said Fearnought, seating himself in one of the chairs, while Breed took possession of another. "I want Albert to do a little job for me!"

"What is it, cap'n?" inquired Albert.

"You still preserve your honest name and all that?" inquired the smuggler.

"Certainly, cap'n," said Hawkins, with a coarse laugh. "We're honest fishermen, and are respected by everybody. Even the gentry hereabouts hold us up as models of goodness, and buy up all the fish we have time to catch."

"Very good!" exclaimed Fearnought, with con-

derable satisfaction. "I have got rid of my pursuers, but I don't want to leave this coast just yet. What I require of Albert is this—he must take this sloop to the retreat and tell the boys that I am safe and shall start homewards to-morrow night!"

"But I may be pursued?" suggested Albert.

"Well, if you are, you can give your name and say that you bought the sloop of a couple of men who had no further use for her. That statement will clear you. The worst they could do would be to bring you ashore where plenty of witnesses could be found to vouch for your respectability."

"I'll go, cap'n," said young Hawkins, after a few minutes of reflection. "I shan't run any risk in the matter, and shall make something for you are always generous, cap'n. Are you going to run another cargo?"

"I want to," replied Fearnought. "I have a small stock at the retreat, but I shall have to make another trip to France first, it may be. But if you go for me, Albert, you must be off without delay. There are plenty of provisions aboard. Take a little wine and be off!"

"So soon!" said the elder Hawkins. "Well, I suppose the sooner he goes, the sooner he'll return."

While still speaking, Hawkins lifted the trap-door, and descended into the cellar underneath, soon returning with a basket of wines, which he handed to his son.

"Those are out of the last lot you gave me, cap'n," he said, withdrawing one of the bottles, and breaking its neck against the wooden mantle-piece. "Have some?"

He handed the bottle to Fearnought, who drank a good share of the contents and gave the rest to Breed.

"How'll you get away from here, cap'n, if I take your sloop?" inquired Albert, putting on his jacket, preparatory to departure.

"I'll borrow the old man's," responded the smuggler. "Don't be troubled about me. Carry a bold face, if you should encounter a revenue vessel. Stay at the retreat until I come, and you shall not return empty-handed!"

He shook hands with the young man, as did Breed, and Albert then left the cabin, accompanied by his father, who took him out to the sloop in the row-boat, and then returned to his guests.

"A pretty craft that, cap'n," he said, as he re-entered the cabin. "She's fitted up like a lord's yacht, and is as pretty a make as ever I saw!"

"I'm glad you like her, Hawkins," observed Fearnought, stretching out his limbs. "She's a very pretty sailer—very pretty indeed. She's new, too, and as sound as a nut. You've been faithful to my interests, which have been your own, and as I shall want to borrow your sloop for a few days, I'll make you a present of mine!"

Hawkins was loud in his expressions of gratitude, and exclaimed:

"My sloop is at your service, cap'n, though it can't compare with yours. It's a nice craft, though, and a swift one. What time shall you go away from here to-morrow?"

"I hardly know yet," said Fearnought. "Perhaps I won't go to-morrow at all. It will depend upon circumstances. The revenue vessels may be off the coast, you know. I suppose you know all our late disasters? Ill news travels fast!"

"Just so, cap'n," returned Hawkins. "Albert heard the story from the fishers below us, who heard it from Southport people. But we knew that you were all right. You've made too much money during the last five years to be cast down by one or two defeats now!"

"True Hawkins," declared the smuggler. "We are all right, and shall be prosperous enough when we have thrown these revenue men off our track again. But as we aroused you out of your slumbers, we'll give you a chance to go to bed again. I am tired myself, and so is Breed, I know, for the fellow is half dozing. Out with the light, Hawkins, and a pleasant sleep to you!"

He flung himself, dressed as he was, upon one of the beds, while, after extinguishing the light, Breed and Hawkins took possession of the other, and the two were soon asleep.

CHAPTER L.

FEARNUGHT TRIUMPHANT.

In tracing human story, we shall find
The cruel more successful than the kind.

Sir W. Dumas.

THE smuggler-chief was aroused at an early hour the next morning by the noise made by his host in preparing breakfast. Breed had already arisen, and was walking upon the sandy beach in front of the cabin, and there his master joined him. They remained outside, engaged in conversation, until Hawkins summoned them to breakfast.

A shaky table had been drawn out into the centre of the apartment and covered with a soiled cloth. The repast consisted of smoking coffee, a loaf of bread, a platter of fried bacon, garnished with eggs, and several bottles of wine.

Fearnought had little appetite for the food thus set before him, but he drank heartily of the wine, and asked, as he set down his bottle the third time:

"As we must be off to-day, Hawkins, what can you give us to eat on our voyage? I want something nice, you know. My appetite is as dainty and capricious as a lady's."

Breed laughed significantly.

"I can give you billed eggs," replied Hawkins, reflectively, "and bread and wine. I keep rabbits, the same as I used to, and I can bake you a couple of them, if you want them!"

"Yes, you may do so. But haven't you any fowls? I want at the very least half a dozen boiled fowls!"

"I don't keep fowls," said Hawkins, "but I can get some for you, cap'n. There's a fisher lives a couple of miles down the coast, and his wife keeps 'em. If you say so, I'll run over there in my sloop and fetch home half a dozen!"

"Do so!" said the smuggler, tossing his host a couple of gold pieces. "If they have anything else good to eat, fetch it along. Never mind the price!"

Hawkins nodded, and set back the table with the remains of the repast upon it, and donned his jacket and cap and left the cabin.

Breed rowed him off to the sloop and then returned to his master, whom he found seated on the door-step of the cabin.

"I had to laugh, cap'n," he said, "when you said your appetite was so dainty. Of course, Hawkins mustn't know that we are going to kidnap the girl, though. I suppose she wouldn't relish common living?"

Fearnought smiled.

"She's been used to it all her life," he replied, "and I suppose she's got tired of it. She's as particular as a duchess about what she eats. You can't imagine the trouble I had with her when she was on my schooner. She wanted tea made in a raging storm, and her meat was too over-done and too under-done, and nothing suited her. Another voyage with me will cure her of her fancies!"

Breed wondered why his master should be so infatuated with such a perverse and obstinate woman, but he did not express his feeling in words.

In the course of an hour or two the sloop returned, and Breed went out to it in the row-boat to bring Hawkins ashore.

That worthy had brought with him half a dozen neatly plucked fowls, and a basket of miscellaneous articles of food, all of which he placed in the little boat and hastened to display to the smuggler-chief.

"They will do!" said Fearnought. "Boil the fowls, bake half a dozen rabbits, as quick as you can. I want to get away before dark."

"I'm afraid you can't do it in safety, cap'n," replied Hawkins. "I heard from Smith, the fisher who sold me the hens, that a revenue vessel has been dodging up and down the coast on the look out for you and the sloop you was in. You'd better lie over to-day. By to-morrow the revenue vessel will be off in some other direction."

"It's that Wynne's vessel—hang him!" ejaculated Fearnought. "Well, I suppose I can't do better than stay here, although nothing galls me like inaction. Did Smith have any idea that I was here?"

"Oh, no, cap'n. He is really what I pretend to be—a plain fisher. I wouldn't hint a word of your presence here to him, and he hadn't the slightest suspicion of the fact."

"Very good, Hawkins. Now attend to your cookery, and do your best. Breed will spend the day in cleaning up the sloop."

Hawkins retreated into the dwelling, while Fearnought continued:

"Don't spare soap or water, Breed. Give the decks, the cabin-floor, and windows, and the cabin-berths, a regular polishing."

Breed obtained soap and sand from their host, and went off to the sloop, where he spent most of the day in hard work.

Towards evening Fearnought went back with him to see the results of his labours, and expressed himself highly pleased with it.

Hawkins's culinary efforts had been well completed, and the food packed into a hamper and sent aboard. Wines, water, etc., were also stowed away in the sloop's locker, and everything was ready for a start.

The next morning Fearnought borrowed a suit of clothing of Hawkins, and donned it, tying up his own handsome garments into a bundle to be hidden somewhere on board the sloop. He removed every particle of jewellery from his person, sprinkled flour on his beard, giving it a grizzled appearance, dishevelled his hair, and declared himself ready to depart.

"You have left poles and lines on board?" he asked, as he was about to step into the little boat. "I want to pass as an honest fisher, Hawkins."

"All my fishing traps are on board," answered Hawkins. "Nobody will suspect you to be a smuggler, dressed as you are."

He rowed his guests to the sloop, went aboard with them, remaining a few minutes, and then went back to the shore.

The smuggler and his confederate then sailed out of the inlet.

"Which way are we going, cap'n?" inquired Breed.

"Back to Wynne House," was the reply. "By the way, Breed, we must have some fish. We can never catch them ourselves and must buy them. Make you for the first fishing vessel you see!"

Breed demurred to this order, fearing that such boldness would bring about detection, and adding:

"What do we want of fish, cap'n? We've no way to cook it, and have plenty to eat without any!"

"I want it for two reasons," replied the smuggler. "The first is that I may seem more like a fisherman, in case we run against the enemy; the second is I am going to Wynne House in the capacity of a fisher with fish to sell!"

Breed was struck dumb by his master's audacity.

"But the girl will know you," he said, after a period of silence.

"How will she know me—supposing she should see me, which is unlikely?"

"By your beard—"

Fearnought drew a clasp-knife from his pocket, and immediately cut away his beard, leaving a short and jagged growth, and then said:

"What do you think of it now?"

"She wouldn't know you at first sight, sir. But, if she ain't going to see you, cap'n, what's the use of going to the house?"

"Why, a little observation will show me the vulnerable points about the dwelling. I may see some door that can easily be wrenched from its fastenings, or some window that can be raised from the outside. I shall return to the sloop, pretend to fish the remainder of the day, and at night act upon the knowledge I shall have gained in my visit!"

"That plan looks safe enough," commented Breed.

"Did any one at Wynne House ever see you?"

"Never—to my knowledge. The captain has, of course, gone off to his vessel. Ah, Breed, I see a little fishing fleet off yonder. Let's make for the nearest craft!"

They did so, soon reaching it.

Fearnought assumed the manners and language appropriate to a Lancashire fisher, asking its proprietor to sell him his finest fish, and offering moderate payment for them.

"We've been out a couple of days," he explained, "and have had no luck—"

"And are ashamed to go home without anything," laughed the owner of the fish. "Well, as I've had good luck, you may take your choice from my stock!"

Fearnought selected the finest the man had, paid him for them, and then said:

"I hear that a revenue vessel is off the coast somewhere. Has it caught the smugglers yet?"

"No. It was off this coast yesterday, but the captain received news that the sloop he was in search of had been seen to the northward yesterday, and he went in pursuit. He'll have that Fearnought in a day or two—there's no doubt!"

"It is to be hoped that he'll receive his deserts!" said the smuggler, leaving in doubt as to whether he meant Wynne or himself.

"Yes. If they catch Fearnought, there'll soon be one villain less in the world," remarked the fisher. "You seem to be strangers in these parts, my friends?"

"Yes, we come from this side of Southport," responded the smuggler. "But we must be off. If you're ever short of fish and come my way, I'll be glad to let you have some!"

The sloop moved away, in obedience to his signal to Breed, and resumed its course toward Wynne House.

"That Wynne is out of our way," he observed, as they sped over the waters. "He's on the track of young Hawkins, you perceive."

"Yes, cap'n, but perhaps they won't take him—only follow him to the retreat!"

"Nonsense, Breed. Albert is as keen as a hound. They'll take him or he'll slip from them. Either way, he and we are safe! He'll keep his eyes open you may depend!"

Breed was reassured by his master's coolness, and the couple lapsed into silence.

It was not long before the stately Wynne House loomed up before them, and they ran into the bay, and lowered the little row-boat.

"You needn't anchor, Breed," said Fearnought, preparing to descend into the boat with his strings of fish. "Lie to, as you are doing now, and be ready to try the

sloop's heels at any moment. It is possible that the girl may see and recognize me. In that case, I shall come off in a hurry!"

Breed nodded, and his master lowered himself into the boat, and rowed rapidly towards the shore.

After drawing the boat upon the beach, he looked to see if any one was on the lawn or in the adjoining gardens who would notice or recognize him.

Seeing no one, he walked boldly up to the house, pulling his cap further over his face, and went around to the kitchen door.

"Want to buy any fish to-day?" he asked of the servant who answered his knock.

"I'll see. Wait a minute!" she answered, and ran into the kitchen.

The minute he was kept waiting was occupied by Fearnought in examining the lock of the door and the windows near him.

The servant soon returned with the cook, who selected the best portion of his stock and paid him for them, and Fearnought then turned to retrace his steps to the boat.

"I think that kitchen door could be forced easily," he thought. "No one sleeps in the kitchen, of course. I'll try it this very night!"

As he was crossing the lawn, he suddenly paused, uttering a cry of mingled astonishment and pleasure.

A little way ahead of him was Mona, robed in her white Indian muslin, with her blue sash floating behind her, and her curls flowing about her snowy shoulders. She had just come out of the flower-garden, and, tempted by the springy turf with the sunlight flecking the deep shadows cast by the trees, she was wandering towards the water's edge.

Her hands were full of blue flowers, which she was weaving into a chaplet with which to crown Mrs. Wynne, and now and then she paused to pick a long spear of grass to bind the blossoms together.

Fearnought's eyes glowered at her under the shadow of his cap, but he slackened his pace almost unconsciously, while his wicked heart quickened its beatings.

There she was before him—almost in his power!

The maiden rambled on quite unconscious of the close proximity of her bitterest enemy, but at length stopped in the deep shade of a clump of trees and sang softly to herself.

At the same moment the villain looked back over his shoulder.

The mansion from that point was shut out by the thick growth of trees!

He dropped the fish, sprang forward, clapped one branny hand over her mouth, caught her up in his arms, and rushed with her to the row-boat, with the bounds of a tiger.

With one arm and hand he held her head as in a vice and covered her mouth; with the other he struck out for the sloop.

Breed had witnessed the daring proceeding, and drew Fearnought and the girl together to the dock.

"Away! away!" cried the smuggler. "It is done!"

(To be continued.)

THE CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.—General Sir John Fox Burgoyne, G.C.B., upon whom the Queen recently conferred the ancient military dignity of Constable and Governor of the Tower of London, which has become vacant by the death of the veteran Lord Combermere, was publicly invested with the office with much military pomp and circumstance. The office is one which is always held as a reward for distinguished services, and the salary attached to it is a little under £950, with an official residence. The new holder, Sir John Burgoyne, a veteran in years and in military service, had previously enjoyed, as he does still, a modest pension of £365 a year. The ceremony took place within the walls of the fortress, in the presence of Viscount Sidney, the Lord Chamberlain, the officers of the garrison, and a battalion of the Grenadier Guards, now stationed there. Among the more notable persons who witnessed or took part in it were the Duke of Richmond, his son, the Earl of March, Lord Frederick Paulet, General Windham, the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, Lord de Roux, Colonel Michael Bruce, Colonel Whimper, Lord Hinchbrook, and Lieutenant-Colonel Napier-Sturt, M.P. The Guards, attended by their band, were drawn up within the garrison, and formed three sides of a square. The Yeomen Warders of the Tower, forty in number, also took part in the pageant, dressed in their quaint bright scarlet costume and bearing halberds. At one o'clock, General Sir John Burgoyne, attended by his Aide-de-camp, Captain the Hon. George Wrottesley, entered the garrison, and the troops presented arms to receive him. He wore the uniform of a general officer, and all his many military decorations. Having taken his place within the Loll-square formed by the troops, Mr. John Humphreys, by virtue of his office of Coroner for the eastern

division of Middlesex, and who wore the uniform of a Deputy-Lieutenant on the occasion, proceeded to read Her Majesty's Letters Patent appointing Sir John Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets and Custos Rotulorum; and Mr. T. W. Ratcliff, Steward and Coroner of the Liberty of the Tower, read the patent of appointment as Constable and Governor of the Tower of London. That done, Lord Sydney, the Lord Chamberlain, turning to Sir John, presented him with the keys of the fortress in the name and on behalf of Her Majesty the Queen; the Yeomen Warders, following an ancient custom on such occasions, responded "Amen" in chorus, the troops gave a royal salute and presented arms, and the band played the National Anthem. Sir John was then formally presented to the officers of the garrison. With that the ceremony of installation ended, and the new Constable and Governor was conducted over the armoury, and afterwards took luncheon with the officers at their head quarters. Mr. Harvey Lewis, M.P., took part in the pageant as a Deputy-Lieutenant. The immediate predecessor of Lord Combermere, who last held the office of Constable and Governor of the Tower, it will be recollected was the late Duke of Wellington.

NELLIE AND I. OR, A LEGEND OF SCOTLAND.

AH, Nellie, here you come. Cold enough to freeze a Greenlander, isn't it? Ugh! it makes me fairly shiver to look out. But lay aside your wrappings; draw your stool up close to the fire. We ought to be thankful we have a roof over our heads, did you say? Of course we ought. I suppose you are thinking of those who are houseless and homeless to-night? Perhaps you are thinking of the soldiers? Ah, that reminds me; hand me that work on the chair; we can work and talk. I wonder what noble fellow this will help to shield from the cold? Ready for a story, did you say? Well, draw your stool closer. Now, listen.

I will relate a story, some of the facts of which you have heard me speak of. It is one of those memories that often haunt me, and refuse to be put by, as I sit before the grate after you have left, leaving me to conjure up the past to keep me company. Ah, well! I love to dream—for it is dreaming.

You have heard me speak of Lady Edith Ravenswood? But stay—unlock that esoteric, and take from it that heavy gold lock. Open it.

You gaze with admiration upon that lovely picture, and well you may do so. But let me better describe the original.

Her face was always pale, her cheek like marble. Light brown ringlets were looped away from her white brow, so transparent that the veins could be distinctly traced. Her eyes were brown; I never saw them animated, or otherwise than calmly tranquil. The expression of her face was pensive, yet few could look upon her without that peculiar sensation of respect which approaches awe. I never tire of describing her, Nell, but I wish I could make you see her with my eyes.

My home was, as you know, in Scotland. Across the little loch, nearly opposite my father's door, stood Cairndon Castle. I always looked upon it with mingled awe and admiration. It was an ancient and noble structure, being somewhat gloomy in aspect, owing to the long range of arched windows and bright turrets. A stream gushed from among the rocks some distance above, falling like a shower of silver down the mountain side, with a pleasant, rushing sound. Dashing through the bushes, it whirled onward with a soft, musical murmur, emptying into the little loch before the castle, where it sank into repose. One to gaze upon the scene in the moonlight would be filled with an uncontrollable feeling of awe. The moon calmly gliding through the sky threw her placid beams through the boughs of the trees, shining upon the crags, "deepening with blacker night their chasms," and rippling upon the stream, while a lovelier, purer light than that of day rested upon the hills. The square tower of the old castle, covered with ivy, gleamed in the moonlight, looking grimly down upon the little granite slabs sparkling in the light of the moon.

I drag on slowly, still; but when I allow myself to travel backwards, old recollections come faster and faster, for sweet visions of the loved past always go before us in the loneness later years.

Cairndon Castle was the property of Lord Ravenswood, who resided in London with his daughter, Lady Edith, leaving the castle to the care of the housekeeper, all the rooms being closed excepting those used by that personage. Knowing her well, I often gained permission to take two or three of my companions into the picture gallery to spend an hour or two. Not unfrequently, while traversing the long hall, did we eye the rooms on either side, longing for

a peep at them; then, fitting the huge key to the ponderous oaken door, we would revel among the paintings until dusk.

Among the large collection was a full length painting of Lady Edith. It possessed a strange, fascinating power over me. I never tired of gazing upon it, and wondering if the lady was really so lovely. Frequently I would leave my companions to wander around the room, liberally bestowing comments upon the different portraits, and seat myself before my favourite painting.

Opposite a large window, so placed that it caught the last rays of the setting sun, was what seemed to be a full-length picture, draped in black. The housekeeper had frequently cautioned us against touching it, yet many a curious glance was cast in that direction, as it hung mysterious, heavily draped, inviting curiosity.

One afternoon, when seated before my favourite painting, and as usual, deaf to all around me, I heard the door shut, and glancing quickly up, perceived I had been forgotten by my companions, and started to follow them. When half across the floor a low voice fell upon my ear. I glanced fearfully around. The setting sun streamed through the stained-glass window, exhibiting in broad patches all the tints of the rainbow, and falling with a soft, crimson tint upon the shrouded painting. Again I heard a low voice, and as the sound came from the farther end of the room, I ran across and glanced down upon the loch, near which some men were at work. Thinking it was their voices I had heard, I laughed aloud, then shuddered, for my laughter was flung back with a mocking sound.

But here I was in front of the mysterious picture. Surely no better opportunity to gratify my curiosity would be offered. I stood for a moment irresolute, then wheeled one of the heavy chairs before the painting, and with trembling fingers, unfastened the covering, let it fall gently to the floor, and started back with amazement. It was the most royally beautiful face I had then, or have ever since beheld. It was a female, apparently about twenty, attired in a dress of rich velvet, that fell in soft folds around a tall, shapely figure. The sleeves looped back, revealed a pair of exquisitely-rounded arms, which might have vied with those of the fabled Euphrosyne, while the snowy hue of her graceful neck was only shadowed by a single jet-black ringlet, which seemed to have accidentally escaped from the clustering mass gathered at the back of her head. Her face was of the true oval shape; her forehead broad, perhaps a little too masculine; but her eyes—the most beautiful feature of all—were large, almond-shaped, and intensely black. Her hair was slightly bent, her flashing dark eyes raised. Her was not a Scottish face.

When I lifted my eyes from the painting upon which I had gazed unheeded of time, the sun was far down in the horizon. Hastily replacing the covering, I glanced around the gallery; then opening the door, I slid softly out along the hall, and jumping into my little skiff, rowed home, and sat for a long time on the porch, pondering over what I had seen.

It could not be one of Lord Ravenswood's ancestors; the family for centuries back had been fair and petite, as I had heard the housekeeper affirm over and over again. Even Lord Ravenswood's portrait showed him to be fair, with a profusion of golden curls, shading a high white brow. The last thought in my mind, as I fell asleep, was, why the beautiful lady—so much more beautiful than any other in the gallery—should be veiled.

As soon as my morning tasks were finished the next day, I rowed across to the castle, and, as I passed through the hall, glancing out of the window, I was surprised to see so much bustle about the grounds, and even in the interior of the building.

Entering the gallery, the housekeeper looked up through a cloud of dust and from scolding a servant, and in a tired voice exclaimed:

"Oh Mysie, bairn, come and help me, for a sair trouble I'm in! See if you can find a large gilt pig I have dropped. Everything comes at once. Now Lord Ravenswood is coming to-morrow—"

I interrupted her with an expression of surprise. "To-morrow!"

"Yes; I have just learned it, and the whole place must be turned about afore then."

I was accustomed to her grumbling, so I minded it not; but the thought that I should really see the beautiful Lady Edith filled me with delight.

But my eyes continued to wander, as did my mind, towards the veiled lady. As the housekeeper turned to leave the gallery, I exclaimed:

"Aren't you going to take off that covering?" pointing to the masked painting.

Upon her answering "No," I replied, hastily pushing a chair towards it:

"I will!"

Starting forward she seized my arm.

"Leave it alone!" adding, in a careless tone, "It

is a very choice painting, and Lord Ravenswood wishes it covered. However, I don't think you had better come in here any more," she continued, in a sharp voice, "as the family will soon return. But find the peg and bring it me in my room." And, closing the door with a clang that echoed through the gallery, she walked away.

For a long time I sat upon the floor, somewhat moody, yet occasionally laughing inwardly at her explanations of the veil.

Then, surprised to see it so near dark, I jumped up quickly, and, placing both hands upon one end of the mysterious painting, lifted it, and, bending my head to see if the peg could in any way have rolled underneath, was surprised to see a little door. I compared it to the other doors. It was not more than half as high.

Wondering where it could lead to, I forced my way between the painting and the wall, and tried it; to my chagrin it was locked. Pressing back the disappointed feeling, I remembered having seen a large bunch of keys in the housekeeper's store-room during one of my ramblings.

Springing up I ran along the gloomy old hall into the store-room, secured the keys, and, hurrying back, fitted, with much satisfaction, a small key to the lock. It turned with a sharp click, flew open, creaking upon its rusty hinges, and a current of damp air rushed in. Footsteps then resounded through the outer hall, and I had barely time to step into the little entry and close the door as the housekeeper entered the gallery, and pausing by the veiled picture, muttered:

"She can't have gone home."

"She is suspicious," I murmured to myself, "but she can't get me!" and I laughed with satisfaction.

It was very dark, and I groped my way along the narrow entry, my dress brushing the wall on both sides, until my hand touched a knob, which rattled loud. I lifted the heavy latch, and stepped into a room, at the sight of which I could not conceal a start of admiration.

It was apparently a chapel. Three large windows of stained glass allowed the light to fall in a crimson shower upon the floor, bathing the ceiling and the objects around in a rich, warm glow, throwing a mellow light over the whole. I stood near a little altar which was carved to a perfect network, and inlaid with the rarest workmanship. Upon a marble pedestal before the altar was an image of the Virgin, magnificently attired, while on one side, upon a light stand inlaid and veined with coral, was placed a large gilt cross, on each side of which were two immense candlesticks glittering in the crimson light pervading the room. Pictures of saints hung upon the walls, which, in the flickering light, seemed almost inspired with life.

Opposite was a small door, and as I opened it a sound smote my ear. I listened. It was the music of a harp accompanied by a female voice. Standing motionless, I listened, as the clear though mournful voice of the singer rang through the little chapel:

We have left the scenes of childhood,
We have left the lordly dome,
River, glen, and waving wildwood,
Friends that sweetly whispered home!
Then while darkness scowls above us,
And our hearts are closed to sin,
Holy Mother! thou wilt love us,
While we chant the vesper hymn.

As the notes died away, hardly conscious of what I did, I crossed the narrow entry, the door closing behind me with a slam which aroused a hundred echoes. In haste and fright I turned, but, confused by the number of doors, I lifted the latch and stood before the singer. For a moment the room seemed to whirl around, but an exclamation of surprise recalled me as a lady advanced.

I gazed, stupefied with astonishment, and tried to convince myself the much-admired veiled painting was not before me. There were the same splendid eyes, the same dignified yet graceful figure.

"How did you come here, little girl?" she exclaimed.

"I found a door," I replied, "and wished to see to where it led."

She looked gravely at me a moment, then pointing to the door, exclaimed:

"Go now, and never come here again!" and a deeper look shone in her eye. "When you enter the chapel," she continued, "you will see a door opposite you; go out there. But stay! Did the housekeeper—did any one see you enter?"

"No," I replied.

I laid my hand upon the latch, turned to look at her once more, and met her gaze while she exclaimed in a doubtful voice:

"You are not—you cannot be the Lady Edith?"

"No," was my reply.

With a wave of her hand, she motioned me to go, and I passed out, following her directions, only stopping to admire the beautiful little chapel; and opening a low door, by the side of which was a huge silver shell, I passed out.

As I descended the little path I thought of the bunch of keys which I still held, and turning, I flew back around the building, trying to frame, as I ran along, some sort of answer to give the housekeeper should I meet her; but fortunately I reached the store-room, restored the keys, and returned without seeing her.

For nearly a week following more life was seen around the castle than the oldest inhabitants remembered. They would sometimes speak of the gaiety of the castle during the time of the old lord, contrasting it with the recent gloomy dark aspect. The arrival of Lord Ravenswood made glad the whole parish. Often during the evening in times past I would sit in the little porch gazing over at the ponderous building, the only sign of life being a light in the housekeeper's room. Now peal after peal of merry laughter would sound across the loch. Gaily dressed ladies wandered among the rocks and down the path to the water side. The bugles echoed and re-echoed from the hills as they joined the chase, and at night, instead of one solitary gleam of light from a window shining upon the water, a broad sheet lay upon the shadow of the castle.

But I had not seen the Lady Edith.

One morning, while sweeping the pathway, I noticed a rigid, angular figure approaching, which I immediately recognized as the housekeeper at the castle. Somewhat wondering what could bring her at that early hour I waited for her to approach.

"Mysie," she exclaimed, in her harsh voice, and speaking with characteristic sharpness, "how would you like to live at the castle?"

My heart gave one quick bound.

"Live at the castle?" I repeated, in amazement.

"Yes; Lady Edith wants you for her maid. Will you come?"

My grandmother would not listen to my refusing so—what seemed to us—excellent an offer. On the following Monday I rowed across with my sister, and clambering up the rocks, stood before the massive gates of Cairndon Castle, and entering a little door, over which the ivy hung in graceful clusters, was led by the housekeeper along the wide hall, up the old oaken stairs; and as we passed the door leading to the picture gallery I could not but think of the night when I, the only being on that floor, traversed the same hall that I was then treading seeking after the key to fit the hidden door. Now servants in livery were passing through the hall. Laughter and merry voices resounded on every side, while the rays of the setting sun fell in flickering brilliance upon the floor, and rested upon the heavy suits of armour hanging upon the wall.

"This is the room," remarked the housekeeper, interrupting my reverie, and glancing at me over her shoulder.

She laid her hand upon the knob and beckoned me to follow her in to the apartment.

The sudden change from daylight to lamplight, from the large hall to the exquisite little bower, was so sudden as to fairly dazzle my eyes. A bright jet of light from a silver sconce threw blood-red gleams upon the curtain of crimson velvet, partially drawn, separating the room I entered from the sleeping-room beyond. Hangings of dark green velvet gave a rather sombre appearance to the room. The broad casements of oak, rivaling ebony in glossy blackness, were inlaid with solid silver, while draperies of the same material as the hangings fell in rich folds from the ceiling to the floor before the windows. Heavy chairs of dark wood, covered with crimson damask and studded with gold, stood in stately magnificence around the room, before which were placed stools ornamented with arabesque needlework.

Through an opening in the crimson curtains a glimpse of the inner room could be had. A dim light from a small silver sconce threw a trembling, twilight-shimmer over the apartment. On one side stood a massive bed, supported by posts of dark wood, around which wood of a lighter shade, vine-like, coiled and twisted upwards, drooping into fruit and leaves, an occasional ball of gold peeping from between the heavy foliage, catching the light from the sconce.

Reclining upon a low couch, with her back toward the door, was a slight, graceful figure. I felt it was the Lady Edith, but imagined her sleeping, as she did not stir, until the housekeeper gently called her by name, when she turned her head quickly, and spoke to me in a sweet, low voice, as the housekeeper made me known. She was *petite* in figure, and moved across the room with a light skip, which ill accorded with the grave, quiet expression of the face.

After explaining to me my duties, Lady Edith left me a dress in which she wished me to make some slight alterations, and the voices and laughter that had been heard on every side now resounded through the gallery, down the broad stairs, and then ceased.

The next day was a busy one to me until Lady

Edith went to the drawing-room; then I threw open the window and leaned out. Away in the east a low range of mountains ran along the horizon, behind which the sun was slowly sinking, streaking the hills with tints of rose, gleaming upon the little loch until it was one burnished sheet of gold, and shedding its parting smile upon our little cot nestled so cozily between two hills, while the sweet sound of the convent bell, calling the nuns to vespers, rang out upon the still summer air.

A sigh near me caused me to turn round, and I perceived the Lady Edith standing close by, gazing beyond me, out of the window, seemingly unconscious of my presence. Suddenly starting she fixed her calm, tranquil eye upon my face, and there was a something in its clear depth that awed me; but when she spoke her voice was "soft, low and sweet."

She was not talkative, seldom speaking, and then in a low voice. I am anticipating, did you say, Nell? Well, remember I am an old woman, and you must be indulgent towards me.

As I stood by her side she exclaimed:

"Mysie, Lord Ravenswood wishes to speak with you in the library. Do you know the way?" she continued, as I turned to leave the room.

I replied in the affirmative, and passed through the dark hall, my heart throbbing fearfully while vague thoughts filled my brain. Perhaps he wished to call me to account for my visit to the mysterious lady. Perhaps— But I was braver than most girls are now, though I must confess it was rather a shaky hand that I lifted to knock upon the door.

Hearing no sound, after knocking twice, I gently pushed it open and stepped into the apartment. The fading light but dimly revealed the room. The floor was of oak, rendered by time a glossy black. Rich tapestry hangings relieved the room from the gloom which the windows, being set in walls of such huge thickness, would otherwise have given it.

A door at one end, leading into the picture gallery, was open, and as I heard angry voices, I turned in that direction and started back with amazement. The beautiful portrait that had been for so many years veiled was now uncovered, and the black drapery was held in one hand by the lady whom my curiosity had led me to visit. The rays of the setting sun, condensed and softened, seemed to gather up their power into one focus, and threw such a glow upon the painting that one would have had to gaze twice before he could tell the living from the picture.

Her tall, majestic figure was drawn to its full height, while her eyes flashed fearfully, as with a scornful expression she retorted in a broken, scathing tone to some one I could not see. I gazed, fairly stupefied with astonishment, until a door slammed and the lady turned towards the library, starting back with a suppressed exclamation when her gaze fell upon me.

"You here again?" she exclaimed.

A deep, stern voice called:

"Beatrice!" and turning hastily, she crossed the gallery, disappearing from my sight, and a gentleman approached the door.

A glance sufficed to tell me he was the father of Lady Edith. There were the same golden curls, though his clustered carelessly above a high white brow. His dark blue eyes were handsome, but he had

A glance that took
Their thoughts from others by a single look,
His features' deepening lines and varying hues
At times attracted yet perplexed the view.

I did not stop then to note this, but knowing that he did not see me, and forgetting my errand thither, I turned and glided from the room, returning to Lady Edith. Traces of tears were upon her face as I entered, and her voice was sadder than usual when she spoke to me.

Early the next morning the confusion outside the castle called me to the window to witness the departure of the household for the chase.

The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
While faint from farther distance horns,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

Many a gay mocking laugh rang out in the clear air, plumes nodded, and the music of the bugle echoed and re-echoed in clear rich tones from the hills.

A stag near the castle, probably aroused by the commotion, sprang from a heathery couch, and approaching above the rocks gazed for a moment upon the scene below, and then, as a blast from the horn echoed from the mountain-side, cleared with one bound the copse and was gone. A flourish of bugles awoke the until now slumbering echoes, and the party dashed down the path along the water side, up the hill—the mountains responding to the mingled sounds—and out of sight.

The merry peals from the bugles mingled with the whoop and wild halloo of many voices, while the

eagles answered with their shrill piercing scream. Painter and painter the sounds were wafted back, and silence settled down upon the scene of recent mirth.

I had received permission from Lady Edith to visit the picture gallery. So, turning from the window, I passed along through the hall, and in a moment an intense desire took possession of me to explore the uninhabited rooms which I knew were in the west wing.

Hastily traversing the long hall, I entered the wing. I did not suppose anyone had for years been in that part of the castle. It was the original building, and was said by the superstitious to be haunted. The other rooms had been added, the castle built out further, until the west wing had fallen into disuse.

Stopping before the heavy oaken door, I drew back the rusty bolt, and the door swung open with a harsh grating sound, as if loth to again admit any one into the solitary room; and as I stepped into the apartment where no human foot had for years trodden, a peculiar sensation of fear came over me. One seldom enters a spot hallowed by tradition without "that electric thrill which so strangely unites the present with the past." The tapestry hangings which had once been rich and beautiful were now faded and torn, and swayed to and fro in the breeze which entered from an open door beyond, revealing the high narrow windows, the small panes of which were incrustated with the dust of years, through which barely enough light struggled to reveal the door leading to a passage beyond. Indeed, the whole aspect of the room was calculated to infect the most thoughtless spirit with gloom.

As I stepped into the narrow entry, which looked or seemed strangely familiar, I was surprised to see so many small doors close together, and convinced I must be near the outer wall of the castle, because of the heavy, damp air, I turned, but unable to resist the temptation to open one of the doors, I found myself in a room I remembered only too well, and a figure I recognized started from a chair (stop laughing, Nell, or I'll not go on) and approaching, looked steadily at me, while I, surprised and ashamed, dared not look up.

When the silence had become so embarrassing to me that I could not lift my eyes from the floor, she exclaimed:

"How dared you, foolish girl, intrude again in this room? Stay," she continued, as I turned, "and tell me how you came here, and why you haunt me so?"

I told her what you already know. When I stopped and glanced at her she exclaimed:

"Now listen!" and she fixed her brilliant eyes upon me. "Never, never, come here again!"

Awed by her manner I opened the door, and turning, hesitated a moment, then blurted out in my blunt way:

"What are you here for?"

"Go!" she sternly exclaimed, pointing with her finger to the door, every vestige of colour fading from her cheeks.

I ran back through the tapestried chamber, along the winding passages, into the main hall, fearing if I opened any more doors, I would in some way find myself before her.

As I glanced from my window I saw Lord Ravenswood and his visitors returning from the chase. He rode by the side of his daughter, upon whom he frequently glanced with admiration. Truly she did look beautiful, but her beauty was of too heavenly a type to mark her long for this world.

Taking up my work, I walked into the housekeeper's room.

"Do you know, Mysie," she exclaimed, "Lady Edith is going to be married?"

"Going to be married!" I repeated in amazement. "To whom?"

"Sir Niel Earnscliffe," was the housekeeper's reply. "You have never seen him. Lord Ravenswood has made up his mind to bring about the marriage for some time, but Lady Edith would never consent. Just think," she continued, growing talkative through indignation, "just think of his making that beautiful bairn, who is now more angel than mortal, choose between Sir Niel Earnscliffe and the convent. But I know Lord Ravenswood" (and she shut her mouth tight as if fearful of saying too much), "and he will keep his word if it cost him her life."

I assisted in dressing my lady for the drawing-room that evening, while an occasional sigh and drop of a tear alone betrayed some secret trouble. Her rich dress of blue velvet fitted to perfection her exquisite figure, while her light ringlets fell gracefully from her pure brow, resting upon the delicate blue of her dress. As the sound of her light step along the gallery ceased, I seated myself in one of the arm chairs and fell into a reverie. The hours wore away—eleven, twelve. I placed another stick upon the hearth, and leaned back in my chair, listening to the music and voices, my thoughts wandering to the mysterious lady so far from the scene of festivity.

My reverie was suddenly interrupted by the sound of an angry voice. I sprang forward, opened the door, and gazed out into the hall. A single light streamed through the library door, from which also the sounds proceeded. Now the sweet voice of Lady Edith I recognized in tones of entreaty, then the harsh tones of her father.

"Spare me this! Oh, spare me this!"

"Never, girl! you shall agree with my wishes—mark that. Spare your tears; you marry Sir Niel Earnscliffe or enter a convent!"

A wall of agony followed, and I turned back into the room, sick at heart, and soon the library door shut, a quick step neared, and Lady Edith entered.

Her dressing-room door opened into her sleeping apartment, mine being directly opposite.

It was long past midnight. Lady Edith was locked in slumber. Wide awake I lay, thinking over the events of the past few weeks, of my visit to the west wing, my mind gradually wandering to what I had that evening heard, and then to the Lady Edith. I loved, but stood also in awe of her. She seemed so superior to anyone I had ever seen.

A slight rustle startled me, and raising my head, I saw a female figure gliding softly across the room. My heart beat quick. In the faint light from the dying embers, I recognized the mysterious lady. Rubbing my eyes bewilderingly, I gazed around.

Quickly she moved across the apartment, entering the sleeping room beyond, and disappeared from my sight.

An ember fell with a sharp crack, throwing a fitful gleam over the room for an instant, and bending forward, peered out into the gloom. I saw she was kneeling by the bedside of Lady Edith.

Thinking it best to remain quiet, I watched her as she knelt beside the couch; then rising, and sweeping aside the drapery, she gazed earnestly and intently upon the face of the sleeping lady, pressed a light kiss upon her brow, and walked into the dressing-room. Drawing the curtains before the door of the room from which she emerged, and lighting a tiny lamp which she carried, walking toward a painting of Lady Edith hanging close beside my door, she murmured:

"She looks like him—yes, his features, his hair, but not his expression. She looks good and true. Would that I could shield her from evil to come; but it cannot be."

And turning, she left the apartment.

The grey light crept in through the thick curtains, and I arose, going about my tasks, wondering over the mystery of the night.

For a week following only a close observer could have detected that the Lady Edith was changed. She had a smile for all—chatted in a soft low voice with her guests. Day after day I watched her as she left the castle, Sir Niel Earnscliffe riding by her side, and everywhere her constant attendant. He was a fine looking man, yet had a stern expression of face. I did not want my lady to marry him.

"You are too proud for me, Mysie," she said one day, as I was bathing her aching head. "Did you ever hear," she continued, her face sobering, "of this castle being haunted?"

"I have heard just such foolish stories of every place around, my lady," was the reply.

She looked thoughtful for a moment.

"Old Robert declares he saw a figure flitting among the rocks in the moonlight, and I cannot persuade him it was his imagination. He also declares he has frequently seen a light moving about in one of the rooms in the west wing. I must speak about it and see if there is any foundation for old Robert's stories."

Two weeks passed swiftly away. Whether Lady Edith inquired into the stories I do not know, but the subject was never mentioned again.

For the next few weeks a gloom hung over the castle. The visitors that had restored its ancient gaiety left. Lord Ravenswood, after breakfasting, rode away equipped in his graceful plaid, and generally did not return until night. Lady Edith would sit all the morning at her window with her embroidery frame before her, while she gazed over the hills. Frequent now were the controversies in the library, after which Lord Ravenswood looked dark and frowning, though with a more determined expression than ever, and Lady Edith pale and weeping.

One long, still, sunny day followed another. Her daily walks now were much shorter, and when I watched her, as she sat by the open window, I saw her breath came quicker and harder. Paler and paler became her sweet face that had always been pale. The voice that had always been soft and sweet was now mournful and sad. No need to tell her she was dying. "Sweet whispers had sung it to her in her sleep, and waking she knew it in the look of the piteous skies."

Frequently, shortly before sunset, she would wander away towards the kirkyard, while the women stopped

as she passed to drop a courtesy, and the little children peeped from behind their mother's gown to look at the "white lady," who had always a pleasant word and smile for them. For a long time her voice had been the sweetest in the kirk, but of late her father, who was a Catholic, had forbidden her to attend.

I met Lord Ravenswood in the gallery one afternoon. He passed quickly, and I noticed a dark frown, such as I never before had seen upon his face. He stopped at Lady Edith's door and commanded her to come to him in the drawing-room. A low moan smote my ear, but it fell unheeded on the father's heart as he turned, muttering, "She'll get over it and like him as well as any one, but she shall marry him!" And his quick, firm step sounded away in the distance as some one brushed past me, and Lady Edith descended the stairs.

I heard loud voices for some time; then all was silent. The old clock struck four. I paced up and down the hall, growing every moment more nervous, when the old clock struck five—six. I began to feel alarmed; she did not come. Then I walked past the drawing-room; not a sound did I hear. Frightened, I pushed open the door. A ray from the sun struggled through a breach in a curtain, and streaming upon the crimson velvet, looked as if a shower of wine had been dashed against it, while a faint light pervaded the apartment, but sufficient to bring the objects in the room out of gloom, and touching the gilded articles here and there with gleams of fire. It was vacant. Hearing the voice of Lord Ravenswood in the hall above, I ascended the stairs and stood before him.

"Lord Ravenswood, I cannot find Lady Edith."

The angry colour in his face deepened.

"Nor will you for some time."

"Lord Ravenswood, where is she?" I retorted, stepping before him, anger and indignation making me for a moment forget my position.

No wonder he was surprised and astounded at me, for in those days the distance between superiors and inferiors was enforced in a manner to which the present time are strangers. He had turned to go, but as I spoke, stopped and exclaimed:

"Minion, how dare you question me? She has gone where she will learn to obey!"

With a bursting heart I paced to and fro in my room. The hours wore away; ten—eleven—twelve.

Pausing in my walk, I reasoned within myself. Lady Edith must be in the castle; and with a sudden thought I lighted a little lamp, and passing through the hall, drawing my dress before the light, I placed my ear close to one of the doors and listened. Yes, Lord Ravenswood was within, and his deep, regular breathing told that he was asleep.

With a determination to find my lady, I stayed a moment to think. He could not have imprisoned her in any of the rooms in the gallery, for, by the constant passing, she could, if inclined, call for aid. "She is in the vault below!" And I shuddered at the thought of her being confined in one of those damp, dark, unhealthy cells. "But no; Lord Ravenswood cannot be such a monster as that. It must be in the west wing!" Taking my lamp, I trod on tiptoe to the end of the hall, through the long, winding passage to the old building. Opening a door, I stood in the tapestried chamber without a particle of that feeling of awe and dread which would naturally inspire one on entering a distant, deserted room at dead of night. The wind swayed the tattered hangings wildly to and fro, and beneath the window the dismal hoot of an owl—"Too-hoo! too-hoo! too-whit! too-hoo!" carried an involuntary shudder.

The window was still open, and as the night breeze rushed in, my lamp feebly flickered and seemed determined to go out. I had opened the door into the passage-way by which I had visited the strange lady, then stopped. I knew not who she was, but my own good sense told me that Lord Ravenswood did not wish her presence in the castle known, and consequently he would not place Lady Edith near her. Noticing a door in the tapestried chamber, I turned the handle. It was locked. A stifled moan and a faint voice reached my ear. I recognized it. Taking the precaution to drop a ribbon to enable me to find the door—there were so many on either side I was liable to become confused—I flew through the room, through the long hall, entered the store-room, and seizing the keys I had once before used, was returning, and stood in the large chamber, when I heard a sound.

Extinguishing my lamp and drawing the tattered hangings before me, I watched through a rent in the cloth the approach of a figure, and started with amazement when I distinguished the features. It was the housekeeper.

Wondering what could bring her there at midnight, I watched her motions. She was passing me when a low moan from Lady Edith startled both of us, and by the light she carried, and which enabled me to recognize her features, I saw her face change with

intense emotions, flushing and paling alternately, while she stood as if fascinated by some powerful spell, then moving quickly on, she passed into the opposite passage, and leaning forward, I saw her enter the room of the mysterious lady.

Emerging from my place of concealment, and fitting the heavy key to the lock, I sprang forward just in time to catch Lady Edith as she was sinking to the floor. I endeavoured to restore her to consciousness, my heart sinking within me after each unsuccessful attempt.

Not until a faint light crept in through the dusty windows did I succeed in restoring her fully, when I reluctantly left her, promising to come again at night.

"You must not, Mysie," she replied.
"But I shall, dear Lady Edith."

She smiled, but what a smile! and I reluctantly left, with a bitter hatred in my heart towards Lord Ravenswood.

True to my promise I that night visited my lady. "Mysie," she exclaimed as I entered, "a beautiful woman visited me last night. Don't shake your head," she resumed with a painful attempt at playfulness; "I saw her plainly. She thought me asleep and gazed at me for a long time."

"But I locked the door, Lady Edith," I protested.
"But I saw her, Mysie," was the decided answer.

At daybreak I arose to leave.
"Are you afraid to be here alone, Lady Edith?" I inquired.

"No, Mysie, but—" and she placed her hand upon her heart—"I shall not live to see the sun set;" and she turned her head towards the window as if taking a last look at the dear old hills. "Something within tells me I must count my time by seconds."

"You must not—you shall not talk so, Lady Edith!" was my vehement answer.

A sweet smile was her only answer, as she murmured:

"Earthly care cannot trouble me now."

I inwardly resolved to visit her during the day, no matter how hazardous the attempt. I locked the door, and stood a moment so wrapped in my fears to leave her alone that I did not hear a sound until a melodious voice over my shoulder startled me, and turning quickly, the lady of the west wing stood near.

"The injunction I gave has had little power over you," she exclaimed, "or I should not see you so near me again. But come with me a moment."

Mechanically I followed her into the room I had twice before entered.

"That is Lady Edith, I know," she exclaimed in her peculiarly rich voice, with a slight foreign accent. "Why is she confined in that room?"

I made no reply.

"Did he, and her eyes flashed, "did Lord Ravenswood do that? Villain!" she almost hissed between her teeth.

Recollecting herself, she continued in a calm voice:

"You will not tell me. Listen: you are unable to be with Lady Edith during the day. You know she cannot live much longer, and see"—she opened a door revealing a passage. "Follow me," she continued.

I did so, through a short though intricate passage, and pushing the dilapidated hangings aside allowed me to look into the room I had left, unseen by Lady Edith. Dropping it and returning, she continued:

"Lord Ravenswood does not know of this passage, else he would never have placed his bird so near me. I will watch over her if you will tell me why she is placed there. You need not fear," she continued, thinking I looked doubtful, "I would not harm her."

"Lady, I know but little," was my reply, "but that little I cannot tell you—not to spare Lord Ravenswood, but Lady Edith."

She mused a moment, then motioned me to go, and I quickly returned to my room.

The housekeeper scolded me many times during the day, for since the departure of the visitors I had assisted her. My tasks were but half performed; I was nervous, and constantly changing of my charge, as I called my lady.

The clock struck five—six. I walked up and down the dressing-room in a fever of anxiety, waiting for Lord Ravenswood, who was pacing back and forth in the gallery, to leave. Soon his footsteps ceased. I stepped eagerly out; his door slammed, the bolt dropped.

I hurried in the direction of the west wing and stood before the door a moment. It was so still I almost feared to enter. With a sudden effort I turned the lock and opened the door.

Near the open window Lady Edith reclined her head, cheeks, lips, and even the quivering hands, as white as marble and almost as cold. The last beams of the setting sun stole through the window and threw a glow of exquisite beauty upon the cheek of the dying lady.

Her eye brightened as I entered, and the mysteri-

ous lady, who had been bending over, moved and motioned me to approach. Lady Edith could scarcely speak, but bending low I caught the words:

"In the little red box—keep them to remember me by."

She was silent a moment, then starting up exclaimed:

"Where are you, Mysie? my eyes are dimming. Tell my father—oh! I wish I could see him."

I arose, but she retained me.

"It is too late," she murmured; "I shall not live till he could get here. Tell him I wish to be buried from the kirk, into the little yard beyond, where the broad sunshine can rest upon my grave. He will not—he cannot refuse my dying request. Tell him—"

She gasped for breath; a smile of exquisite sweetness hovered round her mouth. Unable to speak, she held out her hand to the strange lady, holding my own the while, turned to the window and bestowing one long glance upon the hills, and as the sound of the convent bell pealed with a sweet chime across the loch, a mist came over her eyes.

"Near home," she murmured—"near home!" lingering upon the word as if it conveyed to her mind inexpressible sweetness. There was a struggle—and she was still; beyond all reach of human care or sorrow, disappointment or suffering, she had passed into the presence of her God.

"She is dead," exclaimed the lady, in a low voice.

I bent over and pressed a kiss upon the marble brow, replaced a ringlet that the evening air had blown across her face, and left the room. As I passed into the hall I heard steps, but this time, not afraid, I watched Lord Ravenswood approach. He did not see me. Stepping before him, I exclaimed, in a voice, the cold, hollow tone of which startled myself:

"Your victim is beyond your reach, Lord Ravenswood!"

"What mean you?" he harshly demanded.

"I mean Lady Edith is dead!" was my reply.

I had no pity for and would not spare him. Staggering back against the wall, he ejaculated:

"Dead! dead! what do you tell me?"

A bitter, bitter hatred towards him had filled my heart for many a day, and I took a delight in thus torturing him.

"Yes, dead," was my reply.

He rushed past me, and I entered my room, giving myself up to uncontrollable grief, until the light glimmered through the window, and another day, bright and beautiful as the last, dawned.

Great was the astonishment and sorrow throughout the castle when the death of their much loved lady was known. And among the cottagers many a busy housewife stopped in her task to brush away a tear, while even the men glanced sadly towards the grim turrets of Cairnrod Castle, and frequently passed the back of their hand across their eyes.

As quickly as possible I met Lord Ravenswood, and gave him the dying request of Lady Edith.

A great change had come over him. His face was thin, pale, and stern. He did not look at me while I told him her words, but complied with her wish.

All the parish, it may be said, attended her funeral, though many a voice was unable to join in the psalm. He who ministered had loved her with a love unspeakable, and though an old grey-haired man, he wept while he prayed.

I sat by my window long past midnight gazing over into the kirkyard. The stars seemed to keep a holy watch over her grave, and the moon threw a silvery light aslant the little mound.

Was it fancy, or did I really hear her voice again? I glanced around, then bowed my head and wept. The wind rustled drearily through the trees, and it seemed as if it brought angel voices on its wings.

"Now far, now near, now on the moor, now on the hillside, now in the branches of the old oak-tree, and then suddenly floating away as if among the stars."

A sudden impulse to visit the place of her death seized me, and lighting my little lamp, I stole through the loch hall.

As I stood by the window from which she had last looked, a hand was laid lightly on my shoulder, and the strange lady whispered:

"I thought I would find you here. Come with me!"

I followed her into the room beyond.

"You wish to know who I am!" she exclaimed; "and it is because you loved Lady Edith that I tell you. Listen!"

She seemed for a moment overcome, then collecting herself, commenced:

"When Lord Ravenswood was about twenty, he left Scotland to travel on the Continent. In Italy, my home, I first met him, where he wooed and won me for his bride."

"It took but a few months of married life to convince us that we were not suitable for each other. He was

harsh and tyrannical, and I had a spirit proud and haughty as his own, so that all efforts to mould me to his will were useless.

"I sat for a painting to one of the best Italian masters, and it was sent to Scotland to be placed among the family paintings as his wife."

"One morning, after a fiercer dispute than usual, and he had left the house in a fearful rage, I left him. Remember, I was a proud, high-spirited Italian, and could ill brook harsh treatment."

"Thinking only to leave him awhile and frighten him, I retired into a convent, where I heard of his repeated attempts to find me."

"I was heiress to immense estates, and the priests knew well that if I took the veil, it would greatly increase the wealth of the convent. So, unknown to me, they caused Lord Ravenswood to believe me dead, even showing him my grave, and giving what they said was a lock of my hair."

"When I wished to leave the dreary walls, they detained me by force, until, after five years of persecution, during which time they used every effort to force me to take the veil, I escaped."

"Impulsively I had left him, but during my five years' imprisonment I repented, and coming at once to Scotland, where I supposed he had returned, stopped in Edinburgh."

"Thinking me dead, he had married again. When I first learned the fact I felt enraged, though unjustly so. I determined to see the lady he had married, and make known my relation to him."

"But when I did so I had not the heart to do it. Lady Edith resembled her mother very much, though in the latter there was a more girlish and less grave expression."

"For two years I lived in retirement, then I heard of her death. It was soon after that I appeared before him, and, fully conscious of my wrong doing in leaving in the manner I did, I asked to be again claimed as his wife. Nothing could equal his surprise to behold me living, but he refused my request, saying, 'you left me—I did not desert you—and I shall now never introduce you as my wife.'"

"Stung to madness by his calm retort, delivered in a cool, sarcastic tone he knew so well how to assume, and my fierce Italian disposition aroused to a perfect frenzy, my rage was ungovernable, and I dared him to keep his word, taking before him a solemn oath that unless he claimed and introduced me as his wife I would haunt his footsteps—he should not know a moment's peace; and knowing well his pride, in an exulting tone I told him my wealth and appearance would place me in the same circle of society as himself, and I should introduce myself as his wife."

"He had listened to my former threats with an unmoved smile, but when I spoke of making myself known I saw that he started, turned pale, and I perceived the advantage I had gained, as he said, in a hesitating tone, 'wait a little while and I will comply with your request. I have but just buried her,' and he pointed to a painting upon the wall. His wish was but reasonable, and I consented. For a year I continued in great retirement, and waited patiently, when a rumour reached my ear that he was soon to be married. I did not believe it; I was convinced it could be nothing more than a rumour, for I knew he dared not marry again while I lived; but it satisfied me to pretend I believed it when I appeared before him and accused him of what I had heard. As I expected, he denied it, but I refused to be convinced, and confident he did not intend to keep his promise, as he put me off with one pretext and another, I took an almost fiendish delight in torturing him, and on this occasion told him he should take me to Cairnrod Castle. To my surprise he consented. I gazed anxiously at him, but could read nothing in his quiet countenance, for he was

'A face formed to conceal,
And, without feeling, mock at all who feel,
With a vile mask the Gorgon would disown.'

"Passionate and proud as I was, kindness would always subdue me, and I almost repented of my many threats when he treated me with such perfect kindness on the journey. We arrived in the morning; he had a long interview with the housekeeper, and at his command she brought me here. I felt insulted when I stood in this dilapidated room, and requested her to summon Lord Ravenswood. 'But he has gone, lady,' she said with a surprised look. 'He left orders with me to see you well supplied with everything you wished, and to have this room handsomely fitted up.' I was speechless with astonishment and indignation, but choking down my rising anger, I inquired when he was expected to return. 'In a few months,' she replied."

"I remained, but he did not come; I knew he would not. Had I known where he was, I undoubtedly should have followed him; you see, Mysie, I do not spare myself. I lived on, seeing no one but the old housekeeper, excepting when you came here, until Lord Ravenswood returned with his daughter

and visitors. He one morning entered here and pressed me to sign a paper willing to him my property, promising then to agree to my wishes; but I knew he spoke false, and refused.

"Here, away from all life and pleasure, have I lived, the rightful wife of Lord Ravenswood, when I ought to be presiding over the castle as its mistress. You now see me for the last time. Disease has been for some time wasting my frame, and I know," she continued, placing her hand upon her heart, "I may live for years, yet I am liable to die at any moment. My life, since I left Italy, has been a sad one, and I care not to live longer; but sooner than allow my property to fall into the hands of Lord Ravenswood I shall enter a convent, and leave it to that institution."

She ceased; I arose, turned, and took a farewell glance at the tall, majestic figure, the pale face rendered still more so by contrast with the large, magnificent Italian eyes; then passed into the room I had left, and started to see Lord Ravenswood standing by the window with folded arms, gazing out into the still night, the moonlight falling in a shower through the branches of the trees. I glided softly on unheard by him, and when once more in my room, remembered the words of Lady Edith. I found the little red box she mentioned, and took from it a soft ringlet that curled round my finger as I lifted it, as if instinct with life. A plain gold locket was beneath, which opened as I touched a spring, and revealed the face of my darling lady.

A few days after I left the castle and returned to my father's house.

My sister and myself had been for a long time desirous of witnessing the ceremony of taking the veil, and it was on hearing that that ceremony was to be performed upon a certain day, in the convent of St. Veronica, that we determined to be present. Accompanied by the housekeeper of the castle, we started early in the afternoon of the eventful day, to enjoy the long walk before us.

As we passed up the broad walk leading to the convent, the silvery tone of the little bell floated with a soft, sweet cadence upon the air, the massive gates clanged behind us with a noise which reverberated through the long aisles and vaulted cloisters, and we stood in the chapel.

A large number had been drawn hither by curiosity, most of them foreigners. The setting sun played so brightly upon the windows of stained glass as to fling down innumerable shades of gorgeous colouring upon the stone floor.

The last notes of a chant were dying away in the distance as we seated ourselves, filled with a solemn awe. The sun dipped behind the horizon, and the golden gleam faded as dim twilight came creeping on.

Soon the heavy drapery of velvet, with a broad, gold fringe, concealing the choir, became agitated, the church was suddenly as if by magic illuminated, and the grand, rich tones of the organ swelled into one deep, rolling sound, the majestic peal of the music deepening into a strain of triumph.

The massive screen concealing the instrument gave a startling and thrilling effect to its music as it seemed bursting from spheres unknown, and a hundred voices joined, first low and sweet, but increasing in volume until in almost a pealing sound they joined in the evening hymn.

As the last notes died away in a lingering cadence, a door upon one side of the altar was thrown open, and a female figure entered leaning upon the arm of a bishop, and followed by a number of the inmates of the convent. I started and glanced at the housekeeper. Her face was pale but set. She also recognized the until recently mysterious lady.

Dressed as a bride, in a rich white silk, with diamonds glittering in her dark hair, she looked surpassingly beautiful. A murmur of admiration from the audience could be heard.

Without delay the ceremony proceeded. After taking the vows she was led by one of the sisters to inspect her own coffin, on which was engraved her new conventual name, "Sister Alice." The bishop enumerated all she would be obliged to relinquish upon leaving the world, to which she responded:

"I resign them—I resign them all."

She now assumed the conventual dress of black serge, and gracefully lowering herself in her coffin, the church was darkened, leaving barely enough light for us to see the nuns standing on either side, holding lighted tapers, while they chanted in a low, sepulchral tone, a monotonous dirge. Rising, the church was again illuminated, and she was embraced as "Sister Alice," and endowed with a crucifix and rosary. The bishop, pronouncing his benediction, exclaimed:

"Fortunate and happy daughter, may your days, months and years roll on unheeded, as the summer stream glides smoothly past a child sporting innocently on its banks!"

The whole sisterhood retired, and all was silent as the grave. The sound of deep, hard breathing caused me to turn around, and I saw Lord Ravenswood leaning against a pillar, his arms folded, his head bent, while his eyes were fastened upon the door that the beautiful lady had entered, and through which she had retired. Turning, he left the building.

The lights went out, and the powerful tone of the organ pealed forth, rising louder and louder until it thundered through the chapel, seeming to shake the very arches with its reverberations.

I returned home and wept tears of pity for the unfortunate Italian lady, who was perhaps even then sitting by—

The little window dim and dark,
Hung with ivy obscure and yew;
No shimmering there ever shone,
No balesome breeze there ever blew.

My story ends sadly, did you say, Nellie? But the clock strikes ten; your father will chide me for keeping you so late. I am afraid you will not want to come again to listen to the old woman's stories; young people dislike to hear stories with a sad ending. But I will try to hunt up something more cheerful.

I will watch and see you safe inside your gate.

She has gone, and as I lift the locket from the table and gaze upon the lovely face of Lady Edith, I cannot think her dead.

I know she rests in the kirkyard in far-off bonnie Scotland. I know the moon which sends its light streaming through the window, leaving a broad patch of silver upon the floor, shines with a lingering radiance upon her little grave, and glitters upon the granite slab which marks her resting-place. It is at this hour, after having allowed myself to travel through the wanderings and mazes of many years, and recall the scenes of my younger days, that I gaze back with longing upon my own dear Scotland. I see its rugged rocks and desolate moors mantled with the memories of bygone days, the thrilling associations of childhood and youth.

No matter how far removed from scenes dear to the memory, we cannot, if we would, push aside old associations, and forget our early home, for a "viewless chain that crosses ocean and continent, conveying from one to the other that subtle yet gracious influence that is quicker and stronger than the lightning's gleam," would carry us home again.

The mist enveloping years of trouble, care, and sorrow rolls away, and the days of childhood and youth break through the clouds, and are present before my eyes, while the voices of long ago seem speaking to me, as they

Sit the air so gently in the quiet of the flow,
That I listen as if dreaming as they unvisited come,
Chiming faintly, chiming quaintly, to the measure of
"Sweet Home."

And I seem again to hear the pure, clear, melodious voice of Lady Edith. But those happy days are past, never to return.

Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
They are gone, and for ever.

Many a one that clambered with me up the rocks to gather the earliest flowers now dwells within the tomb.

How the thought that we are growing old rises when we glance backward and allow memory to draw forth some cherished thought that has long been hid in the silence of the past.

But we have gained the cold wisdom of the world now. The earth is as fair as when my now white locks were a glossy brown. Yes, it is still as beautiful, but none are left to share it with me. I am alone—alone.

Soon my body will be lying in its cold, quiet home. The grass will grow upon my grave, the autumn breezes sigh through the churchyard trees, and the snow will fall upon the earth 'neath which my ashes lie.

A. C.

NEGRO BEAUTY.—The men led me up to a beautiful lady-like creature sitting alone under a tree. She received me without any expression of surprise, in the most dignified manner, and after having talked with the men, rose smiling, showing great gentleness in her manner, and led me to her hut. I had time to scrutinize the interesting stranger; she wore the Watutsi costume of a cow's skin reversed, teased into a frieze with a needle, coloured brown, and wrapped round her body from below the chest to the ankles. Lappets, showing zebra-like stripes of many colours, she wore as a "turnover" round the waist; and except where ornamented on one arm with a highly-polished coil of thick brass wire, two equally bright and massive rings on the right wrist, and a neck-pendant of brass wire—except these and her becoming wrapper, she was as nature. I was struck with her peculiarly-formed mouth and nose; the smallness of her hands and naked feet were all faultless. The arms and elbows were

rounded off like an egg, the shoulders were sloping—a perfect beauty, although darker than a brunette! After the fair one had examined my skin and my clothes, I expressed great regret that I had no beads to present her. "They are not wanted," she said. "Sit down, drink this buttermilk, and here is also some butter for you." It was placed on a clean leaf. I shook hands, patted her cheek, and took my leave; but some beads were sent her, and she paid me a visit, bringing butter and buttermilk, and (alas for feminine consistency!) asking for more presents, which she of course got, and I had the gratification to see her eyes sparkle at the sight of them. This was one of the few women I met during our whole journey that I admired. —*Captain Grant's Walk through Africa.*

POWER OF GENTLENESS.—No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words—by bitter scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproach, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet, guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and Patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been most successful labourers among the poor and vicious have been the most forbearing.

SPONGE DIVERS.

The mode of operation preparatory to a dive is very peculiar and interesting.

The diver whose turn it is takes his seat on the deck of the vessel at either the bow or stern, and placing by his side a large flat slab of marble weighing about 25 lbs., to which is attached a rope of the proper length and thickness (1½ inch), he then strips, and is left by his companions to prepare himself. This seems to consist in devoting a certain time to clearing the passages of his lungs by expectoration, and highly inflating them afterwards, thus oxydizing his blood very highly by a repetition of deep inspirations. The operation lasts from five to ten minutes, or more, according to the depth, and during it the operator is never interfered with by his companions, and seldom speaks or is spoken to; he is simply watched by two of them, but at a little distance, and they never venture to urge him or to distract him in any way during the process. It seems to a spectator as if the diver were going through a sort of mysterious ceremony or incantation.

When, from some sensation known only to himself, after these repeated low-drawn and heavy inspirations, he deems the fitting moment to have arrived, he seizes the slab of marble, and after crossing himself and uttering a prayer, plunges with it like a returning dolphin into the sea, and rapidly descends. The stone is always held during the descent directly in front of the head, at arm's length, and so as to offer as little resistance as possible; and by varying its inclination, it acts likewise as a rudder, causing the descent to be more or less vertical, as desired by the diver. As soon as he reaches the bottom, he places the stone under his arm to keep himself down, and then walks about upon the rock, or crawls under its ledges, stuffing the sponges into a netted bag with a hooped mouth, which is strung round his neck to receive them; but he holds firmly to the stone or rope all the while, a his safeguard for returning and for making the known signal at the time he desires it.

Now let us notice the proceedings of his companions in the boat floating some twenty or thirty fathoms above him. The two men who were nearest to him previously to his making the dive, but who systematically seem to place themselves so as to prevent him from conceiving the idea of being impatiently watched by them whilst undergoing the preparation, spring to their feet as soon as he disappears, and rush to the rope, which one of them then holds in his hand, veering it out or shortening it in as the diver moves about upon the bottom; and as soon as the signal indicative of his wish to return is felt, they commence hauling up the rope with great energy and earnestness, and in a way calculated to ensure the greatest expedition of ascent, since the overstay of a few seconds may be a point of life or death to the diver.

The hauling up is thus effected: the assistant who has hold of the rope, awaiting the signal, first reaches down with both hands as low as he can, and then grasping the rope, with a great bodily effort raises it up to nearly arm's length over his head; the second assistant is then prepared to make his grasp as low down as he can reach, and does the same, and so on, the two alternately, and by a fathom or more at a time and with great rapidity, bring the anxious diver to the surface. A heavy blow from his nostrils, to expel the water and exhausted air, indicates to his comrades that he is conscious and breathes.

A word or two is then spoken by one of his com-

panions to encourage him, if he seems much distressed, as is often the case; and the hearing of the voice is said by them to be a great support at the moment of their greatest state of exhaustion. A few seconds' rest at the surface, and then the diver returns into the boat to recover, generally putting on an under garment or jacket, to assist the restoration of the animal heat he has lost, and to prevent the loss of more by the too rapid evaporation of water from his body. Such is the trying life of a Levantine sponge-diver; and doubtless there are very few of us who have any idea of what a fellow-creature has suffered in procuring that little article which has become a necessity of our toilet-table and the luxury of our morning ablutions.—*Captain Spratt's Travels in Crete.*

THE FIRST OF MAY.

How shall I describe my two heroes?

If I were to launch into the minutest particulars respecting the exact colour of their eyes and the precise shade of their whiskers, you probably wouldn't know anything more about them when I get through than you do now. Just remember any two young men of your acquaintance who have faces that people like to look at, and tall, stalwart figures, straight and strong as poplars, and you'll have a general idea of Richard Maldon and Charley Forsyth, his friend.

Well, there they were, in the fourth storey back-room of Mrs. Pickley's human menagerie, commonly known to polite circles as a boarding-house—a dismal little room, with faded green curtains, and furniture which might once have been new, but had certainly got bravely over that period, to say nothing of a carpet, whose worn spots presented a continual series of snags and pitfalls to the enterprising footsteps that rashly dared to tread its precincts.

But there was a bright fire, and Dick Maldon was thoughtfully toasting his feet on the fender, regarding the anthracite with a speculative eye, while Forsyth, who had just entered, stood looking at him with elevated brows and compressed lips.

"Sit down, Charley," said Dick, pushing towards the new comer a rusty old rocking-chair, which had been officiating as a rest for his elbow. But Mr. Forsyth paid no attention to this alluring piece of furniture.

"Dick," said he solemnly, "be good enough to give me your undivided attention."

"Fire away," said Richard briefly.

"Do you see this bit of paper, folded crossways?"

"Yes."

"Well, this paper, handed to me by the landlady's servant as I came through the hall below, contains the agreeable notification that from the first of May next, our board—your board and mine, Richard!—will be raised from three to four pounds a week individually!"

Richard Maldon took his slippered feet from under the fender, and uttered a long, low whistle.

"Now, Dick," said Charley, "what should you suppose the size of the apartment to be?"

"Well—perhaps twelve by fourteen feet."

"Is the furniture sumptuous, or is it not?"

"Decidedly not."

"What are we daily regaled on—turtle soup, poultry, and delicate meats?"

"Sour bread, muddy coffee, rancid butter, ancient fowls—"

"Stop, or you'll give me the dyspepsia. What I want to know is simply this:—Do you consider it worth while to pay eight pounds per week into the coffers of the dragon below stairs for such accommodation and such a table-d'hôte as this?"

"But how can we help ourselves?" queried Richard, disconsolately. "We can't get married!"

"Blockhead!" was his friend's rather discourteous rejoinder. "Get married, indeed! A wife—and a milliner's bill—and a little account at the jeweller's—and the rent of a house. That would be jumping from the frying-pan into the fire with a vengeance! Dick, if you ever venture to suggest such a thing again, I'll clip on a strait-waistcoat and put you into a lunatic asylum."

"I didn't suggest it!" pleaded Mr. Maldon. "I only said we couldn't think of such a piece of folly."

"But I'll tell you what we can do!" said Forsyth, lowering his tone and looking knowingly into his companion's bewildered face. "We can go to house-keeping ourselves."

"Go to house-keeping!" repeated Richard, staring hopelessly at Charley.

"Certainly. Why not? It's the easiest thing in the world. Just take a snug little house on one of the side streets, and furnish it up plainly, and keep bachelor's hall. I would do the cooking."

"Come, none of your chaff!" interrupted Richard.

"You can't cook!"

"Can't I though. Wait and see, old fellow."

"But did you ever cook anything?" persisted Richard, sceptically.

"N—no; but I could, I'm certain."

"How would you broil a beefsteak for dinner?"

"A beefsteak?—Easy. I'd put it in a pan, and shake it round over the fire, with lots of red pepper and Worcestershire sauce!"

"How did you learn?" said Dick, admiringly.

"It's science, my dear boy—science! Do you suppose that I, an educated man, must need go into a kitchen and learn to do such things like Biddy, fresh from Ireland?"

"But can you make coffee?"

"Of course. Put a handful of real Mocha into a tea-kettle, and fill it with hot water, and break an egg into it, and let it boil."

"What's the egg for?"

"To clear it—stupid!"

"Charley, you're a genius, and no mistake," said Richard. "We'll keep house—it's a settled thing!"

"Get your hat, Dick. We will engage the house forthwith."

"I don't see how you are to get a house?"

"Dick, you've a colossal mind, but it soars a little too high for every-day use. We will examine every mansion adorned with a bill, until we meet the Eureka of dwelling houses. Don't be all day, or somebody will take the very house that I feel confident is now waiting for us!"

"I am ready now—come on!" said Dick, hurriedly buttoning up his overcoat.

Our heroes dodged past the portly form of Mrs. Pickley on the stairs, as if her spectacled eyes could have fathomed their treasurable intent, and experienced a sensation of vast relief when they were safe out on the pavement.

"Now, Dick," said Forsyth, as they turned into a pretty unpretending little street branching from one of the more imposing, "I'll look on this side, and you on the other, and whoever sees a bill first sing out."

"Here's one now," ejaculated Richard. "'This House to Let—Inquire within.'"

Charley ran briskly up the steps and sounded the bell with some energy. It was answered by an old woman in a bombazine dress and a face like cast iron, who stepped out on the threshold and examined the bell-wire, without paying the least attention to the two gentlemen standing there.

"It's all right," said the old woman. "I s'posed you'd pulled it clean out of the socket. Now, then, what's wantin'?"

"If you please, ma'am," said Charley, rather confused by the episode of the bell-wire, "we should like to look at this house."

"Think o' takin' it, eh?"

"We may possibly do so, in case the apartments prove suitable."

"Wives sick at home?"

"No, ma'am," said Charley promptly, while Dick instinctively retreated from the question which was shot at them like a projectile.

"Well then, why don't they come to look at houses? I can't have a parcel o' men tramping over my carpets."

"We are not married, ma'am," humbly apologized Charley, "but—"

"Then what do you want of a house?" snarled the venerable matron.

Charley began to lose patience.

"Unmarried men are not generally supposed to reside in the open street, or live in tents, ma'am," he said. "Will you allow us to look at this house?"

"No—I'll not," said the old lady, setting her arms akimbo and planting her feet resolutely on the threshold. "Get along with you for a couple of impudent jackanapes. Do you s'pose I'm goin' to let my house for gambling and champagne parties, and all such sinful goin's on? I ain't—not by a long sight. And you may go back where you come from, for—"

The rest of the sentence was swallowed up in distance, for Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Maldon had wisely beat a retreat at the first big drops that betokened a coming shower of wordy invective.

"Mem,—To beware of old women in bombazine dresses," said Charley, as they turned the corner. "Suppose, just for the respectability of the thing, we make believe we are married men at the next place."

Dick shook his head.

"I wouldn't do that—I'd stick to the plain facts of the case," said he. "There's another bill, Charley—perhaps there are no old women there."

It was a superb mansion, over which they were led by a pretty little serving maid in a white apron and pink ribbons in her net—a house with marble mantles, frescoed ceilings, gilded door-knobs, and entrance of tessellated marble. Charley looked at Dick and nodded his head. Dick smiled approval.

"The very house we want," said the former, "not too large, and yet not suggestive of a bandbox."

"Fitted up with elegance and taste," echoed Dick.

"Decidedly homelike."

"We'll take it," said Charley. "What is the rent, my good girl?"

"Two hundred pounds, sir, including water-rates," said the damsel of the pink ribbons.

Charley's countenance fell. Richard deftly turned a cry of dismay into an asthmatic cough.

"I—I don't think it will suit us," faltered Charley.

"We'll call again in case we conclude to take it."

And once more they were thrown wanderers upon the world.

"I tell you what, Charley," said Mr. Maldon, "this house hunting isn't such an easy matter after all. Let's quit and pay the eight pounds per week."

"Never!" said the indomitable Charles. "I'll live under an umbrella first."

Even as he spoke he ascended the steps of a snug little brick house, where a white bill flaunted like a dimple on the rosy cheek of beauty. But neither old lady nor Irish girl came to the door—it was a tall, pretty young lady with a deep blue merino dress, and eyes that matched the shade exactly, hair of burnished gold, and the most mischievous of laughing mouths.

Charley stepped back on Dick's toes, overcome with sudden sheepishness.

"You ask, Dick!" he whispered, nudging his companion in the ribs.

Dick grimaced a little—he had corns—but he was a great deal too chivalrous to desert an old comrade in a strait.

"Is this house to let, ma'am?"

"Why, of course it is, Mr. Dick Maldon! Don't you see the bill?"

"Kitty Fortescue! this isn't you?"

"Who else should it be?" said the young lady, holding out both her pretty hands with a most bewitching smile of welcome.

"The tiny girl that used to beg my apples away in school-time, and pay me with kisses and promises to be my little wife. Why, she wasn't three feet high, and you're a woman grown!" persisted Dick.

"Nonsense," said Kitty Fortescue, colouring a little, and growing suddenly shy. "Did you wish to look at the house?"

Upon which Richard Maldon remembered himself, introduced his companion, and stated their errand.

"Dick, she's a beauty," whispered Charles, as they followed the tripping fairy downstairs. "Her eyes are like the Canterbury bells in my mother's garden at home. Ask her some questions—I like to hear her talk."

"Ask her yourself," returned Dick, smitten with the consciousness of his own inferiority. "Charley, I wish we were well out of this."

"When did you meet her before?"

"Meet her? why we were children together, up at Glensboro'. Who would have thought of seeing her here!"

"Never saw such splendid hair in my life!" muttered Charley, in a sort of ecstatic reverie, as Miss Fortescue turned round to communicate some information respecting gas and water-pipes.

"Well, he'll never be through," fretted Dick, as his companion protracted the operation of "seeing" the various rooms, insisting on specific statements on every possible topic. "Come, Charley—aren't you going?"

"One moment. I should like to look once more at that reception room, Miss Fortescue, if it won't be too much trouble."

"Oh, none at all," said Kitty, demurely.

"It's one o'clock, Forsyth!" groaned Dick. "I'm going home, whatever it may suit your pleasure to do."

"Come along, then, you impatient mortal," said Forsyth, good-humouredly. "We are much obliged to you, Miss Fortescue."

"Well?" queried Dick, when they were fairly in the street.

"It's a capital house, and a reasonable rent; I think we'll take it, Richard. I've seen old pictures by Salvator Rosa with just such a tint."

"It's red, ain't it?"

"Red? Her hair?"

"No—the front of the house."

"Hang houses! who's talking about houses?"

"Well," said Richard, resignedly, "I thought we were, but if we're not—Come, let's go in to lunch!"

The April twilight touched the walls of the shabby little fourth-storey back room at Mrs. Pickley's with opal softness, the fire glinted brightly through the bars of the grate, as Richard Maldon came in that evening, weary with his day's lawyer-work, and very willing to enjoy an hour of *dolce far niente* with his fast friend, Mr. Forsyth. But that gentleman was hatted and overcoated, just going out, as Dick opened the door.

"Hallo, Charley—where are you bound for?"

"Why, you see, Dick—the fact is, I dropped my

gloves somewhere this morning, and I thought I'd better look after 'em."

"By all means," said Dick, rather maliciously. "Was it at the house where the old woman in the bombazine gown lived?"

Mr. Forsyth did not answer, but he slammed the door rather emphatically as he took his departure.

Dick Maldon slowly took off his outer wrappings, steadily gazing into the fire as he did so, apparently pondering some deep question in his mind.

"It can't be possible," he said, after a minute's meditation. "No, it can't. Charley's not such a fool as that! Heigho! what shall I do with myself this evening? I'm half a mind to go to Clara Melten's sociable. I had determined to stay at home—but what's the use? A fellow can't remain all alone in his room like a turtle in its shell! and Clara is a nice girl—that is, for a girl!" added Dick, disparagingly.

The April sunsets had softened into the deep, radiant blue of coming May, and the little fire in the fourth-storey back room grew faint and dim, as if the red coals knew they should shine no more on the frank faces of the two young men who had shared that fireside so long.

Frank faces, but a little embarrassed to-night. They spoke constrainedly, as if a slight, intangible barrier had somehow floated up between their two hearts—they did not look one another as straight in the eyes as was their wont.

"Dick," said Mr. Forsyth, suddenly rising to his feet, "I have something to say to you."

"Have you?" returned Maldon, giving the wavering coals a desperate poke. "Well, to tell you the truth, Charley, I was just thinking how I could best confide a little matter to you."

"It's about that house on Morrice Street that we were intending to rent together."

"And go to housekeeping? Well?"

"Miss Fortescue prefers to retain the house herself."

"Herself? What's that for?"

"I believe she is going to be married."

"Is she? Who's the happy man?"

"Charley Forsyth—at your service," said the young man, looking up into his friend's face with laughing defiance. "Yes, I'm actually going to turn married man."

"So am I!" said Dick, valiantly. "Let's exchange congratulations! And then we'll go and see Clara."

"Why, I was going to propose our spending the evening with Kitty!"

"We'll go to Clara's first, and then we'll call on Kitty afterwards. That will settle the matter," said Richard, sagely.

So, instead of Dick and Charley setting up a joint establishment, they set up separate ones, and went to housekeeping on the first of May, as originally intended. And Mrs. Pickley's fourth-storey back room is vacant. A. B.

How is IT DONE?—A foreign newspaper mentions a magic toy figure of a man which, when on the ground, immediately commences dancing in perfect time to any tune, astonishing all present, and defying detection. It is sold at sixpence and a shilling. They have also a donkey which dances on a similar principle. Inventors on the watch for novelties for the holidays should look into this subject.

EPIDEMIC AT ALDERSHOT.—We are sorry to hear that there is an unusual mortality among children at Aldershot. On falling sick, they are immediately ordered into hospital, and all access to them denied to the parents. The highest state of excitement prevails in the camp amongst the married people, and the harsh measures of the medical authorities have provoked some half-frenzied parents into acts of insubordination in their attempts to see their children. A Board of Inquiry on the subject has been held, in which the chief medical officers of the camp took part, when it was determined to remove those families where the sickness has been out of the camp under canvas. There are great complaints of the crowded state of the quarters in camp, and of the scarcity of water, there not being sufficient to flush the drains. The system of drainage at Aldershot was never of the best, and, with a deficiency of water, it is now in a very bad condition.

REMEMBER ME.—There are not two other words in the language that can recall a more fruitful train of past remembrances of friendship than these. Look through your library, and when you cast your eyes upon a volume that contains the name of an old companion, it will see, "Remember me." Have you an ancient album, the repository of mementos of early affection? Turn over its leaves, stained by the finger of time—sit down and ponder upon the names enrolled on them—each speaks, each says, "Remember me." Go into the crowded churchyard, among the marble

tombs, read the simple and brief inscriptions that perpetuate the memory of departed ones; they too have a voice that speaks to the heart of the living, and says, "Remember me." Walk in the scenes of early rambles; the well-known paths of the winding streams, the over-spread trees, the green and gently sloping banks, recall the dreams of juvenile pleasure, and the recollections of youthful companions; they too bear the treasured injunction, "Remember me." And this is all that is left of the wide circle of our earthly friends. Scattered by fortune, or called away by death, or thrown without our rank by the changes of circumstances or of character—in time we find ourselves left alone with the recollection of what they were.

MAUD.

CHAPTER VIII.

While I shall live, so long will I remain
The captive of this name! In it shall bloom
My every fortune, every lovely hope!
Inextricably as in some magic ring,
In this name hath my destiny charm-bound me.

Schiller.

"STILL, though you may be neither courtier, nor great general, men respect and love you well, I am sure of that."

"Some do; for all human beings are loved to some degree."

"But you will not tell me who—"

The youth interrupted her rather impatient question with a light laugh.

"Ay; but I will, since you deign to ask in plain words. My father was a fast adherent of the Duke of York, and fell with him at the battle of Wakefield. No one can dispute that I am of gentle birth, and hold some favour with the king; as for my name—"

Maud looked up, eager and expectant.

"My name," repeated the youth, "must be made illustrious by brave acts before I proclaim it with pride."

Maud's countenance clouded.

"Still a stranger, still an enemy to our cause," she murmured.

"To the Lancastrian cause, ay; but not to the warrior earl who led it; for from him I took my first lesson in arms."

"From the great earl?"

"Even so. He was ever generous of his own skill to those he thought brave."

"Yet you fought against him?"

"When he turned traitor and rebel I did. But question me no more on this theme, sweet one. In these evil times men must, perforce, have secrets which are unsafe to reveal, though nothing of dishonour is attached to them. Look in my face and say if the heart underneath is to be trusted."

Maud lifted her eyes, dark, deep, full of intelligence, and searched that calm face as far as she could for shame. What she read there was indefinite even to herself; but one thing was certain, the quiet power of that young face overawed her, and she shrunk from questioning him farther. Yet the very mystery of his presence, seizing upon an imagination unusually vivid and fostered in solitude, deepened the influence he had gained over her, and she loved him all the better for the mastery his intellect had gained over her own guileless nature.

"Maud!"

The young girl started, and a delicious shiver passed over her, for the word was uttered in a voice so clear and thrillingly tender, that it vibrated through every nerve in her body.

"Maud, what have you read in my face?"

She answered in a hushed breath, "Power!"

"The power of love," he whispered; "of a love so great that it will not be denied."

Maud was frightened and shrunk away from the arm with which he would have encircled her waist.

"What, is this fear? Has my face spoken so falsely? Maud—sweet Maud! I would make you my wife!"

Somehow his arm had circled her waist unresisted, and her head lay upon the young man's bosom, while his kisses fell softly on her forehead.

"Shall it be so, sweet one?"

She lifted her head, and shook back the hair from her forehead, still ruy with his kisses.

"When you call me Maud, I have nothing to answer by," she said, with a heavenly smile. "Men without names do not wed with well-born maidens."

"Call me Richard, then—Richard Raby."

"Richard Raby!" murmured Maud. "It is a sweet-sounding name."

"And are you content to wear it?"

"Am I content?" she said. "Am I content? Oh, yes! though it prove but a humble name, and carries little save gentle blood with it. My father was wont to say that a brave man carves out his own nobility."

I know that you are valiant, and feel that time will bring all the rest."

"Then you can trust me unquestioningly?"

"Yes!"

He drew her face to his, and sealed this strange troth-plight on her lips.

That moment Albert came up from the hollow with his cap overflowing with great, blue violets, which he had gathered from the brook-side. He paused a few paces from the larch-trees, and looked upon the young couple with strange bewilderment. They did not heed him, and, seized by some strange impulse, he hesitated to approach them, but sunk slowly to the ground, and covering his face, began to cry. After awhile he looked up, and through the tears that still swelled in his eyes, saw the young couple sitting together in blissful silence. Then he arose, took his cap from the earth, stole softly along the grass, and poured his treasure of blossoms at their feet while they were quite unconscious of his presence.

"It is a libation!" exclaimed the young man, gathering a handful of the flowers, and presenting them to Maud. "This poor witting comes like a blessed spirit to crown our happiness. Now, farewell! It shall not be long before we meet again."

Maud looked at him with a wistful question in her glance, to which he replied, as if she had spoken.

"In three days from this be ready, and meet me here. Prepare the people at the farm-house for a sudden departure. They must know nothing of this."

Maud turned white, and began to tremble; but she answered, with some firmness, that she would be ready. The youth fell into thought a moment, then spoke again.

"There is no relative here who has a right to question your movements?" he asked.

"None. I am, alas! quite alone."

"Nor in London?"

Maud remembered the uncle who was acting that daring part near Edward's court, and hesitated in her answer.

"Nor in London?" repeated the youth, with more emphasis.

"There is a woman who was with me that morning at the tower, one Mistress Shore."

The youth started, and bit his lip.

"What, Mistress Shore a kinswoman?"

"No, no!" cried Maud, eager to remove the annoyance that he seemed to feel. "She is this poor wiling's sister. Their mother was my foster nurse; and she is the wife of a thriving tradesman in the city. She and her husband were the only persons who had the power or will to offer me shelter, when the storm of battle swept over my home."

"Poor, kind-hearted fool! her home will soon be dark enough, or I mistake the signs!" muttered the youth, inly; but his face cleared, and after a few more words, full of warmth and generous affection, he untied his horse, and, mounting him, rode away.

Maud chieftest watched him with all her soul in that farewell gaze, till he disappeared in the distance, while Albert stood by, with his eyes fixed on her changing countenance with the faithful intelligence of a Newfoundland dog. When her lover was gone, when the last faint tramp of his horse died away on the turf, Maud sat down on the spot where that strange declaration of love had been made, and gave herself up to a heaven of such sweet tears as a woman can know but once in a lifetime. She loved, and was beloved; this one thought filled her whole being with an ecstasy of delight. She forgot the mystery, the risk, the possible shame that might follow a marriage which her lover evidently intended to be private. In her youth and inexperience these things took but little importance. She felt that he loved her purely and truly—and that was enough. Had it been otherwise, had there been a dishonourable thought in that young man's heart, with her quick sympathies and almost marvellous intuition, she would have felt it, and doubt might have rendered her prudent. But she had perfect faith in his love, and therefore in his integrity. So her reverie there by the brook was one dream of happiness, not the less sweet that it was vague and rose-clouded. She gathered up the violets which he had given her, and inhaled their fragrance with sighs of exquisite enjoyment. She bathed her lips with their dew, and held them tenderly between her folded hands, as if a movement might crush them and wound her own heart.

The wiling, seeing the soul in her gaze, gathered the violets which had been scattered at her feet, and formed them into a pretty bouquet, with spears of pointed grass shooting out from the centre, and green leaves nestling in their blueness; but she put the offering gently aside, as if he disturbed her, and fell to kissing the blossoms in her hand, and inhaling their sweetness with long-drawn, delicious sighs, that seemed to waft their perfume through her whole being.

Albert, sad and disappointed, sat down at her feet, and watched the changes on her beautiful face with sad and wondering eyes.

Once he lifted his hand toward hers, timidly challenging notice; but she drew back, and bade him be quiet in a voice that troubled him.

At last she grew conscious of his presence, and bending down to his fair, vacant face, kissed it, murmuring:

"The gorse burst into blossom to-day, and lo! he is here; art thou not glad, Albert—art thou not glad?"

Then the wittling leaped to his feet, and flinging his bouquet into the air, began to caper and dance among the long grass, clapping his hands gleefully, thus giving expression to the exuberant joy which her notice had given him.

Even a first love-dream cannot last for ever. The wild delight into which her notice had thrown the lad brought Maud from her vision of Paradise, and reminded her that the sun was far past noon, and the old people at the farm-house would be waiting for their dinner. So, taking Albert by the hand, she led him homeward, across the battle-field, and through the orchard, full of wonder in her own heart that the earth had become so beautiful since the morning.

Meantime the youth turned across the broken ground, on leaving the battle-field, and rode eastward. To him the earth had taken gleams of Paradise since the morning; for when love masters a strong nature, like a great fire, it burns brighter from the mass of materials it consumes. This young man was possessed of one master passion, that, sooner or later, would devour all others in its unappeasable greed.

But ambition is seldom so concentrated in youth that the first great want in human life, love, will not, for a time, hold it in abeyance; and in every young man, the passion that gains supremacy carries all the strength of an ardent nature with it. Still, in the case of this strange youth, it was impossible to blind or silence an intellect clear as crystal, and sharp as steel. If the ruling passion demanded a sacrifice, he understood it well, and was capable of estimating the full value of all he assumed or gave up with mathematical clearness. A rash man, in his situation, might have been less honourable, or less selfish; for, with him, that which seemed pure honour in the eyes of a generous young girl, was, in fact, the most selfish calculation. The first grand passion of his life demanded its object, and both his intellectual and epicurean tastes exacted that which a fine sense of right would have dictated. This young philosopher was the last man in the world to dash the bloom from the grapes he intended to eat.

With all his superiority of intellect and taste, the young man was in love far more deeply than a less gifted person would have been. He surrounded the object of his choice with nothing but respectful and loving thoughts. With the example of the king before his eyes, he felt that the love of a man in high position was enough to ennoble its object, and experienced a degree of pride in the power which could lift even the weak and insignificant to its own level.

This young man was terribly ambitious, but it had never occurred to him to pursue aims of aggrandizement by a barter of the heart on the battle-field, or in an encounter of wit among men who were ready to cut a path to the highest position within an Englishman's reach; but it was too early in life, and the temptation was not yet sufficient to influence him into a soul-barter with the world.

(To be continued.)

MEDICAL CERTIFICATES IN FRANCE.—It is not generally known that such certificates must be written on stamped paper; this has been made evident, very lately, by several prosecutions. Of course the writer of the certificate may require the person making use of it to pay for the stamp; but with the poor, he is often obliged to do so himself.

HEART AND BRAIN.—In some of the lowest types, no trace of a nervous mechanism can be discovered. A little higher in the scale, the mechanism is very slight and simple. Still higher it becomes complex and important. It culminates in man. Corresponding with this scale of complexity in the sensitive life is the scale of complexity in the nutritive life. As the two rise in importance they rise in the scale of dependence. Thus a frog or a triton will live long after its brain is removed. I have kept frogs for several weeks without their brains, and tritons without their heads. Redi, the illustrious Italian naturalist, kept a turtle alive five months after the removal of its brain. Now it is needless to say that in higher animals death would rapidly follow the loss of the brain. A somewhat similar parallelism is seen on the removal of the heart. None of the higher animals can survive a serious injury to the heart, but that organ may be removed from a reptile, and the animal will crawl away seemingly as lively as ever. A frog will live several hours without a heart, and will hop, swim, and struggle as if uninjured. Still, once removed

all the viscera from a frog, which, however, continued for one hour to hop, defend itself, and in various ways manifest its vitality.—*The Heart and the Brain.*

Advices from Nelson, New Zealand, state that a new goldfield has been discovered at Okitiki, situated on the west coast of the Middle Island.

ALGIERS IN 1865.

ALL the houses, great and small, are built on one plan, round a central court, which is often supported on no more than four columns, and is only eight or ten feet square. The doors are sometimes approached by a descent of half-a-dozen steps—sometimes they are placed three feet up in the wall, with a small block or stone to enable those to enter who find a single step of thirty-six inches a feat beyond their agility. The only external ornaments of the architecture are the doorways, which are occasionally of marble, neatly sculptured.

The palace of the bishop is the best existing example of a handsome Moorish house. The court and its galleries, supported on twisted columns of white marble, are paved and wainscoted with tiles, which, however, appear to be of the indifferent modern manufacture of Valencia or Naples. The cellar ballustrades and the doors are grand specimens of intricate oriental latticework and panelling; the beams and the ceilings are richly carved and painted, and the plaster-work recalls that of the Alhambra, in its elaborate variety of design. In spite of its antique air, I believe the building is not older than the present century; and I am told that the marble columns and pavement employed in its construction and in that of most other luxurious Algerine dwellings, were wrought in Italy. The palace of the Governor-general is a somewhat larger house of the same kind, but not so well preserved, and considerably disfigured by the incongruous additions by a French architect. It is said to be insufficient in accommodation, and a new official residence for the Governor is about to be built on Sir Morton Peto's new boulevard. Both the bishop and the Governor have country houses; the one on the south and the other on the north side of the town; and the bishop resides constantly at his villa, only using his Moorish palace for his public receptions.

Society here is probably much the same as in the provincial capitals of France, consisting chiefly of civil and military officials and their families, with a thin sprinkling of the commercial class, and on public occasions a dash of the native element. The Governor-general, Marshal MacMahon, and Madame la Maréchal, are hospitable and popular. At one ball, besides the polychromatic soldiers, I counted half-a-dozen civil uniforms: blue and silver, blue and gold in various styles, blue and red, and black velvet with black lace. The marshal did not wear the cuirass of gold embroidery which usually denotes his rank, but the plain blue coat of a general officer, with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour. A good many native gentlemen, most of them in the snow-white burnous of Barbary, and black turban, sat on the sofa, or leaned against the columns. Many of them wore a bit of red ribbon on their white drapery, or a star indicative of one or the other grade in the same legion. The salary of the Governor-general of Algeria seems to be hardly on a scale equal to that of the other great posts of the empire, being only 125,000 francs a year, and of a fifth part of that sum the present tenant is mulcted, in order to provide a pension for the widow of his predecessor, Marshal Pelissier. Perhaps there may be various other allowances attached to the office; but £4,000 a year is not a large sum to support vicereignty in a colony where everything but the necessities of life must come from Europe, and where everything that comes from Europe is dear.

A ball given by the mayor a few nights ago afforded me an opportunity of seeing something of the bourgeoisie of Algiers, of a class beneath that which is admitted to the more aristocratic gatherings at Government House.

The Hotel de Ville, where it took place, is a purely modern building, in the French style, with a small inner court, filled with orange and banana trees. The rooms are convenient and commonplace. In addition to the usual stream of uniforms and crinolines which flowed past the mayors, there was a considerable number of reverend *cadi*s, who administer Mussulman justice amongst the natives, in their gigantic turbans of snow-white lawn, or rich cashmere.

One end of the ball-room was filled with a bevy of Jewesses, some in French costume, and the rest, perhaps a dozen, in their ancient attire: usually a high-waisted gown of some rich embroidered stuff—though one of the dark-eyed dames wore crimson trimmed with white—a scarf, and a singularly ungraceful head-dress, consisting of a close black cap, or kerchief, bound tight round the skull, surmounted by a smaller cap,

worn at the back of the head, covered with gold coins. In spite of their fine eyes, the effect produced by these ladies was not pleasing; their foreheads being generally narrow and mean, their complexions sallow, and their mouths large and coarse.

Algiers is provided with a spacious and handsome theatre, but the company, though it receives a considerable contribution from the state, does not succeed in obtaining the patronage of the public, the house being seldom half full.

Most of the inhabitants seem to prefer enjoying the cool of the evening, between seven and ten o'clock, in the Place du Gouvernement, where the ladies gossip and the men smoke beneath the gas-lit palm-trees.

The beautiful hills and shores round Algiers are traversed in all directions by excellent roads, between which run many pretty shady lanes and byways, affording charming rides and walks.

Tolerable saddle-horses may be hired for five francs a day, and an open carriage with a pair of horses costs two francs an hour. Omnibuses ply on all the roads, and one of the features of Algiers is a stand of these huge vehicles, on which sometimes twenty or thirty may be seen at once in front of the theatre. An omnibus may be hired at the same rate as an ordinary caleche, which must be a convenience and an economy to the full-quivered paterfamilias.

The Jardin d'Essai, about five kilometres to the south of the town, is one of the most interesting objects in the vicinity. It lies on both sides of the high-road, stretching on one side down to the sea, and on the other, to the crest of the hill which runs parallel to the shore; and the lower portion is historically interesting as the site where Charles V. landed in 1541, and whence, three days later, the shattered remains of his fleet carried off the shattered remains of his army.

The principal features of the garden are two thriving avenues, each about half-a-mile long, the one of platanus and the other of palm, and these are intersected by a narrow alley of bamboos, delightful in its soft whispers and deep umbrage. Extensive nurseries of orange, citron, palm, and all sorts of trees suited to the climate of the colony, are traversed by agreeable walks, and varied by pens, in which ostriches and other large birds, and several varieties of the antelope, are bred with apparent success.

The upper garden commands from its walks, which are shaded by trees from all parts of the world, a noble view of Algiers and its bay. The extent of the whole is about forty hectares, or one hundred acres. Somewhat further on, the road ascends to the crest of the hill, and reaches the village of Kouba, conspicuous by its high-domed church attached to a Jesuit college, still in progress of erection. Two buildings, consisting of spacious and airy corridors, have been reared right and left of the church, and appear to be already occupied by the fathers and their pupils. The mildness of the climate of Algiers may be estimated by the fact that these galleries are each open at the end to the external air, and are further ventilated above by unglazed openings. The northern side of the building affords one of the best views of Algiers; the eastern side of a part of the great plain of the Metidja.

On the other, or north side of Algiers, there is also another ambitious ecclesiastical edifice, still incomplete, conspicuous on a lofty headland overhanging the sea—the church of Our Lady of Africa. It is in the Italian-Gothic style, with a tall dome, and a semi-circular domed apse at each of the ends. It is being built, I believe, by voluntary contributions collected by the bishop. The work is discontinued for the winter, as the keeper gravely told me, one brilliant afternoon, with the thermometer standing about seventy-five in the shade, on account of the "mauvais temps."

The vicinity of Algiers abounds in country-houses, hung upon heights looking to the sea, or nestling in the winding valleys behind them. The owners usually occupy them themselves during the summer, and let or try to let them to foreigners during the winter. Visited on a fine forenoon in January, they appear charming retreats; but during the rainy season, and what is called the cold season, those who have tried them as residences say they are apt to be damp. Communication with the town, for purposes of marketing and other business, is generally rendered easy by the omnibuses.

As a specimen Moorish villa, I went to the Château Didra, formerly a country-house belonging to the dey, and now the property of an ex-milliner of Paris and London. It is situated on the extensive table-land south of the town, and is some eight or nine kilometres distant from it. The exterior presents the aspect of a square, white-washed box of two stories, flanked by lower, red-tiled buildings. Crossing an outer stable court, you enter one neatly paved with white marble, round which are built the kitchen and other offices, and from which a porch leads to the staircase of the principal mansion. This consists of

the usual square court of two stories, with its double range of white columns and tiled galleries. Two or more rooms open from each gallery; and the only change which appears to have been made in them since the day's time was the addition of here and there a fire-place in the European fashion.

A good deal of the little furniture they contained—tables, bedsteads and wardrobes—were of native workmanship, and rudely painted in bright colours, as also were the doors and other wooden fixtures. The views from the small windows on one side over the undulating table-land, and on the other over the plain of the Metidja and the ranges of Atlas, were charming; and the towered top of the house commanded a still more extensive prospect, as well as all the breezes of heaven. By an arrangement not in accordance with Frank habits, the dining-room was in the outer court, and could only be reached from the house proper by crossing the court from the porch. The sharp and civil landlady extolled her dwelling, as she no doubt used to magnify the delicate wares of her sale-room, demanding for leave to live in it the sum of one thousand francs per month; but likely to be tempted, as was privately hinted to me in the town, by a much smaller sum. The house is surrounded by a spacious walled garden and orange orchard; and the property, consisting of forty hectares, yields, as its mistress averred, the best oranges, grapes, silk and cotton grown in Algeria.

CHARMS AND COUNTER-CHARMS.

CROWDED was the opera-house, the representation being "Trovatore," and every ear was strained, and every eye fixed upon the stage where stood the wonderful tenor, warbling one of his finest cadences. One, however, in that listening multitude seemed forgetful of the flute-sweet melody, in the interest with which another thought held his mind.

Standing in one of the passages, a young man was critically examining the face of a girl who sat with dilating eyes and fluctuating colour, drinking in the soft Italian cadences.

As the song melted into silence, a shower of bouquets and flutter of handkerchiefs testified the appreciation of the feminine portion of the audience. In the midst of the storm of applause following the solo, two or three young men joined this solitary lounge, who had not moved from his position.

As they came in noisily, criticising the performance and humming fragments of the air, one of them appealed to him, where he stood, a little apart, for support in some opinion just advanced with regard to the song.

"Really," was the careless reply, "I hardly observed."

Upon this, one of the party whispered a disgusted aside:

"Precisely what one might expect from Victor—never content to be like other people. This is just one of his airs."

"I am not so sure of that," returned the other, who had been looking on with watchful interest. "He is evidently deeply struck by something—all the worse!" he added, in an undertone, then, turning to Victor, "What new star have you discovered in the galaxy of beauty?"

The gentleman addressed did not answer, save by lowering his lorgnette, and directing his companion's attention to the girl whom he had so closely scrutinized.

"Do you know her?" he asked.

Thus questioned, Ellery also raised his glass, but his face clouded upon recognizing the object of his interest, at whom he continued to look for some time.

"Well, your answer?" said a voice beside him.

He started, and changed the direction of his glass as he spoke.

"Oh, yes, to be sure. You mean Mrs. Arden, I presume. How handsome she is looking to-night."

"Very," said the other, drily. "But it is not she I mean. This one is more fair and childish, with golden hair and blue eyes, like your ideas of angels."

There was a mocking gleam in the dark eyes, but no change of tone.

"Oh," said Ellery, hastily, "golden hair and blue eyes? Miss Senter, of course. Not so much to my taste as the brunette style, but very natural that you should prefer it. Next act will begin in two minutes. By Jove! how confoundedly hot it is here. I must go and cool off."

And the young man, who had evidently been rattling on as fast as possible in order to avoid more questions, was escaping, when a hand was laid upon his arm.

"No, no!" said a voice, impatiently, and the slight excitement brought a foreign accent into the tone.

"Stop! I mean not the one you say. It is the next, in blue and white. You know her. Who?"

Ellery looked as if he would gladly have departed without giving the desired information, but meeting the dark glance fixed upon him, he shrugged his shoulders, saying, with an attempt at carelessness:

"That little creature? Oh, that is Alice Waring, I believe. Quite pretty for a bread-and-butter school-girl."

"Thanks," said his companion, with a wicked smile.

Ellery departed, somewhat ill at ease, while Victor raised his glass again. Two young men who had entered with Ellery were standing there still, and one of them directed his companion's attention towards this proceeding. The latter, who having remained at some little distance had not observed all that had been passing, now turned hastily around, appearing much annoyed at what he saw.

"I will wager a dozen bottles of champagne," said the first, "that he makes Miss Waring look at him before he puts that glass down."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, quickly.

"Wait one moment—you will see. Ah! I said so. You see, you would have lost the bet."

He was right. Beneath the continued gaze of Victor, Alice Waring had seemed uneasy. Her eyes, fixed at first upon the libretto which she had been studying, by some subtle influence were drawn upward, wandering hither and thither, to settle at last on the face of this persistent admirer. Perceiving this, he dropped his glass, and looked, undisguisedly, full in her eyes, standing, as he did, quite near enough to render it practicable. The colour rushed over her face, her eyes fell with a startled look, and she shivered slightly, although the house was oppressively warm.

"Pleasant that, upon my word; and from a perfect stranger, too!" commented the first speaker, as he witnessed this little episode. "I don't know another man possessed of such utter—well, you may name it what you like, I call it impudence. Anybody else would get the cold shoulder he deserved for such manners. But the laws are not made for the king, you know."

"Who is he?" asked his companion, Henry Allingham, in an undertone.

"What! don't you know him?" his companion rejoined, wonderingly. "Oh, to be sure; you were not in town last season, were you? I had forgotten—and he has just made his appearance for the season. Well, to answer your question—really, I am not sure that I can tell myself, for he is extremely mysterious. I only know this; that his mother was a Spanish lady of Cuba, where he has an estate. I should imagine that he was English on one side, for Victor is not a Spanish name, and the fellow speaks our language perfectly, except, perhaps, in a moment of excitement. He is said to be immensely wealthy, and on his appearance here last season, instantly became the rage. That's the extent of my information."

Henry Allingham had listened earnestly.

"Well?" he said, after a pause, which seemed to imply the expectation of something more. "What is there in all this to make you so confidently predict that he would make Miss Waring look at him?"

"Nothing, of course. That was merely the result of some private observations of my own."

"And what, if that's not a secret?" asked Allingham.

"Why—it's rather a complicated story. There's something peculiar about the fellow. Ask Ellery—he knows more of him than I do. In fact, I believe he is a far-away cousin of his."

"You don't like him?"

"No, I don't, that's the truth. There's something too Mephistophelian about him, to suit an everyday taste like mine. Now, Allingham, he knows at this moment that we are talking of him, I am sure, from that look of intelligence on his face."

"If that is a look of intelligence, I think I should prefer stupidity," said the other, glancing at the subject of their conversation. "But why should he fancy us speaking of him? Until just now, we have not once looked his way."

"Well, he generally contrives to know all that is going on. Don't ask me how he does it; that is beyond me; I can only testify to the fact. I am never with him five minutes, but I feel as if I were in a nest of snakes, and when he speaks, I always expect to hear him rattle." And arm-in-arm they departed, leaving Monsieur Victor to his own devices.

As the dense throng poured from the house at the end of the representation, Alice Waring, wedged in the outer line of the ranks, felt again that peculiar sensation which she had experienced once before on that evening; and lifting her head, saw for the second time, that dangerous glance fixed full upon her. Blushing and trembling, she scarce knew why, her eyes seemed weighed down while he was near, and she went home to dream, poor child! of eloquent glances, and subtly sweet tones—dreams from which,

fair as they were, she continually awoke in a sort of restless fright. This second rencontre recalled to Allingham, who was escorting the young lady, the inquiries he intended to make of Ellery, whom he lost no time in finding. The latter seemed little inclined to be communicative as to Victor, until Allingham added that he sought information on behalf of his cousin, Miss Waring, concerning whom Victor had shown an interest somewhat alarming, when taken in connection with Linton's remarks.

"And I came to you, understanding him to be a relative of yours," was his conclusion.

"Who told you that nonsense?" was the impatient rejoinder.

"Linton. He said you were the best authority, being somewhat related to Mr. Victor."

"Not related in the slightest degree," said Ellery, with emphasis. "Nothing of the sort, I assure you. His mother's cousin married my father's cousin; but confound it! you can't call that relationship, can you?"

Allingham's amused assurances to the contrary seemed to afford some comfort to Ellery, who was plainly not desirous of claiming connection with the *distingué* Victor.

"I observed his interest in Miss Waring," he said, after a pause; "and as you are her cousin, I will tell you what I know of him, for I think you ought to be on your guard."

But here, instead of continuing, he made another pause, so long as to quite exhaust Allingham's patience.

"Well," he said, "what do you know? Is he a drunkard, a gambler, or a forger—either or all of these?"

"Nothing of the kind—to my knowledge, at least. I was trying to find something sufficiently real to put in words."

"Then you have only suspicions; and of what?"

"Suspicions amounting to certainties for me. It seems an absurd avowal, Allingham, but I think there is something fiendish about the fellow."

"Fiendish? What, cold-blooded, cruel?"

"No—something more than that. I almost believe sometimes that he is possessed with the Evil One—just a fiend in human form."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Allingham, stopping short, and gazing excitedly in his companion's face, "what do you mean?"

"You think it very ridiculous, no doubt; but there's no arguing me out of the idea, for all that. For one thing, he gains the most extraordinary influence over people."

"Women?"

"Men and women both, but I meant men when I spoke. And not simply very young or weak-headed ones either, for I have seen cool, well-balanced men, in the prime of life, so brought under his influence as to be completely carried away by the fascination, spite of the dislike which they felt for him, too. As for the crowd of younger men, generally his word is law with them, for wherever he may be, he is first. I am not quite proof myself. When he asked me the name of your cousin, I evaded the question, not having the slightest intention of telling him, but he fairly looked an answer out of me before I knew it. But that's nothing to what I've seen him do with other fellows."

"But you said men and women. What—"

"Yes, his influence over the other sex is more fatal. Understand me! he is not libertine; so far from that, he seems singularly free from excesses of every kind. It seems to be only the hearts and souls of his victims that he cares for, and I always have a fancy that this sort of destruction is necessary to preserve that mysterious power which he certainly possesses. I suppose it is nothing more nor less than the power of a wonderfully magnetic nature, accompanied by a tremendous will, which must bear down everything, unless conquered by a stronger magnetism. At all events, where he takes a fancy, he will pursue its object through everything, while his influence shuts out all other natures, until she breathes only in an atmosphere of his creating. Then, when every thought and feeling is his, he leaves her. Leaves her to break her heart—that is all! I have seen this sort of thing more than once, but the saddest instance, and one I can never forget—"

The speaker stopped a moment, and his face was dark, as he began again, abruptly:

"You remember my saying that one of his relations on the mother's side married a distant cousin of my father's? They lived in Hampshire, and when, about two years ago, this Victor came to London, they saw a great deal of him. He was a connection, you know, and they treated him with open handed hospitality. He was almost like one of the family, and he certainly repaid this kindness most wildly. There was but one child, poor Anita, one of the loveliest girls I ever beheld, and after teaching her to love him, so that she lived only in his presence, he coolly left her to break

her heart. If she had been less ardent and impulsive, she might have only broken her heart, and lived through the pain, like some of his other victims; but her passionate Spanish nature was not equal to the effort, and when she became quite convinced that he cared nothing for her, she destroyed herself."

An exclamation of horror and amazement burst from Allingham's lips.

"Yes," said his companion, bitterly, "you may well say that, but it is all true. She took poison."

"And this Victor—what was done with him?"

"What could be done? Nothing. He does not do these things by open attentions which could commit himself, or attract the notice of others; it is all effected quietly, with a fiendish subtlety which I believe to have come direct from the father of lies himself. No others suspected him of any share in the tragedy, and I should never have done so, probably, but for something I saw by accident. He was not even thought of in connection with the affair, which was supposed to have been caused by temporary insanity. The best friend I ever had loved poor Anita, and I have no doubt would have won her, had not that wretch come between them, in his absence: yet even to him I said nothing of my suspicions, for, after all, what did they amount to? Mere guess work, for which I apparently had no reasonable ground. I have seen enough since, however, to confirm them, for my eyes have been open; but there has been no second tragedy, and people only smile and call him a flirt, if a word of warning is spoken. Flirt, indeed! I should as soon think of calling a venomous snake a flirt. Well, you can imagine now why I was troubled to see that little Miss Waring marked out for the honour of his observation, knowing in what it has so often ended."

"If he tries that game with her," said Allingham, hoarsely, "he shall not escape so easily again, for I swear I will kill him!"

"Very good," said Ellery, approvingly, "but 'tis better to prevent the danger than to avenge it. You know; and I thought that, as the young lady's cousin, you could warn her of the risk she runs from this man. You can make use—to her—of anything I have told you."

"How can I thank you enough," said Allingham, warmly grasping his friend's hand in parting, "for putting us on our guard?"

"What should I deserve if I neglected to do so?" was the answer, whereupon Ellery departed, with a strong suspicion that something more than cousinly affection had stimulated the young man's interest.

Henry Allingham repaired without delay to the abode of his Aunt Waring, to whom he then proceeded to unmask the character of Victor. His caution, however, was not favourably received.

"Now, Henry," she expostulated, "how is it possible for Alice to avoid Mr. Victor, in her first season, too? I should think your common sense would show you that it won't do to adopt such whims. There are no bounds to the unpleasant comments that would be made upon her oddity!"

"But, Aunt Emma," explained Henry, "of course I don't mean that Alice should shun him in such a way as to attract attention. In public places, I suppose, she must endure his presence, but that need not involve any private intimacy. And no encouragement ought to be afforded him, for he is really a dangerous man."

He spoke earnestly, but the lady laughed in reply.

"Dangerous? how absurd! He flirts a little, perhaps, like most young men in these days; but as for anything more—and her lifted eyebrows finished the sentence.

"But what Ellery told me——"

"The merest nonsense; Mr. Ellery is, perhaps, a little jealous at being eclipsed by his cousin."

"He disclaims that relationship, Aunt Emma."

"Indeed? It would do him no discredit; I imagine——"

"He thinks otherwise."

"Ah well, gentlemen are sometimes unreasonably prejudiced, you know, my dear boy. He seems to be extremely fanciful, and I insist, Henry, that you do not tell Alice these absurd stories."

At that moment Alice entered, and as she stands before them, in the open doorway, it will be seen that, though twice designated as "that little Miss Waring," she is really not so tiny in her proportions, but rather tall and slender, so that the diminutive term must have been suggested by the extreme freshness and innocence which gave her so childlike an appearance.

Whether she was like Ellery's "ideas of angels" is uncertain, that gentleman never having published to the world his speculations upon the subject; but the hackneyed phrase has certainly been worse applied than in her case, for to her brilliantly fair complexion, wavy golden hair, and large blue eyes, she added a purity, almost holiness of expression, more uncommon in the ranks of beauty than the items just

named. For features and colouring often chance to be beautiful, but not every soul is so lovely and un-sullied as to stamp the whole face with a distinctive character.

The girl sat down upon a low cushion at her mother's feet, her blue ribbons fluttering about her.

"And what is it that must not be told to Alice?" she began, nodding a good morning to her cousin. "I heard you plotting here against me, but I think it is very unfair, for you know, mamma, I am to have all sorts of privileges, now that I have come out. So no one is to keep any secrets from me in future."

Mrs. Waring made a sign to her nephew.

"We were speaking of Mr. Victor, Ally dear. Henry is rather prejudiced by Mr. Ellery's dislike for him, and thinks you won't care to cultivate his acquaintance."

"Mr. Ellery is rather uncharitable, I am afraid," said Alice, intently regarding an end of ribbon which she was engaged in rolling over her finger. "What has poor Mr. Victor done?"

"Flirting is the terrible charge brought against him, I believe," answered her mother, smiling, adding with dignity, "but I trust no daughter of mine would allow herself to be flirted with."

"That is very wrong certainly," said Alice, simply, "but perhaps he doesn't mean it."

"So you acquit the defendant, do you, Ally?" said her mother, as she stroked the soft hair of her darling.

Allingham bit his lip.

"Where is Elsie?" he asked, rising abruptly.

"Busy with her music, I suppose, unless she is indulging in one of those mysterious fits of hers. That child puzzles me more and more every day!"

While Allingham is looking for her, a word as to the object of his search. Elsie Warden was the daughter of a much-valued friend of the late Mr. Waring, and having been left, at an early age, an orphan without near relatives, this kind-hearted gentleman had taken her into his own family, to fill the place left vacant by the death of a little daughter. But the child, when fairly installed among her new friends, proved to be beyond their comprehension. There was Scotch blood in her veins, and her so-styled father would often laughingly declare his belief that she was a changeling, referring to an old superstition, current in Scotland, of babies stolen from their cradles by fairies, who substituted elves in their stead. There was certainly never anything childish about Elsie; nothing, at least, resembling common childhood. She was given to long fits of dreaming, in which, when closest wrapped, she would remain sometimes for hours, voiceless and motionless; and since at such times she could never be induced to give the slightest heed to outward things, there was no other way than to let the mysterious influence spend itself. At times, again, she would seem perfectly wild with delight, but it was a weird, unnatural sort of ecstasy which possessed her then, quite as uncontrollable as her absent, trance-like state, and whose tides and sources it was impossible to divine.

Beautiful she was, though slight and dark—elfish in all her ways, while her large eyes gleamed with a light by turns fascinating and repellent. Wonderfully quick in reading character, she usually pronounced judgment at first sight, and these decisions were almost like oracles in their unerring justice. The only persons seeming to possess influence over her were Allingham and Alice Waring, of whom she was extremely fond, and who, in return, loved her dearly; for this singular child seemed to find no difficulty in gaining affection where she wished.

Mrs. Waring had at first endeavoured to govern the elf like an ordinary mortal, but soon retired in confusion, puzzled and outdone by her impish ways, and only too glad to leave her to her music, the one pursuit which she devotedly followed.

On the morning in question, Allingham found the girl, not in one of her "fits," as Mrs. Waring called them, but at her piano.

She darted to him at once, kissing his hand—a salutation by which, in spite of remonstrance, she always distinguished him and Alice. Then, with her little hands, pushed him into a large easy chair, at the same time placing herself on a low ottoman at his feet, whence she could look up in his face with her great black eyes.

"Well, Elsie," he said, pulling one of her curly locks, "don't you feel lonely, here by yourself, with nobody to talk to?"

"Oh," she answered, "somebody has been here with me all the morning, but he ran away when you came."

"What do you mean Elsie? Who has been here?"

asked the young man in surprise, for as he entered by the only door, this bashful caller must have departed by the window, and he could remember no one who was on terms of sufficient intimacy with the family to warrant so unceremonious a style of behaviour.

"There's somebody in there," she repeated, nodding her head towards the piano, "that comes out and talks to me when you're all gone, but he hides away if people come."

Allingham was accustomed to her odd speeches, so he took no notice of this one, farther than to change the subject.

"Don't you envy Alice," he asked, "with her dancing, and parties, and gay doings? Don't you wish yourself in her place?"

"No indeed!" she answered, scornfully. "Aunt Emma says I'm to come out next winter; but I'm not so sure I will. Perhaps I may, though, for I should like seeing so many new people."

"What for, Elsie?"

"Oh, to find out something new. I'm tired of the old ones."

"Not of me?"

"Not of you, nor Angel." (Angel was her pet name for Alice.) "But you are troubled about something. What is it? Anything about Angel?"

Allingham started.

"What made you ask that?" he said.

"I don't know, but I thought so somehow. Don't you want me to shut my eyes, and find out all about it?"

She laughed as she spoke, but Allingham, he knew not why, felt a strange impulse to confide in her. It could do no good, to be sure; but on the other hand, it could do no harm. Mrs. Waring had forbidden any mention of the subject to Alice, but she said nothing about Elsie. So, half smiling at him—if, he unfolded his troubles to her. She listened with a grave attention, saying, as he finished speaking:

"You are afraid Angel will like him, aren't you?"

"Yes, Elsie," said he, "and I am afraid he would make poor Angel very unhappy."

"Then she shall never like him. He may come and come, but I won't let her care for him."

"You, child? What can you do? You must not talk of him to Alice, for Aunt Emma is unwilling that anything should be said to her."

Elsie shook her head impatiently.

"I don't mean to talk about him!" she said. "There's no use in talking! But he shall not make her like him, no matter how hard he tries."

Allingham looked in silence at the strange girl. He could not, of course, place any real reliance upon her assurances; yet some strong though indelible power about her made him, despite his reason, feel an unaccountable degree of comfort. What assistance a girl like Elsie could be able to afford, he could not imagine; indeed, he had no very clear idea of the means which would be of most avail in such a case; yet more and more he felt a sensation of relief, in view of this confidence.

As time passed on, Victor's admiration for Alice Waring did not decrease. Yet, though meeting her frequently, both in society and at her own house, he did not make that rapid progress to which he was accustomed.

She seemed surrounded by an atmosphere which it was impossible for him to penetrate, while, at the same time, his own powers of fascination seemed to fail, so that his will was no longer under his command, and his thoughts were wandering and unsteady.

Irresistible as he might be to others, he constantly found himself baffled in the attempt to bring her within the sphere of his attraction. He felt a counter-influence at work somewhere, but could not, at first, understand it.

At length the mystery was solved, by the moaning which he read by chance in Elsie's face. Like an electric flash, the secret leaped to life in her eyes, and at once he recognized the opposing force. They looked at each other, as if measuring strength, and thus began the first duel of will.

As might be supposed, it was no easy struggle between two such natures, but Victor's were the eyes that wavered and fell—at last.

This was an unpromising as well as an unaccustomed beginning for the charmer, nevertheless all his efforts failed to retrieve it. She was clearly the stronger of the two, for uncommonly, powerfully, even dangerously gifted as he was, there was latent in Elsie's slight frame an overwhelming magnetic force, which mastered him; so, inch by inch, they fought the ground, while slowly, but surely, Victor lost, until at length the battle was waged in another cause: while Alice, freed from the magnetic will which Victor had now transferred to the one cause in which his whole soul was becoming absorbed, wondered how she could ever have blushed and trembled beneath his glance, and meantime had been wooed and won by the cousin who had been her dearest friend from the days of her childhood, when he used to be her little lover. Safe in their peaceful harbour, they looked forth to see the end of the strife waged so near them.

Although Elsie was victorious, Victor at first was amply revenged in the extreme exhaustion resulting

from the tremendous drain of nervous energy required by this incessant and protracted effort of will; but each step which he lost and every victory made the next more easy. Besides, at eighteen, with a strong, rich, highly vitalized nature, no amount of mental exertion could long prostrate her. Victor meantime was changing beneath this new phase of existence. The influence of Elsie seemed to affect his whole character to such a degree as to attract attention to the metamorphosis.

"What has come to Victor?" said a young man familiar with his previous characteristics.

"A heart, I think," was the laughing answer; nor was it the less true because spoken in jest. Indeed, it expresses, better than aught else could do, the change which was being wrought in him. He had lost little of his old fascination of manner, but that subtle something which Ellery had denominated fiendish, was almost gone. It seemed as if the powerful will which had usurped the whole nature, crowding out of life all the affections and sensibilities, and arrogantly proclaiming itself master of the barren realm, was now, in its turn, yielding and disappearing, to make room for the growing heart. Such a revolution, of course, required time, but the girl's power over him grew stronger daily, and the summer found him as constant as her shadow.

One July night, Elsie, feverish and restless, stole away from the gay party assembled together, to stray out into the mystic moonlight. Ere long, Victor looked constrained and spiritless, a shadow seemed to overcloud his brilliancy, and presently he left the room abruptly. Passing out through the garden, he paused not until he reached the spot where the trellised roses ran wild in their luxuriance, and, wide open, overbrimmed with fragrance, breathed out their hearts to nourish into richer life the dreamy night. The sweetness of a hundred odorous plants was on the air, the wind was whispering in a restless dream, and in the distance was a glimmer of the sea in the moonlight.

Elsie stood among the roses, looking, with her changeable face, and eyes that might have drawn their brightness and mystery from the watching stars, as if she had found the magic spell powerful to unveil Nature's myriad mystic secrets; secrets which some nights seem to bring so near us that a breath might scatter the cloud-wreaths half concealing them. Victor paused before her, motionless and silent.

"I knew you would come," she said. "I called you, and you could not disobey."

The breeze woke, murmured to the roses, and was still, to listen to the low, sweet accents that replied:

"It is vain to struggle against Fate. I give up the unequal strife. You are my destiny. Do with me as you will, only that I may be beside you."

She turned her glance upon him, where he stood near her, dark and motionless. At the imperious gesture of her hand, he dropped at her feet.

"I do not love you," she said, scornfully. "Love—no, that is only a child's dream! but you are mine, and I must keep you. Our lives are so bound together that, if I would, I could not separate them. Look!" and as she spoke, he arose, and gazed whither her hand pointed, at the silver-lit waves that came falling in upon the shadowy shore. "Our lives must have met, though divided far as yonder sea rolls, and though deep as its waters the misery that may follow its union. You are right. We struggle vainly against Fate. Whatever cup she holds to our lips we must drink, be it nectar or poison."

"I am content," said Victor, as bent to kiss her hand.

And thus was this strange compact sealed. Its future we may not foresee. The life of Alice will flow on calmly and happily, but these stormy, mysterious natures, bound together by an invisible magnetic force, inexplicable but unchangeable, will they always murmur and strive in their onward course, together, yet divided; or, at length, melt into one smooth and even channel? The answer is with the hereafter. Leave them standing together in the soft summer night whose large stars witnessed their betrothal; the mystical summer night, with its myriad whispering voices.

K. P.

FACETIE.

WHY does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl?—Because she's too young to show much reflection.

WHAT creatures took the smallest amount of baggage when they entered the Ark?—The Cook and the Fox; they had only one comb and one brush between them.

AN EXPENSIVE JOKE.—In the Yorkshire Sheriffs' Court at Leeds, last week, £50 damages were awarded to Walter Shaw, bobbin manufacturer, of Dewsbury, who was the plaintiff in an undefended action against Messrs. John and James Gomersal and William

Thackrah, manufacturers, of the same place. On the 18th of February, the plaintiff wrote a letter to Miss Sarah Jane Gomersal, asking for an interview. As the plaintiff had no intimacy with the family to warrant this step, the defendants, who are the young lady's brothers, sent a letter to the plaintiff, which appeared to have come from their sister, and which invited him to their house on the night of the 23rd of February. When he made his appearance on the premises the defendants seized him and threw him into a horse trough full of water, in which they kept him three minutes. After that they drenched him by means of a hose attached to a water-main, and then put him in the horse trough a second time, and finally kicked him off the premises. In his letter to the young lady, he had stated that he had his eye upon another fair creature in York, but he wished to give Miss Gomersal the first chance. In his action for assault and battery he laid the damages at £500.

TOTAL DEPRIVITY.—A minister, travelling through the West some years ago, asked an old lady on whom he called what she thought of the doctrine of total depravity. "Oh," she replied, "I think it is a good doctrine if the people would only act up to it."

THE South-Western Company are building first-class carriages with windows for passengers in different compartments of the same carriage to communicate with one another. A South-Western official, on being asked the object of the windows, said that it was to prevent passengers from being Mal-terized.

ABOUT the time when Murphy so successfully attacked the stage-struck heres in the farce of the *Apprentice*, an eminent poulticer went to a spouting-club in search of his servant, who he understood was to make his *début* in *Lear*, and entered the room at the moment he was exclaiming, "I am the king; you cannot touch me for coining!" "No, you dog!" cried the enraged master, catching the mad monarch by his collar, "but I can for not picking the ducks!"

"I'LL BEAT HIS WIFE."

A vixen wife, who for the horsewhip's smart ran to her father, begg'd he'd take her part; "What is your fault," said he; "come, state the case."

"I threw some coffee in my husband's face, For which he beat me!" "Beat you did he?"

"'Alife!"

"He beat my daughter! Zounds! I'll beat his wife!"

ONE of the daily newspapers—*Le Pays*—in a critical account of the dog show which has for some days been open, has this astonishing piece of intelligence: "The citizen of Free England who occupies the kennel No. 186, is a bull-dog, highly appreciated on the turf of the city, and he hunts rats like a perfect gentleman."

THE "GREAT ENGLISH DIVER."—AMUSING HOAX.

All the world, it has been remarked, is running after something new. Novelty is the great charm of all our modern sensations, and if only a man can perform some feat hitherto unknown to ignorant mortals, he is sure of success.

The famous M. Blondin made a great sensation with walking over Niagara Falls, but now Stephen Jeffrey has created, in the North, at least, an equal sensation, not by walking over a swift flowing torrent, but by actually diving into it, and that, too, from a dizzy height. He has already leaped from Wearmouth Bridge, and Rumour, whose busy tongue is never silent, said he intended to leap at no distant day, from the High Level.

The excitement grew strong and intense, and culminated on Wednesday night when it was announced that Jeffrey would leap from the High Level Bridge.

Attracted by the novelty of the sight and the morbid love of a dangerous feat, the High Level Bridge, the Tyne Bridge, the Quayside, Bridge Street—indeed, every place from which a sight could be obtained of any one leaping from the High Level, were crowded with people.

The eager concourse commenced to gather about seven o'clock when it had been announced that the daring leap would take place. The gates of the bridge were shut, and the toll-collectors plied their avocation vigorously. But the spirits of the crowd were not to be damped by the impost, and on they rushed to the scene, until at last the bridge almost became a living mass. Nor were the indefatigable and vigilant guardians of the public peace absent from the scene, a large number of them being on duty, with a view to prevent the intended leap.

The crowd occupied themselves during the long period which elapsed between the time announced for the feat to take place and the period when any signs were visible of the possibility of it being performed, with watching Chambers and Cooper training on the river.

About half-past eight, however, a cry arose that

"the diver" was coming, and at last a cab appeared on the bridge, containing two gentlemanly-dressed men, and a figure, which appeared to be that of Jeffrey, dressed in sailor's clothes.

The cab, one of Mr. Cleghorn's, drove on to the bridge, to the great delight of the long expectant crowd, and passed on to the middle of the bridge, followed, of course, closely by the concourse, and adhered to no less tenaciously by the police. On reaching the centre of the bridge it stopped, and an orange was thrown out as the signal.

The crowd rushed forward, and so did the police, and immediately after a figure did not jump but was thrown out of the window of the cab, clutched at by the police, but missed, and fell over the parapet into the river beneath.

That sufficient of it was seen to prove the demonstration that the figure was not that of a man but of an effigy, a sort of "man of straw," and it was discovered that a harmless but disappointing hoax had been played on the people, whose disappointment can be better imagined than expressed. The crowd slowly returned homewards, deeply disappointed at their bootless errand.

THE HOPERA SEASON.—An advertisement states that "A Fine Brewery Plant is to be sold." This by right should be the production of a Hop Garden.—*Punch*.

"TRYING IT ON."

Old Lady. "Bad shilling, indeed! Why I took it from one of your own men."

Conductor (soothingly). "Don't doubt your word, mum, for I know the shillin' well; but I can't take it!"—*Punch*.

HERBIVOROUS OGRES.—The teetotaler who is also a vegetarian may be accused of cannibalism. A phat drinks nothing but water; and the votary of total abstinence from fermented liquor and animal food, when he eats vegetables, devours his own species.—*Punch*.

A CONSIDERATION FOR THE WAR OFFICE.—Notwithstanding the proved necessity of turning muzzle-loaders into breech-loaders, there has been a sad delay in the conversion of Enfield rifles. Is not this work which might afford a sphere of some usefulness to Missionaries.—*Punch*.

OPERATIC.

What has become of Alboni? Many to whom this question has been put have answered, "I don't know," thereby exhibiting most culpable ignorance. It is with feelings of the deepest regret that we came across the following piece of information, in the course of a notice of *Lucrezia Borgia*, wherein it was said the *Brindisi* was encored, "an encore," it added, "first extorted by the memorable execution of Alboni."

"Oh no, sir, don't say so. Did the sweet contralto turn a rebel spy, or mix herself up with the Poles, or the Merovingians, or amongst other people who are always making disturbances somewhere? Her execution! Ah! these tears! I can write no more. 'No, No, No, No,' as she used to sing in *Les Huguenots*. 'No, No, No, No,' I don't know any more."—*Punch*.

THE WEST LONDON INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.—It is just possible that there are some who haven't yet seen the interior of this very curious and very excellent exhibition, although the admirable advertisement kindly given by the Bank of England authorities to the curiosities therein exhibit-d, crams the building with visitors, who are all anxious to see the very curious specimens of imitative penmanship which the obstinate stupidity of the Bank directors has caused to be mutilated. An ingenious man—a clerk, we believe—has copied with astounding accuracy the externals of various magazines and periodicals, together with bank cheques and a Bank of England note. This is done, not upon cheque paper, or on bank paper, but on thick cardboard, and yet Mr. Freshfield, the Bank Solicitor, has insisted on the destruction of the bank note, and consequently of the ruin of the whole work, lest any one be deceived by the clerical imitation. Everybody knows that there is no difficulty whatever in engraving a fac-simile of the letter-press of a bank note: the real difficulty lies in the difficulty of imitating the peculiar paper on which it is printed. When the imitation is printed or drawn on thick cardboard, the Bank ought to consider itself tolerably safe against imposition. If it isn't, it must be shaky indeed!—*Fun*.

JESUS'S WELL.—The first part of this journey, a ride of thirty-six miles from the Damascus gate, to be done in about twelve hours, brings you to one of the most lovely and attractive spots in Palestine—the site of Joseph's tomb and Jacob's well, where Jesus, resting from his long walk, begged the woman of Samaria to give him drink. This well is now a mere hollow basin on the slope; for the early Christians built a church over it, to preserve it from

decay, and the roof and walls of this early church have fallen into the shaft and filled it up. Broken columns, masses of cornice, and moulds of portico lie heaped about; but the well itself remains perfect as when the servants of Jacob pierced it in the rock: a round shaft, nine feet wide, cut through the solid limestone to a depth of more than a hundred feet; the side being hewn and smooth. Clear away the ruins of that early church, and you might have the well very nearly in the state in which our Saviour saw it; with the little strips of corn-fields waving green, the white tomb of Joseph near by, the light patches of olive ground here and there, and a little way off, the city on the hill-side.—*The Holy Land.* By William Hepworth Dixon.

SCIENCE.

PARIS is going ahead in steam matters. There is a steam omnibus now running between Paris and Versailles, and it is contemplated to place a great many more in the service of the *boulevards*.

PHOTOGRAPHY ON WOOD.—A new process of photographing on wood has been patented by Messrs. W. and H. Smith and Co. For decorative purposes, it is said, it will be found advantageous, as pictures can be transferred to panels, ceilings, or any surface that may require ornamentation. Graining can by this new process of photography be multiplied and transferred to a surface with accuracy. For household ornamentation, and for decoration of public edifices, this method of applying photography is said to be economic in its application and artistic in its effects, while it is as durable as the material upon which it is transferred.

SOREL'S CEMENT FOR STOPPING TERTH.—The author prepares a light oxide of zinc by moistening the ordinary oxide with nitric acid, and then igniting it. Oxide so prepared he makes into a soft paste with a solution of chloride of zinc having a specific gravity 1.3 or 2.0. The soft mass in a few minutes acquires great hardness, which it preserves for many years. To imitate the colour of the teeth, the mixture may be made grey with the least trace of carbon; it is sufficient to hold the pestle with which the mixture is made over the gas for a moment. If a yellow tint is required, a trace of sulphide of cadmium may be employed.

DIRECT FORMATION OF POLYCHROMATIC ANILINE.—This is the subject of a Belgian patent by M. Rave. He takes five parts of commercial hydrochloric acid and one part of colourless aniline, mixes the two, allows the mixture to cool, and then stirs in one part of peroxide of manganese and applies a great heat. When the mixture has taken a greenish-blue tint, it is ready for use. The peroxide of manganese in this part of the process may be replaced by other oxidising agents. The inventor next prepares a solution of chloride of chromium by dissolving one part of bichromate of potash in five parts of hydrochloric acid. In dyeing, the inventor first pours into the bath a variable quantity of the polychromatic aniline, according to the shade of colour required, immerses the wool, and applies heat. The wool is then withdrawn and placed in a bath with a small quantity of the chloride of chromium, whereupon the colour darkens, and an equal shade is produced.

AREA OF ROOFING TO SUPPLY TANKS OF GIVEN DIMENSIONS WITH RAIN WATER.—Our rain-fall averages 25 inches per annum, being rather more than two cubical feet for every square foot of horizontal surface employed in catching it; or, say, 200 cubical feet of water to the square. Each foot contains 62 gallons of water. A tank, 15 ft. by 9 ft. by 7 ft., will hold 6,581 gallons, and about 5½ squares of horizontal surface would catch enough rain water to fill it in the year at the above rate of rain-fall. In estimating the area of roof, the level area only must be calculated and not the surface area, which is often half as much again. Hence the simple method is to take the area of ground plan and double the number of feet contained in it, which will give the amount in cubical feet of water that, on the average, may be collected in each year.

IMPROVEMENT IN FIFES AND FLUTES.—The object of this invention is to produce a fife or flute which is so constructed that it serves to play in two or more keys. This object is effected by the application of a revolving finger-piece with one or more sets of finger-holes, in combination with a long slot extending through the main barrel, in such a manner that by turning the finger-piece different sets of finger-holes can be brought into action, and the fife or flute is lengthened or shortened for different keys. The length of the barrel is still further adjusted by the use of an adjustable mouth-piece, which is made to slide up or down on the main barrel, the said barrel being provided with an oblong hole, so that, by sliding the mouth-piece up or down, the communication between

its mouth-hole and the interior of the barrel is not interrupted. The plug which stops up the end of the barrel close over the mouth-hole, is connected to the sliding mouth-piece, so that by adjusting the said mouth-piece the plug is also adjusted. A. H. Stratton is the inventor.

THE FIRST IRON SHIP.—Mr. John Wilkinson was the inventor and original builder of iron ships. The authority for this statement is an old letter found by his descendants. One of them thus speaks of it:—"This letter is dated Broseley, July 14, 1787, and the following is an extract:—"Yesterday week my iron boat was launched; it answers all my expectations and has convinced the unbelievers, who were 999 in 1,000. It will be a nine days' wonder, and then be like Columbus's egg." The letter is signed "John Wilkinson." In another part of the same letter John Wilkinson says:—"My cottage I expect will be out shorn," and accordingly it did appear in 1790, as evidenced by coins still existing, on the field of the reverse of which is pictured the iron ship alluded to. Now, I think it will be perceived from what has been stated above, that John Wilkinson, of Broseley, in Shropshire, and Castlehead, in Carmel, Lancashire, and not Mr. Ramsden, was the inventor of iron ship-building. This vessel was built at Willey, in Shropshire, and afterwards traded between several ports in the Severn."

WHEN WE WENT NUTTING LONG AGO.

The sun was shining in the sky,
The chestnut burrs around us lay,
The falling leaves went whirling by
Like tiny birds in joyous play,
My Hessian dear was by my side,
And told me what I longed to know,
That she would be my bonny bride,
When we went nutting long ago.

Her hair was like the ripe brown nuts,
And on her cheek was girlhood's glow,
The day she vowed to be my bride,
When we went nutting long ago.

Her wine-red lips I had but kissed,
When loud we heard our comrades shout;
And then we knew we had been missed,
And when we met in vain they strove
To learn why Hessian's cheeks did glow;
But ah, they guessed not of our love,
When we went nutting long ago.

Her hair was like the ripe brown nuts, &c.
'Tis many years since that bright day,
And many who beside us stood,
For evermore have passed away,
And ne'er will meet us in the wood.
Yet Hessian's heart has ne'er grown cold,
But with the same sweet love doth glow,
That was aroused in it of old,
When we went nutting long ago.

Her hair was like the ripe brown nuts, &c.
M. J. M.

GEMS.

TRUTH is never drowned; in vain you plunge her beneath the water; she always rises to the surface.

THERE are envious men who can hear nobody praised without interposing a doubting "but." They throw their cold water "buts" on everybody.

A SECRET is like silence—you cannot talk about it and keep it. It is like money—when once you know there is any concealed, it is half discovered.

HE that openly tells his friends all that he thinks of them, must expect that they will secretly tell his enemies much that they do not think of him.

AS in a letter, if the paper is small, and we have much to write, we write closer, so let us learn to economise and improve the remaining moments of life.

WRITE your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

STATISTICS.

THE RAILWAYS AND THE POST.—The amount required for payment to railway companies in England and Wales for the conveyance of mails is estimated at 406,939*l.* for 1865-6, as compared with 405,566*l.* in 1864-5; in Ireland, 83,218*l.*, as compared with 86,833*l.* in 1864-5; and in Scotland, 80,784*l.* as compared with 81,837*l.* in 1864-5. The following companies will receive more than 5,000*l.* each this year for postal services rendered by them:—Bristol and Exeter, 9,875*l.*; Chester and Holyhead (merged

in London and North-Western), 30,200*l.*; Cornwall, 5,500*l.*; Great Eastern, 21,357*l.*; Great Northern, 9,785*l.*; Great Western, 50,871*l.*; Lancaster and Carlisle, 18,206*l.*; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 6,900*l.*; London and North-Western, 82,426*l.*; London and South-Western, 21,650*l.*; Midland, 44,000*l.*; North-Eastern, 41,359*l.*; South Devon, 7,485*l.*; South-Eastern, 23,657*l.*; Dublin and Belfast Junction, 5,917*l.*; Great Southern and Western, 29,500*l.*; Midland Great Western, 15,208*l.*; Caledonian, 28,562*l.*; Inverness and Aberdeen Junction, 10,404*l.*; North British, 6,085*l.*; Scottish Central, 10,332*l.*; and Edinburgh and Glasgow and Scottish North-Eastern, 16,820*l.* It is clear that the postal business of the country could not now be carried on without the powerful appliances which railways bring to bear upon it.

THE PUBLIC OFFICES.—The usual annual return shows that in the course of the year 1864 the number of persons employed in the public offices increased by 493. The Post-office shows an increase of 257 persons, the convict prison establishments 124; the General Register-office for Ireland (this being the first year of civil registration of births, deaths, and marriages) adds 18 persons to the list, the Customs 48, the Privy Council Education Department 14, the Audit-office 9. The salaries and retired allowances and the expenses of the public offices increased in the year by 83,098*l.*, of which the Post-office is answerable for 21,863*l.*, the Customs 15,996*l.*, convict prisons 8,684*l.*, Inland Revenue Department, 8,266*l.*, Education Department of the Council 5,566*l.*, the Admiralty 5,544*l.*, navy and victualling yards at home 5,111*l.*, and the Irish Register-office 6,715*l.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE fair Godiva has been divorced from Coventry. There will be no procession this year.

A BILL has been introduced to enable the next and future Postmaster-Generals to sit in the House of Commons.

A LARGE French force is going to be sent off at once to Mexico to receive the "émigrants" with all the compliments of the season.

THE Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, have conferred on the Prince of Wales the honorary degree of LL.D.

A HOOPOE (a very rare bird in this country) was killed at Woodhouse, near Ashton-under-Lyne, on Saturday, by Mr. Benjamin Ashworth.

FARMERS in the south of England are now selling the privilege to gather water-cresses, and the latter have in consequence risen in price.

MONUMENT TO RAFFAELLE.—The eldest son of Victor Emmanuel has accepted the honorary presidency of a committee formed for the purpose of erecting a monument to this great artist in the city of his birth, Urbino.

THE Rev. F. E. Lloyd Jones, curate of Greenwich, has been elected to the office of Ordinary of Newgate, which has become vacant by the death of the Rev. John Davis. The stipend attached to the office in the time of Mr. Davis was £400 a year.

THE yacht clubs of England, France, and Russia have been invited by the King of Sweden to send yachts to Swedish waters this year, to compete for something handsome—a Scandinavian work of art in the real metal.

A REMARKABLY fine bust of the late Captain Spoke has just been cast in bronze at the Coalbrookdale Works. It is from a plaster cast taken in Bath, after the captain's sudden death, in September last, by Monsieur L. Garde. There is also, in the Company's rooms, a beautiful full-length statuette of Richard Cobden, in electro-bronze iron.

A 20-INCH gun has been made at Pittsburgh, United States, to throw a 1,080-pound shot, the charge of gunpowder being 100 pounds. This monster piece of ordnance, known as "Beelzebub," has been tested in presence of a number of officers, and the trial gave great satisfaction to all interested.

A NEW planet has just been discovered by M. Annibal de Gasparis. It has the appearance of a star of the tenth magnitude. The number of the asteroids between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter already observed is now eighty-three.

THE French are protesting against the assumption of the English language by French artists—not bad, seeing that England does not grumble. Is it possible that France begrudges England the talent that goes to her shores? Not very likely.

MONEY orders by telegraph have been introduced in Prussia. Where the clerks are Government officials it will answer, but it might be arranged in England if people are in such a hurry for money here as they seem to be in Prussia.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JONN L.—No; the hop is certainly not a plant indigenous to England: it came from Artois, in France.

J. TRAVIS.—No application has as yet reached us on the subject of your note.

NELLIE MAY.—The handwriting will become very good with a little careful practice. (The colour of the hair is brown.)

JOSEPHINE.—We give in the present number a very excellent receipt for the removal of freckles. (See answer to "Lady Flora.")

M. O. H.—The rent must be paid. The heirs, executors, or administrators of any landlord may distrain for arrears of rent due to such landlord in his lifetime.

B. G. AND L. S.—"B. G." is quite correct; five-shilling pieces and three-penny pieces in gold have been issued from the English mint. They were struck in 1716 and 1717.

NOTRE DAME DE REIMS.—The family surname of Her Majesty, Geolp, is pronounced "Gelf." An order of knighthood so called was established in Hanover in 1818.

WILLIAM G.—The only means of obtaining the tale in question is to purchase *The London Reader* from the commencement of the story until its completion.

ROSE AND LILY would like to commence a matrimonial correspondence with two young gentlemen. They are both eighteen years of age, tall and fair, with blue eyes.

M. T. G.—Yes, trade fixtures are certainly removable by the tenant. A temporary shed is a fixture which may be removed; but not if it stand on stone or brick foundations let into the soil.

ALFRED.—The American coin called a dime is not a copper coin; it is silver, and its value is the tenth part of a dollar; the coin to which you probably intended to refer is the cent, which is of copper, and is the tenth part of a dime.

W. D.—Drury Lane Theatre was first built in 1662; it has been twice destroyed by fire, once pulled down, and three times rebuilt. The present building was opened to the public in 1812.

G. G. G.—The *London Gazette* was first published on the 5th February, 1665-6. The name comes from Italy, where the first *Gazette* was published, and was so called because its price was a gazetta, a small piece of money.

B. J. L.—That tobacco, if indulged in to excess, is injurious to the system, is demonstrated by the fact that one drop of the alkaloid nicotine, which is derived from it, will kill a strong dog in three minutes.

BARKER.—The statistics of the Blackpool Pier are not in our possession; the required information will doubtless be supplied on application to the architect of the work or the clerk to the town council.

JOHN M.—The verses in reply to the question "What is true Poetry?" evince considerable poetic feeling, and come very near the true definition of the art. The poem, however, being of too great length, is declined with thanks.

C. DELMAR.—The most effective means of improving your handwriting is to take lessons from a properly qualified teacher of the art, and follow up the instruction by steady and careful practice. "Coquette" is pronounced co-quet. (The colour of the hair is light brown.)

R. G.—A widower, thirty-four years of age, with a young family and in a good business, temperate in habits and affectionate in disposition, would like, with a view to matrimony, to meet with an amiable, domesticated lady, to reside over his home and make his life happy.

H. MORRAGE.—The names and addresses of several professors of elocution who prepare pupils for the stage, will be found in the advertisement columns of any of the theatrical journals. We do not publish professional or other names and addresses.

P. B. N.—Caffeine and theine are the nutritive chemical principles contained in coffee and tea. They check the waste of the muscular tissues, and enable the system to obtain work from non-nitrogenous substances, and consequently enable persons to live on a lower diet.

W. HOBSON.—The proverbial saying, "Hobson's choice" ("This or none"), is derived from the practice of one Hobson, who let out horses at Cambridge, and obliged a person who wanted a horse to take the one nearest the stable door (being that which had most rest), or none.

O. F.—We do not know how to answer your question better than by saying that the true art of being agreeable in company is to appear well-pleased with every person present, and rather to seem to be entertained by them than to bring entertainment to them.

G. O. and W. S. wish to correspond matrimonially with two young gentlemen. "G. O." is 5 ft. 2 in. in height, fair, with light brown hair and dark eyes, is eighteen years of age, and considered good-looking. "W. S." is 5 ft. in height, has brown curly hair and dark brown eyes, and possesses a very amiable disposition.

ANNE ST. CLAIR, who resides in a retired part of the country, and, owing to parental dislike to society, is condemned to a very secluded life, is anxious to emerge from her solitude and open a matrimonial correspondence with a gentleman. Is a lady by birth and education, rather accomplished, being able to draw and play pretty well, and to make ples and puddings; is nearly eighteen years of age, and considered rather pretty; has dark brown eyes and hair, and is 5 ft. 4 in. in height; will have £2,000 on marriage, and £5,000 more

on the death of a relative. The gentleman should be about twenty-two years of age (light brown hair and blue eyes preferred) belong to either the medical or legal profession, be of good family, and possessed of a moderate fortune. *Carie* desired as a preliminary.

E. R. P.—It is perfectly competent to you to make your own will, but it is always safer to have it drawn out by a legal practitioner. Two witnesses are absolutely necessary, and they must be disinterested parties; as no person to whom a devise or legacy is made by the will can be an attesting witness. (The handwriting is very fair.)

T. O.—The "first coffee-house in England" was kept, not in London, but in Oxford, at the sign of the Angel, in 1650. The first in London was opened two years later. It was considered a very objectionable innovation; and in 1657 the famous Rainbow Coffee-house (near the Temple) was represented as a nuisance to the neighbourhood.

F. F.—Magenta and its derivative colours are all obtained from coal-tar. In its tintorial power no other dye can be compared to magenta. One grain in one million parts of water will produce a red colour; in ten millions, a rose pink; in twenty millions, a blue; and even in fifty millions, a very decided glow.

JAMES J.—The invaluable febrifuge quinine is obtained, by chemical process, from Peruvian bark or cinchona. Strychnine, which causes death by tetanus, and possesses an exceedingly bitter principle (which has led to the absurd notion of its being employed in brewing) is procured from nux vomica.

A MEMORY.

We walked on the terrace together,—
With sighing of roses there came
Faint voices in mellowing moonlight,
Softly repeating her name.

It kindled the night air around her,
And silvered her brow with its light,
And tangled her hair with its jewels,
Till her beauty dazzled my sight.

We walked on the terrace together,—
With sighing of roses there came—
And breath of the new Bride of Summer—
In whispers so softly her name.

By sweet summer's breath it was echoed,
Through myrtles and roses it came—
How well I remember the evening!
How well I remember her name!

SOPHIA M. E.

M. M.—Money was first mentioned as a medium of commerce when Abraham purchased a field as a sepulchre, in the year of the world (A.M.) 2139; and was, it is stated, first made at Argos, 894 B.C. Silver money has, in England, increased some thirty times its value since the Norman Conquest.

ELINTONTIAN.—The "Mohawks" were a set of dissolute ruffians who, somewhat over a hundred years ago, infested the streets of London, insulting women and quarrelling with men. The young ruffians who infest the streets of your district certainly should be summarily dealt with; the matter, however, is entirely one for police regulation.

C. C. S.—Clocks—that is, water-clocks—were in use by the early Romans; though the first made to strike was devised by the Arabians, about A.D. 900; the first striking clock was set up in Westminster in 1386; and the first portable one was made in 1530. There were none in England that went tolerably until that dated 1540, now or recently at Hampton Court.

A LONDON GENTLEMAN, engaged in business, forty years of age, tall, dark, and good-looking, a member of the Established Church, and very fond of home, requests a matrimonial introduction to a lady of fair position, well-educated, comely looking rather than handsome, and possessing some money or means (which would be equitably settled before marriage).

CHARLES T., who is twenty-one years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, with dark hair and moustache (though not particularly good-looking), and has a very respectable business of his own, wishes to correspond matrimonially with a young lady who is about the same age, good tempered, well educated, of business habits, and qualified to make home happy.

J. H. L.—The subject matter of your note comes within the category of editorial exigencies which are inevitable. We are much obliged by the kind expression of your opinion that *THE LONDON READER* is the most superior weekly periodical of its class published in the kingdom, or out of it; your commendatory note, however, is only one out of hundreds which we constantly receive, testifying to the same fact.

A SUFFERER.—In palpitation of the heart, the following is sometimes administered:—Powdered rhubarb, acortine aloes, and gum mastic, of each one scruple; made into twelve pills, one to be taken in the forenoon, and the other in the afternoon. Also the following as a mixture:—Ammoniated tincture of valerian, six drachms; camphor mixture, seven ounces; a fourth part three times a day. (But see answer to "E. S." in present number.)

J. HARTWOOD.—Hats were invented at Paris in 1604, but were not made in London until 1510; a hat tax was levied in 1784, and was repealed in 1811. Caps were first worn in 1449, and by a law passed in 1571, the wearing of knitted caps of wool was made compulsory on Sundays and holidays by all persons over seven years of age, except maids, ladies, and gentlemen, and lords, knights, and gentlemen possessing land, and their heirs.

M. M. L.—Yes, candidates for temporary clerkships in the London University must pass an examination by the Civil Service Commissioners. The subjects of examination are handwriting and copying correctly in English, Latin, French, Greek, and mathematics; writing from dictation, arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions), English composition (especially epistolary), *précis*, and account-keeping. (The handwriting is very good indeed.)

LADY FLORA.—To remove freckles, dissolve in half an ounce of lemon-juice one ounce of Venice soap, and add of oil of bitter almonds, and deliquated oil of tartar, of each a quarter of an ounce. Place the mixture in the sun until it becomes of the consistency of ointment; and when in this state add three drops of oil of rhodium, when it is fit for

use. The manner of applying it is this: Wash the hands and face at night with elder-flower water, and then apply the mixture. In the morning wash it off, by copious use of rose-water.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:—

SAMUEL F. will be happy to exchange *cartes* with "F. S." as a preliminary to a matrimonial correspondence.

G. S., who is twenty-one years of age, rather dark and good-looking, and highly respectable, will be happy to correspond matrimonially with "A. C. B." *Edith* desires to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "Louisa." Is 5 ft. 7 in. in height, of rather fair complexion, with dark brown hair and blue eyes.

MELICENT wishes to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "E. S." (No. 106.) Is eighteen years of age, of medium height, and considered beautiful.

VICTOR L. B. considers himself honoured by the notice which "A. E. F." has taken of his matrimonial requisition, and would be most happy to exchange *cartes*.

NELLY S. has no objection to enter into a matrimonial correspondence with "H. G." who is requested to supply further particulars.

LIZZIE is desirous of corresponding matrimonially with "A. R. C." Is of fair complexion, and considered good-looking.

A. E., a gentleman about forty years of age, and possessing a small income, wishes, with a view to matrimony, to correspond with the "Widow with two little girls."

S. N. would be happy to correspond matrimonially with "A. B. C." Is of similar age, has always lived a quiet life, is very respectable and genteel, and ladylike in manners.

R. D. A., a widower, aged forty, with one child, would be happy to correspond with a "Widow" (No. 106), with a view to an early matrimonial engagement. His habits are domestic, and he has been in business some years.

C. H. L. will be happy, with a view to matrimony, to hear further particulars (personal and business) from the "Widow with two little girls." "C. H. L." is dark, and turned forty years of age.

J. R. will be glad to correspond with "A. C. B." (whose *carte* is requested). Is twenty-one years of age, rather dark, very respectable, and possesses an income of over £500 per annum.

"L. M. U." will be happy to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "Thomas J." Is twenty-two years of age, dark, rather tall, good tempered, and a very affectionate disposition.

M. P. wishes to correspond matrimonially with "H. M. S." Is twenty-three years of age, 5 ft. in height, has blue eyes, light brown hair, and pale complexion, and would make a good and loving little wife.

A. A. A. would like to commence a matrimonial correspondence with "A. B. C." a widower. Is rather tall, dark, about his own age, of good family, well educated, and very domesticated.

A. D., who is eighteen years of age, rather fair, with hazel eyes and chestnut hair, and is very domesticated, would like to correspond matrimonially with "J. R." (No. 106).

CLARA D., who is eighteen years of age, 5 ft. in height, with brown hair and grey eyes, and considered good-looking, would like to open a matrimonial correspondence and exchange *cartes* with "J. R."

EMMA J., who is eighteen years of age, 5 ft. 6 in. in height, and has brown hair and hazel eyes, is of a highly respectable family, and very ladylike, would like to correspond matrimonially and exchange *cartes* with "Louisa." Lord Gordon is much pleased to hear of "Lady Elmina's" favour for men of his age (being now forty); and his lordship (who is tall and dark) trusts that her ladyship will further favour him with some personal particulars, with a view to matrimony.

A. T. S. will be happy to commence a matrimonial correspondence with "Louisa." Is of medium height, considered very pretty, and has long flowing ringlets; is well educated, very domesticated, will eventually possess some property, and would make a loving wife to a kind husband.

Mrs. HARRY CUNSON, being really resolved on obtaining the *petits soins* of a *cara sposa*, will be happy, with a matrimonial view, to hear either from "Maad" (whose reciprocating answer appeared in No. 101) or "Lillias" (No. 102); the *cartes de visite* of both ladies being requested.

LE PETIT, a French gentleman, of respectable family, would, as a husband, be very glad to converse with his presence "the dreary country place" where "A. C. B." languishes. Is tall, with dark hair and eyes, good-looking, and very well educated. Exchange of *cartes de visite* indispensable.

G. F. B. very sincerely sympathizes with the lonely condition of "A. C. B." with whom he is anxious, in perfect good faith, to open a matrimonial correspondence, and make an exchange of *cartes*. Is twenty years of age, 5 ft. 10 in. in height, has dark chestnut hair and dark blue eyes, and is very respectably connected.

D. E., who is twenty-six years of age, tall, dark, and handsome, possesses an income of £600 per annum, and a pretty residence near Regent's Park, would be glad to correspond matrimonially with a young lady, who must be tall, fair, and pretty, with a taste for music. (D. E. will be happy to commence such a correspondence with "A. S. O.")

HARRY NAUTICUS, who is nineteen years of age, 5 ft. 9 in. in height, of a rather dark complexion, and belongs to the Royal Navy, offers himself for the acceptance of "A. B. C." (provided the lady would not object to a lapse of about eighteen months before the tying of the nuptial knot) and will be happy to forward his *carte de visite* as a preliminary to a matrimonial correspondence.

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